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AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY  
CORRESPONDENCE







*Sanderson Miller*

*From the oil painting in the possession of Mr. J. Ward*

*Emery Walker Ph. sc.*

AN  
EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY  
CORRESPONDENCE

BEING THE LETTERS OF DEANE SWIFT—PITT—THE LYTTTELTONS  
AND THE GRENVILLES—LORD DACRE—ROBERT NUGENT—CHARLES  
JENKINSON—THE EARLS OF GUILFORD, COVENTRY, & HARDWICKE—  
SIR EDWARD TURNER—MR. TALBOT OF LACOCK. AND OTHERS

TO SANDERSON MILLER, ESQ., OF RADWAY

EDITED BY LILIAN DICKINS AND  
MARY STANTON

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO THE MEMORY OF  
WILLIAM SANDERSON MILLER, PRIEST  
(GREAT-GRANDSON OF SANDERSON MILLER),

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY THE  
EDITORS



## PREFACE

THE letters contained in this book form part of the correspondence of Sanderson Miller, a Warwickshire squire with a genius alike for friendship and architecture, whose character and talents brought him into contact with many of the leading men of his day. Selected and arranged by himself, these letters have been handed down in the Miller family until, by the wish of his great-grandson, the late Rev. William Sanderson Miller, the task of editing them for publication was begun. On what principle the selection was made we have no means of knowing, but we have, in the main, accepted Miller's judgment. Some few letters have indeed been omitted or abridged, but they were chiefly trivial notes of invitation, or occupied with such matters of business as could have but little interest for the outer world. Also, in the case of letters relating to his architectural work, it has been thought better to give an account of this, illustrated by quotations from them and omitting the mass of technical and minute detail which, though interesting to specialists, might prove wearisome to the general reader. For the rest, as much as possible we have left the letters to speak for themselves, adding only such introductory notes and explanatory matter as seemed necessary to make the various allusions clear.

We give the letters unexpurgated, believing that the small field offered for excision makes this intimate eighteenth-century correspondence a refutation of the

charge of coarseness so frequently brought against the period. The original spelling and arbitrary punctuation and use of capital letters have been retained throughout.

With the exception of the Deane Swift correspondence, which stands quite apart in character from the rest, the letters are placed in chronological order. The writers were all acquainted with one another; many of them were bound by ties of blood, and nearly all had tastes and politics in common; their letters, therefore, often explain each other, and we find ourselves drawn into the everyday life of a group of men many of whom played an important part in the history of their country. We learn at first hand what they thought of the Broad Bottom Ministry, of the Oxfordshire Election of 1754, of the loss of Minorca, the execution of Byng, and all the various political changes of the last fifteen years of the reign of George II. If to reconstruct the past and make it real and living be a proper function of history, these letters may claim to be a genuine, if small, contribution to our knowledge of their times; indeed, it is not so small a matter, when the greatness of their subject is considered, that, *inter alia*, they throw a completely fresh light on the character of the elder Pitt, who writes to this favoured correspondent with an affectionate gaiety quite removed from the stern aloofness attributed to him by all his biographers and many of his contemporaries. We gain, too, a very vivid notion of the architectural ideals of the day; and perhaps no other correspondence since that of Horace Walpole tells us so much about that very curious phase of taste—eighteenth-century pseudo-Gothic.

Lastly, apart from the subject-matter of their letters, lovers of "the gentlest art" will find some charming exponents thereof among Miller's correspondents. We would especially call attention to the delight-

fully whimsical egotism of Deane Swift, and to the racy wit of Sir Edward Turner; while if Lord Dacre, as he was always protesting, was "of all mortals ye most averse to setting pen to paper," the result, when he overcame this reluctance, shows that it sprang from no lack of skill to charm and please.

Editorial work—even the simplest—necessarily involves a large amount of labour and research, and we wish to take this opportunity of acknowledging the kind help which has greatly lessened the difficulties of our task. Our thanks are specially due to Lord Cobham for much courteous assistance, and for the portraits of the Lytteltons and the picture of Hagley Hall; to Mr. Barrett Lennard for the beautiful picture of Lord Dacre with wife and child, and the views of Belhus, taken from the illustrations in his "Account of the Families of Barrett and Lennard," to which admirable work we are greatly indebted for our information about his ancestor. To Mr. C. H. Talbot for the views of, and information about, Lacock Abbey, and for the portrait of John Ivory Talbot; to Lord Coventry, the Hon. W. R. Shute Barrington, the Hon. R. P. Stanhope, and Mr. Page Turner for the portraits of their respective ancestors; to General Haig and Mrs. Jameson, the present tenants of Radway Grange; to Mr. T. Kemp, Mr. Langrishe, and many others. Lastly, we are gratefully indebted to Mr. Ward, the present owner of the original manuscripts of the letters, for permission to publish them, and for the portrait of Sanderson Miller which forms the frontispiece to this volume.

M. S. AND L. D.

*February, 1910.*



# CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. INTRODUCTION	I
II. LETTERS FROM MILLER'S COLLEGE FRIEND, JOHN COTTON, AND HIS FATHER: 1738—1742	9
III. LETTERS FROM DEANE SWIFT: 1734—1741	16
IV. DEANE SWIFT'S LETTERS: 1741—1755	36
V. DEANE SWIFT'S LETTERS: 1763—1778	66
VI. SANDERSON MILLER AND HIS FRIENDS	81
VII. LETTERS: 1743—1744	92
VIII. LETTERS: 1745—1746	109
IX. LETTERS: 1747 TO APRIL, 1749	126
X. THE COUSINHOOD	144
XI. LETTERS: 1749—1750	157
XII. LETTERS: 1751 TO OCTOBER, 1752	179
XIII. THE OXFORDSHIRE ELECTION	196
XIV. LETTERS: OCTOBER, 1752, TO MARCH, 1753	204
XV. LETTERS: MARCH, 1753, TO DECEMBER, 1754	222
XVI. LETTERS: 1755	247
XVII. MILLER AS ARCHITECT: 1744—1750	259
XVIII. MILLER AS ARCHITECT— <i>continued</i>	279
XIX. MILLER AS ARCHITECT— <i>concluded</i>	298
XX. LETTERS: JANUARY TO NOVEMBER, 1756	318
XXI. LETTERS: NOVEMBER, 1756, TO MARCH, 1757	345
XXII. LETTERS: MARCH TO DECEMBER, 1757	360
XXIII. LETTERS: 1758	379
XXIV. LETTERS: 1759 TO JUNE, 1766	401
XXV. LETTERS: JUNE, 1766, TO OCTOBER, 1779	432
XXVI. CONCLUSION	448
INDEX	460



# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	TO FACE PAGE
1. SANDERSON MILLER - - - - -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Photogravure from the oil painting in the possession of Mr. J. Ward.	
2. EDGEHILL TOWER - - - - -	2
From a photograph.	
3. SIR EDWARD TURNER - - - - -	84
From the portrait by Gainsborough.	
4. GEORGE WILLIAM, SIXTH EARL OF COVENTRY - - -	94
From the portrait at Croome.	
5. AMBROSDEN, THE SEAT OF SIR EDWARD TURNER -	128
From the print in Dunkin's 'History of the Ploughley and Ditchley Hundreds.'	
6. THOMAS BARRETT LENNARD, TWENTY-SIXTH BARON DACRE, HIS WIFE AND ONLY CHILD - - -	142
Photogravure from the picture at Belhus, by Pompeo Battoni.	
7. GEORGE, FIRST BARON LYTTTELTON - - - - -	146
From the portrait at Hagley.	
8. WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM - - - - -	154
From the picture by Hoare in the National Portrait Gallery.	
9. SIR RICHARD LYTTTELTON - - - - -	228
From the portrait at Hagley.	
10. THE GROTTTO AND CASCADE AT HONINGTON HALL, WARWICKSHIRE - - - - -	266
From a contemporary sketch in the possession of Mrs. Stanton.	
11. RADWAY GRANGE - - - - -	268
From a photograph.	

	TO FACE PAGE
12. THE RUINED CASTLE AT WIMPOLE - - - -	272
From a contemporary print in the possession of Mr. J. Ward.	
13. HAGLEY HALL - - - - -	288
From an old print in the possession of Lord Cobham.	
14. LACOCK ABBEY - - - - -	298
From the illustration in Dingley's 'Memorials in Marble.'	
15. JOHN IVORY TALBOT - - - - -	300
From the portrait at Lacock Abbey.	
16. THE GREAT HALL AT LACOCK ABBEY - - - -	308
17. BELHUS IN DACRE BARRETT'S TIME - - - -	310
From a contemporary sketch in the possession of Mr. Barrett Lennard.	
18. BELHUS AT THE PRESENT DAY - - - - -	312
19. THE COUNTY HALL, WARWICK - - - - -	314
From the drawing by David Cox in the Birmingham Fine Art Gallery.	
20. CHARLES LYTTTELTON, BISHOP OF CARLISLE - - -	368
From the portrait at Hagley.	
21. PEGGY BANKS (MRS. HENRY GRENVILLE) - - -	376
From the portrait in the possession of the Hon. R. D. Stanhope.	
22. WILLIAM WILDMAN, SECOND VISCOUNT BARRINGTON -	388
From a contemporary print in the possession of the Hon. W. R. Shute Barrington.	

# AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CORRESPONDENCE

## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTION

20

THE village of Radway, "being situate," says Dugdale, "on the skirt and near the passage up to Edge Hill, hath its name originally, as I guess, from the red colour of the earth, which sheweth itself at a good distance upon that road by reason of the ascending ground." In Dugdale's time the great Red Horse cut on the hillside in memory of the Battle of Towton was still a conspicuous object, and the country at the foot of the hill was still unenclosed. Nowadays the traveller from Tysoe to Radway passes through enclosed fields and between tall hedges, while the long wall of hill that bounds his horizon to the south-east is hung with thick soft woods. The rich red of the ploughed land gives a deeper glory to the grass, and all the countryside is full of beauty. It is strange to think of a battle raging over those fields, and impossible to look upon the Grange at Radway as anything but "a haunt of ancient peace." The old gabled house, the quiet, flower-edged pool, the smooth lawn, the glorious trees, the lie of the ground that stretches away, rising with more and more steepness till it meets the wood—all combine to give an impression of calm. Looking up the hill, the long line of trees at the summit is

broken by a lofty battlemented octagonal tower which marks the spot where King Charles raised his Royal Standard on the fateful Sunday morning of the Battle of Edgehill.

From the quaint octagon room in this tower you can survey the whole field and fight that undecisive battle over again, marvelling at the rashness of Prince Rupert, whose fiery counsels persuaded the King to leave his lofty post of vantage and descend those precipitous slopes to try conclusions with his enemy on the plain below. But few that look out over that lovely vale—one of the most beautiful views of our mid-England—know that they are on ground which is associated with men who helped to make England's history long after the days of Roundhead and Cavalier. Here came Pitt—the Great Commoner—the Grenvilles, and the Lytteltons, while Lord North was constantly bringing distinguished guests from his neighbouring house at Wroxton to admire the prospect and to picnic at the tower. For all these men were the personal friends of the man who built it—Sanderson Miller of Radway Grange—man of letters, antiquarian, and architect. A hundred and sixty years ago his tower was generally regarded with profound admiration, and persons “of taste” looked up to its designer as to one of the greatest authorities on Gothic architecture in the kingdom, while his taste in the classical orders was not less esteemed. He built many Gothic castles (so called) beside his own, and made alterations and additions to and designed houses “in the Gothick Taste” for many of his friends; while Hagley Hall and the admirable County Hall at Warwick still bear witness to the really excellent work he achieved in classic architecture.

The “Dictionary of National Biography” knows him not; his work, in at least one instance, has been attributed to another; his memory has faded; even



EDGEHILL TOWER : MILLER'S THATCHED COTTAGE IN THE DISTANCE.



in his own country his name is unknown to many;<sup>1</sup> but time has brought to light many of the letters which his friends delighted to write to their "dear Miller"—their "dear San." To those who care for such human documents, they not only give a lively picture of the writers and the times in which they lived, but make it possible, by the aid of a few other scanty records, to reconstruct the story of Sanderson Miller's life and realize what manner of man he was.

We have here a portrait drawn by many varying pens—statesmen like Pitt, the Grenvilles, and Lord Lyttelton; men of letters like Deane Swift, the cousin and biographer of the great Dean; archæologists and antiquarians such as Lord Dacre and Charles Lyttelton; such cultured gentlemen as the sixth Lord Coventry and Mr. Talbot of Lacock—but all concur in depicting a very lovable character. One salient point that emerges from their correspondence is the constant desire of Miller's acquaintance for his company. It is possible to have a sincere respect and even liking for a man without always wishing to be with him, but Sanderson Miller's friends always wanted him. Widely as they differ from one another in character and circumstance, they agree in this; and the letters of each one are so full of urgent invitations, of regrets at his absence, and of plans for future meetings, as to make it plain that their recipient had many more endearing qualities than his mastery of "the Gothick."

His father, also named Sanderson, the youngest son of John Miller, of Boycot in Buckinghamshire, was a wealthy merchant of Banbury, and bought Radway Grange in 1712. He was High Sheriff of Warwickshire in 1728, and died in 1737. He married Maria, daughter of the Rev. John Welchman, who survived her husband nearly twenty years. Their son Sanderson was born

<sup>1</sup> The present custodians of his tower are unable to tell the name of its builder.

at Radway Grange in 1717. We have no record of his childhood, but in 1735 he was entered at St. Mary Hall, Oxford,<sup>1</sup> where he acquitted himself creditably and made more than one lifelong friendship.

His tutor was Mr. Walter Harte, afterwards Vice-Principal of the Hall, a man of such excellent parts and learning as to be chosen later on by Lord Chesterfield as bear-leader to his illegitimate son Philip Stanhope—that child of disappointment—to whom the celebrated “Letters” were addressed.

The first letter in our collection is from Harte to the elder Sanderson :

*Oxford, February 14th, 1736.*

SIR,—One Mr. Hele, a clergyman who died lately, has left behind him a study of very useful books to be sold for the benefit of his widow. The books are offered for £30 and if you please to consent, I beg your son may buy them, since they are books he must soon purchase quite new, and since they must cost him at least £60 or £70 out of the bookseller’s hands. I readily make this request to you because I think it the only extraordinary expence that a Parent ought gladly to comply with.

I embrace with pleasure the present opportunity of assuring you, that your son, of all the young Gentlemen I ever was concerned with, bids the fairest to make a Learned, and an honest valuable man.—Your very humble servant

W. HARTE.

What the books in question were we do not know, but Miller acquired a good many while he was at Oxford, and he kept up the habit of book-buying to the end of his life. His library was a large one, amounting in 1757 to 3,000 volumes ; several of these are fine editions, and he evidently loved and prized his books, inscribing his name in them with elaborate care. The

<sup>1</sup> “Skimmery,” now incorporated with Oriel.

specimen given here, done when a boy of fourteen shows a budding taste for *the Gothick* in the lettering :

W<sup>th</sup> Suiz Habbit  
Sanderson Miller  
Anno Domini 1731-2  
Wret BtE

In some of his books Miller has left scraps of autobiography, in the shape of odd notes on the margins, which give sudden glimpses of his University days. For instance, on the flyleaf of the first volume of Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion" we find :

"Bought 1734 of Mr. Charles King, St. Mary Hall, Oxford."

"Mem: March 29, 1737. Deane Swift gave me a Shilling to give him twenty Guineas when I am a Bishop. April 26th he gave to Mr. Simon Richards y<sup>e</sup> same Summ to pay thirty Guineas on y<sup>e</sup> same conditions, and y<sup>e</sup> Like Summ to Mr. Ed. Cole to pay twenty."

Again, in his copy of Ovid's "Metamorphoses" he has written :

"Mem: Mr. Pope thinks the author Mr. Sandys to have been one of the best of our English poets. He was of St. Mary Hall. The Cutts are esteemed very curious."

And to a note written long afterwards on the margin of a map we owe almost all the knowledge we can gather about—

"... the Revd. Mr. Henry Quartley, my most dear and valuable friend who was an exhibitor at

St. Mary Hall in Oxford, where he and I lived together four years, after he was a curate at my recommendation to that best of uncles and most learned divine Edward Welchman, Rector of Lapworth and Solihull, County War: who died about y<sup>e</sup> year 1742, after which Mr. Q. came to live with my much honoured mother at her house Radway Grange in the parish of Bishop's Itchington in the County of War: . . ."<sup>1</sup>

Living as he did almost on the battlefield of Edgehill, it was natural that Miller should take a keen interest in the history of the Civil War, an interest which in later life was probably heightened by the fact that an ancestor of his wife, one Lieutenant Fiennes, had taken a prominent part on the Parliamentary side. Accordingly we find that a great many of his books are connected with it. In a will which he made in 1741 he mentions his set of Elzevir classics and his law books, and he also bought and studied many works on theology. From this and from the fact that his friend Deane Swift regarded him as a prospective dignitary of the Church, we may gather that he entertained some idea of taking Holy Orders, but the evidence is not very conclusive. His father's death in 1737 made him master of Radway, and independent of any profession; he settled down in his country home, and found the great interest and occupation of his life in architecture.

Miller's classical tastes were fostered at St. Mary Hall by his friendship with the Principal, Dr. King, a man of some note in his own day, though very little of his work has survived. He was Principal of St. Mary Hall from 1718 until his death in 1763, and from

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Quartley afterwards held the livings of Wicken in Northamptonshire and Woolverton in Bucks. None of his letters have been preserved in the correspondence, but we have no reason to suppose the friendship was ever interrupted, and he was one of the trustees to the will made by Miller in 1759.

Sanderson Miller's correspondents we get a very pleasant impression of his relations with the undergraduates. This impression is borne out by his own "Anecdotes," a little book in which he recorded a few thoughts and a number of conversations and facts which struck him as interesting.

The Doctor was a friend of Pope and Swift and Atterbury, and of many celebrities of the time, a hearty hater of Walpole, a very keen politician, and, for the greater part of his life, notorious for his attachment to the Stuarts. When Charles Edward secretly spent a few days in London in 1750, Dr. King acted as his host; and to that part of the "Anecdotes" which describes the visit and the intolerable strain which the Prince put upon the loyalty of his adherents Scott was largely indebted for the plot of "Redgauntlet."

Although Dr. King's Jacobitism brought him a good deal of abuse, it does not seem to have prevented Whig gentlemen from placing their sons under his care nor from numbering him among their friends. With all his real devotion to "the Cause," he was too genial and philosophic a man to make proselytes, and a suggestion that his scholarship was at fault touched him more nearly than an accusation of sedition. He was an intense lover of the great Latin poets, particularly of Ovid, "tasting" them, as he would himself have said, with unfailing pleasure. And he was a student and observer of human nature, showing a shrewd and kindly interest in its curious aspects rather than in its humour or pathos. For the rest we may fairly accept his own character of himself:

"I have an equal mind, and generally very good spirits; and, if I do not mistake myself, I have a good heart: but I have a very small portion of human prudence. And for want of this excellent quality, I have twice in my life lost the opportunity of acquir-

ing a very large fortune in the most irreproachable manner. It has been owing to the same defect, that my patrimony hath been so ill managed and so much impaired. I have run myself into many inconveniences. I have made enemies when I did not intend to give the least offence, and I have suffered much by family misfortunes ; all which a little human sagacity and foresight would easily have prevented. However, let me be ever thankful to Divine Providence that I have never wanted the necessaries, nor even the comforts of life : and, what has given me very singular pleasure, I have always been able to spare something to assist a poor friend."

## CHAPTER II

LETTERS FROM JOHN COTTON AND HIS FATHER :

1738—1742

A PATHETIC interest is attached to these letters from the fact of the early death of their writer. He was the only son of John Cotton, Esq., of Gidding in Huntingdonshire, and heir to the baronetcy of Connington in that county. He also traced his descent from the Sir Robert Cotton who "at the age of 18 years made choice of and at length, above the reach of any private purse, acquired such a library of rare and exquisite MSS. that the whole Christian world is his debtor." His descendant, Miller's college friend, is described as "a very fine accomplished young gentleman of great expectations." This description is borne out by his letters, which are pleasant reading, and show that the classical and literary tastes of both young men were above the average. The first is written from—

*Windsor, June, 1738.*

DEAR SIR,—I have had the pleasure of receiving the two letters you have writ me in my Solitude or rather banishment, and I can assure you Sir, they have been of great relief to me, for I was convinced by the excessive lowness of my Spirits, much beyond what I could ever have imagined till I made the tryal, that nothing is so difficult to bear as the change of good company, mirth and conversation, to solitude silence and one's own thoughts. I never thought myself before so dull a companion as I found I was when I came to be left alone with myself; the first day after you left me was

very bad, however Mr. Cole was so good as to give me his company almost the whole day, we walked together after you left us, we dined together and in the evening I went with him on foot as far as Twickenham and there we parted and I came on to Windsor where I endeavoured first to walk about and amuse myself seeing the Place, but I found soon that I wanted spirits and instead of being able to ride fourteen or fifteen miles as I used to do when we were together, I was so lazy when alone that I could scarce resolve to set my foot over the threshold, then I called in Virgil to my assistance, but that seemed to be no better than a dose of Laudnum which gave me ease for the Present but then left me still more unfitt than before for doing anything, then chance made me find here what I thought at first would have been a great relief till I came to y<sup>e</sup> tryall, I found successively two gentlemen of my acquaintance and thought that their conversation would have brought me to myself, but even that would not do, I could not shake off my melancholy not even in company, so finding it confirmed I begin to hate this place; however since the weather hath begun to clear up I find these fumes disperse and I believe I shall find myself to-morrow in a tolerable good tone, so as to be able to enjoy in the morning a ride through the forest and afterwards bear with patience all the ceremony and foppery of the Instalment, after it is over I believe I shall leave this place and contrive to meet my Lord and the Ladies and Dr.<sup>1</sup> at Uxbridge where Mr. Harte informs me they intend to come on Fryday, from thence I believe instead of returning to Oxford I shall go to London where my Father desires me to come, the danger of the Smallpox being now over, so I hope Sir to have the pleasure of seeing you again by Saturday or Sunday and by that time I shall know my destiny which perhaps will be to go into Huntingdonshire for a fortnight which will deprive me for some time of the pleasure of a dish of tea and a Classick with a person who will always find a sincere friend in Yr. obedient humble Servant

J. COTTON.

Probably Dr. King.

*March, 1739 [Oxford].*

. . . The moment I arrived here which was last night, I went boldly to St. Mary Hall in hopes of finding my Friend Mr. Miller, I enquired first for the Dr. as being Caput Domus, but was told he was at London, my next question was is Mr. Miller in Colledge, No, he went such a day into Warwickshire ; these were bad news, I next asked to see my Lord but he was out and little Georgy with him and Mr. Harte not to be found neither : this was a bad omen to me, and had I been very superstitious I had certainly turned back to the place from whence I came, but I comforted myself by some Precepts drawn from the Epicurean Philosophy attributing all to chance and to day I have found more comfort, I have found My Lord and Little Georgie. I dined with them in the Hall and had the pleasure of hearing from them that you were expected in Colledge within a few days and that Dr. King would not be long away. . . . If you can leave the pleasures of a rural Life, here you will find one who longs to see you. . . .

*London, M. 10, 1739.*

. . . You that enjoy a Philosophick, nay more, an Epicurean ease and tranquility in the Country and a learned retreat in Oxford can I daresay hardly form an idea of the busy idleness and impertinent hurry of this Town. . . . London is not a place where one can dispose of a moment of time, at least till the first days of hurry and bustle are over and I shall leave the town before I have been long enough in it to enjoy a moment's tranquility, but hope, setting aside the time I spend on the road, to have a little more leisure soon ; but then I return to Classicks and Grammarians and shall be as much taken up with them as I am now with Beaux and fine Ladyes. I walked last night with Mallet in the Park he being with a particular friend of mine and we were joyned soon after by Thompson. We wanted to know their opinion of Brookes new play,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Gustavus Vasa." It had been rehearsed at Drury Lane, but it was not allowed to be performed, on account of its supposed satirizing of Sir Robert Walpole. The author's friends encouraged him to publish it by subscription. Horace Walpole called it "a most dainty performance."

Mallet gave his very freely and said there was the damdest heap of Bombast and Fustian that he ever met with in any Play, that the stile was formed on a vicious imitation of Shakespeare, affecting all his worse language and most faulty expressions, and that in short the stile was the reverse of what a stile should be; he was hardly more favourable to the conduct of the Piece and the Characters, but allowed there were some good things in't with a true poetick spirit; Thompson said very little; others cry out very much upon the Play, but without giving as good reasons but cry—God damn it it is damned stuff for I do not understand it, others I am told admire all its faults and cry up the fustian and forced thoughts for fine language and beautiful thoughts. But enough of this. . . . I am thinking of setting out next week for the country and so go on towards Scotland; I design to see if I can the western part of Scotland which I am told hath most good towns and best deserves to be seen. This perhaps will bring me back through the North west part of England which I believe you have not seen; it would be a very great pleasure if you could give me a meeting in some part of England worth your curiosity so that we might come back together either to Oxford or to Huntingdonshire. . . .

*Gidding, Huntingdonshire, May, 1739.*

. . . Your Epistle writ in the Formal Style of good King James his Pedantick Age gave me infinite pleasure till I came to that part in which you let me know that I was within one short hour of a great deal of Pleasure, viz. that of meeting you. . . . It seemed to be good luck alone which brought you up to Town just while I was there when you thought so little of coming up to London, but ill fortune was still more powerful and contrived that we should not meet. . . . I saw Dr. King but the night before and that was the first time we could meet, I had been twice at the Temple and twice at Tom's Coffee House to enquire for him and for Mr. Miller your cousin but without success, and they forgot my name at the Coffee House and only told the Dr. a young gentleman had been twice to enquire for him upon which he imagined that it might

be Mr. Swift whom he knew to be in Town. . . . Had I stayed one day or two longer in London I would have desired Dr. King to have brought me acquainted with Mr. Swift, but your coming to town if I had not been obliged to hurry away as I did would have been unexpected pleasure and then I might have passed an evening or two very agreeably in your company with your old Fellow traveller, I wish I were so happy as to have such a one as him or you in my Northern expedition, I lose half the Pleasure of the Journey by being obliged to go alone. I must do like the Dr. [King] and call to Guillot as he to Peter ;—" Guillot, put up the Petronious, will you have any more room ?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Put in Cæsar and now try to get Sallust into that Corner, do not forget the Common Prayer Book." These, Sir, with Horace in one pocket and Virgil in the other will be my only companions till I get to Berwick where I meet an old Friend and fellow traveller. . . . I will take care to write you as often as I can. . . .

*Boesland in Angus, July, 1739.*

. . . I am got into a wild place in the Highlands of Scotland for drinking the goatswhey in the Mountains and for the Pleasure of shooting. . . . Your letter . . . gave me more pleasure than any by the account you sent me of your diversions and employment at Radway ; I deferred answering it till I could once get down to a place where I might put in my letters more conveniently, and perhaps a longer stay in this country might afford something better worth writing than anything which had occurred in my journey ; though I was pretty much in the equipage of Knight Errant wandering alone in quest of adventures, yet I met with none that can shine in description and except Mr. Aisleby's fine Park by Ripon, Mr. Fox's House near Wetherby, My Lord Tyrconnel's by Grantham and some things worth taking notice of at Durham and Newcastle my journey furnished little towards making a letter entertaining, and even all these will be much better for half an hour's conversation when you lay aside your Herodotus and drink a dish of tea. . . . I am glad to hear of the birth of a new poem, I reserve the pleasure of reading it till we meet. . . . I fear as an antiquary I

shall be able to do little; my first design was to have returned to England by Carlisle and crossed over through Cumberland to the west of Northumberland, but I fear I shall not have time to make so long a circuit which will deprive me of a sight of the Picts Wall which I might have seen from end to end had I kept to my first resolution. . . .

The friends probably never met again. In the obituary in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1739 there appears this notice: "At Durham, November 15, 1739, Mr. John Cotton, only son of John Cotton, Esq., at his return from his travels, of the Small Pox, much lamented." The next letter is from his father:

*February, 1740.*

SIR,—I send this by my dear Son's servant who was with him at Oxford. He brings with him two mourning rings of which I beg that you will accept one and give the other with my humble service to Dr. King. You both loved and valued and were very highly loved and esteemed by that Dear and Valuable Young Man who I may now venture to say is a Loss not only to his Friends but even to the Nation. As for myself I not only lose the best of sons but a Friend whose Advice I would as soon have relied on as any man's. A circumstance very uncommon in so young a man, but with all the fire of youth he had as cool a judgement as men of advanced age. I could dwell on this subject, for though my Loss is every moment present to me, I endeavour rather to think of his happiness and that thought makes even melancholy pleasing. . . .

JOHN COTTON.

*May, 1742.*

. . . I intended to have writ to you at the same time I sent the Picture but the Common Hurry of this Town prevented my doing it at first, and since I received your very obliging Letter I have been prevented by the additional hurry of receiving and returning visits and by the marriage of my second daughter . . . to a very worthy young man, Mr. Bowdler. . . . He has

not that gracefulness of person and engaging address which my dear Jack had to a degree I think I never saw but in one person in my life, and that was He whom loyal people call the Pretender, I knew him from the age of fifteen to nineteen and nothing ever recalled to my mind his air and behaviour so much as that easy behaviour of my dear Jack, which at his first appearance gained the goodwill of all the Company he came into. . . . I am very glad Mr. Rischoot has drawn the Picture to your liking and daresay you will always take pleasure in looking at it and in talking of Him with those that knew him, for as you justly observe one can hardly indulge oneself in that Pleasure before others, without being justly suspected of great Partiality. . . . This is true to those who knew him but told to a stranger or engraved on his tomb would appear mere laboured panegyrick, and therefore I believe I shall only put what I repeated to you, or words to that effect, after his name, family and time of death. I would add—

“He was all that the fondest Father could wish, but to attempt to draw his character and point all his virtues and good qualities would be vain and useless. His Character is writ in the hearts of all who knew him, for they all loved him, and if drawn with justice, though modestly expressed, Posterity would only take it for one of those Laboured Panegyricks, which partial Friendship or flattery has too often bestowed on the undeserving.”

I just now think of adding—

“You who loved him when living, learn to live like him.”

## CHAPTER III

### LETTERS FROM DEANE SWIFT: 1734—1741

THE letters from Deane Swift stand apart from the rest of Sanderson Miller's correspondence. The friendship begun at Oxford lasted to the end of Miller's life ; but Swift's home was in Ireland, and for many years the two did not meet. Swift was unacquainted with his friend's friends ; he had no share in the events which filled his friend's life. He himself was something of a hermit, and consequently the tone of his letters is mainly subjective. But, if they tell us few facts, the personality which they reveal is an unusually attractive one, and they have a charm of their own which is quite independent of their matter. For this reason we give them all together, instead of fitting them into their chronological places among Miller's other letters.

Deane Swift was the grandson of Godwin Swift, uncle of the Dean of St. Patrick's, and of Hannah Deane, to whom he owed his inconvenient Christian name. He was nearly ten years older than Miller, but he did not matriculate at St. Mary Hall until 1736. He had been promised preferment in the Church if he would take Orders, and for some time he intended doing so ; but he abandoned the idea, in deference partly to the opposition of his cousin, Jonathan Swift, and partly to his own sense of unfitness. He was a favourite with Dr. King, who described him as a "modest, sober and ingenious young man . . . a hard

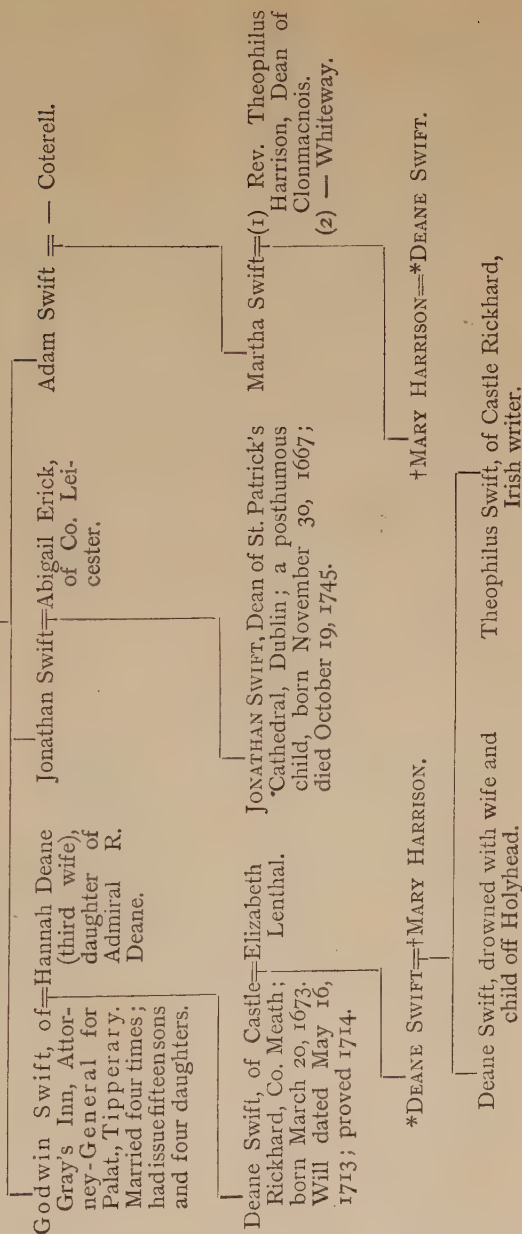
PEDIGREE OF DEANE SWIFT, SHOWING HIS RELATIONSHIP TO HIS WIFE AND TO  
DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

1734]

PEDIGREE OF DEANE SWIFT

17

Rev. Thomas Swift, Vicar of Good=<sup>1</sup>Elizabeth Dryden, aunt to John  
rich and Bridstowe, Co. Hereford.  
Inherited from his mother a small  
estate at Goodrich, Co. Hereford;  
died 1658.



student, and . . . an honour to the society of which he is now a member."

The intercourse between Jonathan Swift and Deane was not always happy; but though the great man's favour was fitful, he seems to have accorded more of it to this young cousin than to anyone else who bore his name. In 1739 we find him writing thus to Pope:

*Jonathan Swift to Alexander Pope.*

*Dublin, April 28th, 1739.*

DEAR SIR,—The Gentleman who will have the honour to deliver you this, although he be one related to me, which is by no means any sort of recommendation; for I am utterly void of what the world calls natural affection, and with good reason, because they are a numerous race degenerating from their ancestors, who were of good esteem for their loyalty and sufferings in the rebellion against King Charles the first. This cousin of mine, who is so desirous to wait on you, is named Deane Swift, because his great grandfather on the grandmother's side was Admiral Deane, who, having been one of the Regicides, had the good fortune to save his neck by dying a year or two before the Restoration. I have a great esteem for Mr. Deane Swift, who is much the most valuable of any of his family: he was first a student in this University, and finished his studies in Oxford, where Dr. King, principal of St. Mary Hall, assured me that Mr. Swift behaved himself with good reputation and credit; he hath a very good taste for wit, writes agreeable and entertaining verses, and is a perfect master equally skilled in the best Greek and Roman authors. He has a true spirit for liberty, and with all these advantages is extremely decent and modest. Mr. Swift is heir to the little paternal estate of our family at Gooderich in Herefordshire.

. . . I had a mind that this young gentleman should have the honour of being known to you; which is all the favour I ask for him, and that if he stays any time longer in London than he now intends, you will permit him to wait on you sometimes.—I am, my dearest friend, Your most obedient and most humble servant

JNO. SWIFT.

With this introduction we leave Deane Swift's letters to speak for themselves.

*Deane Swift to Sanderson Miller.*

*September, 1734.*

DEAR SAN,—I received yours dated the 19th of last month and one from Quartley dated the 15th, but they did not come to my hands till about a fortnight ago; I should have received them sooner but I was delayed in France by a wound I received from a random ball; after I recovered I had but just time to go to Paris, stay there three nights, cuckold the Duke of Orleans and return to England.

I need not make any further apology about those trifling verses, you know the truth of the matter which is all that is requisite, in my opinion, to plead a pardon; you know that I was heartily vexed when I heard that she received them after marriage, which I can swear was far from the intent of them. As for any lightness in them, I aver it to you that a very modest Lady who is thought to have a good taste begged a Copy of them from me. I am acquainted in these parts with an Italian Lady who speaks the prettiest English that ever I heard, as she can't pronounce harsh words, she gives you a Latin word (for she is acquainted with that language) or softens our notes to the Italian dialect.

Quartley tells me that in Devonshire the Parsons are all taken for Conjurers which I think sufficiently proves the stupidity of the people. "The following accident (said Quartley, these are his words) will be sufficient to convince you what veneration is here paid to the Clergy. A country Clergyman paid his addresses to a very substantial Farmer's only daughter, whose Father was living and intended to give her £4000 when married and as much more at his death. The Courtship went on correctly, when the Father asked the Parson what jointure he intended to make her; he was a little confounded at so unexpected a question, but, being a man of great learning soon recovered himself and calling for implements settled £4000 per annum upon her in Heaven. The Father, Mother and Daughter were very well contented, not

in the least doubting the title, whereupon the Match was immediately concluded. This, although it may seem a little improbable is very true and was perfected since I left you."

My compliments to Mr. Newton and his Lady and I am extremely glad that he is so happy as to have a reasonable hope of having a son and heir very soon ; I think, San, you were very waggish upon that occasion. —Dear San, thy most sincere friend and obedient Servant

DEANE SWIFT.

*Goodrich, March 20th, 1735.*

DEAR SAN,—I received a letter last Post from that whimsical rogue Quartley: he advises me to reserve my remarks about Bristol till I go to Oxford, lest the Historian should have the advantage of enlarging upon them before he is acquainted with the particulars ; but with great deference to his sprightliness, I think his request unreasonable, because affairs of this nature are indisputably allowed to be your Property, therefore, without further preface, the Present State of Bristol may be represented in the following manner : The People are rich, hospitable and goodnatured, but a close Application to Trade has debarred them of the happiness of nobler speculations. They are at first shy and are apt to stare at Strangers, but if you chance at a Coffee House to speak generally in a circle of them they are civil and obliging ; they endeavour to be polite and 'tis then only that they are eternally ridiculous ; you might as successfully fish for turbot in a draw-well as for a rational Companion in the whole City, (the Professors of Law, Divinity and Physic always excepted). I was at two of their Assemblies, at one I danced, at the other I played Cards ; now it may be proper to say that Luxury like a torrent is forcing its way amongst them ; young Traders dance conceitedly with handsome fat Lasses, the women are scarce so vain as the Men in the Article of Dress, their laced waistcoats and clumsy carcasses ought to be drawn by Hogarth ; I have frequently seen a brocade waistcoat giving directions to a porter about the carriage of a hamper of bottles ; they drink sherry before dinner but as to their hours

they are damnably sober : their Assemblies break up exactly at ten, Quadrille, long out of fashion in the polite world, is the only game their women understand.

Their churches are beautiful and clean ; the people as fond of sermons as Presbyterians, a little inclined to superstition and the Clergy as far as I could observe, grave, proud and insolent : they constantly wear long Gowns, monstrous Hats, and grove-like Periwigs, for a Bob Wigg, even in a riding habit is an abomination unto them : they also pretend to good manners, but like Virtue it has fled from them. I once disputed a point of ceremony with one of them, and to speak sincerely his chief argument was the tyrannical Behaviour of the Bristol Clergy, but with all the force I was able I maintained the Dignity of Man against the encroachments of an insatiable Priesthood. I fancy all I have written is but a heap of confusion, if I have omitted anything you shall have it *viva voce* when I see you. . . .—Thine most sincerely

DEANE SWIFT.

*From the Northern Regions, January, 1736.*

DEAR SAN,—My Life since I saw you has been agreeable to my disposition, always upon the wing, a perfect mixture of madness and sobriety, and for this last month I have been cooling my passions in that part of Ireland where Parnell was when he wrote his epistle to Mr. Pope.

“ Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf,  
Here half an Acre’s corn is half a sheaf,  
Here Hills with naked heads the tempest meet,  
Rocks at their side and Torrents at their feet,  
O’er lazy Lakes unconscious of a flood  
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.”

Yet here is an excellent Neighbourhood, full of learned Divines and spangled with fine Gentlemen. Sir Arthur Acheson,<sup>1</sup> whom the Dean of St. Patrick celebrates, is, I think, a just Composition of Learning,

<sup>1</sup> Sir Arthur Acheson of Gosford, in the north of Ireland, Jonathan Swift’s great friend, from whom he rented the cottage to which he gave the name of Drapier’s Hall, from whence he wrote the “Drapier Letters.” Some of Swift’s verses are also addressed to him.

Good-breeding and Politeness "*Proximos illi tamen occupavit [Lexlie ?] honores.*"<sup>1</sup> As I was walking last Sunday in a field covered with snow, the finest woman I have seen in Ireland tript by my side, Sally Taylor, who is equal to Molly Mog of the Roses, I'll engage there are Beauties in Waller inferiour to her, "*et noris quam elegans formarum sim,*" in a few days I shall mount my Pegasus, ride just an hundred miles in Ireland, and then to the Billows; Post, make haste or like Mordanto I leave thee behind me. I have published since I saw you a little puff in a Journal. Pox take thee for a mad girl! and don't plague me with services to the Oxford gentleman; on my conscience this wild creature forces me to send her compliments to all my friends at St. Mary Hall.<sup>2</sup>

If possible I'll fast with you on Ash Wednesday, but if not I'll drink with you the week following for certain. Prithee damn Coster for me if he does not scour my room and put every thing in order against that time; if you write to your friend in London us usual for wines etc, send for a double quantity that I may have a little provision to refresh my spirits after a long journey; what do I say? refresh my spirits! it is impossible I can ever want spirits in Oxford. I would have writ to you and to my friends if I had not been always rambling and could not tell this month where I should live next and consequently did not know how to have letters directed to me. But for the future and for evermore I shall be a good correspondent. Pleasures, Blessings and Happiness attend every one of my friends. . . .—Thine everlastingly

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

*Oxford, November, 1737.*

DEAR SIR RICHARD,<sup>3</sup>—Thrice happy thou who void of cares and strife, In rural scenes disport thy tedious hours, Hunting the timrous hare or wily fox, or view with glee thy grazing Yorkshire nag; whilst I, your old companion making [word illegible] amidst the

<sup>1</sup> Horace, Ode I., xii., lines 19, 20.

<sup>2</sup> Swift evidently writes with a pretty girl looking over his shoulder.

<sup>3</sup> We are unable to account for Deane addressing San as Sir Richard in this outburst of blank verse.

poets of a thousand years ; at stated hours Plato is the man, whose raptured sentiments instruct my soul. But why continue in this pleasing vein when Thou art from me, Thou with sweet converse, design'd by Nature to beguile the hours when melancholy thoughts invade the breast. Cheer up, my soul, thy Miller soon will come ; the pleasing Prophecy encircles round each atom of my blood. Time spread thy wings, fly, fly as rapid as Aurora's light, till Miller comes, then by an Oxford fire dwell here with us, and may a thousand years of common time elapse, to us a winter, bless'd with the magic of thy powerful rod. By letter sent to Oxford let us know when you design to meet at S—y's Castle ; Joy, I embrace thee now, Pox rot the Carrier, and hasty I conclude.—Your friend sincere.

*Monmouth, April, 1738.*

DEAR MILLER,—If the Oracle at Delphos had prophesied last Winter what my designs are at present, I could have laughed at all mankind who ever had consulted him ; but you that are a Divine know that Revelation ought not to be derided, however improbable the accomplishment of Prophecy may seem to human reason. It is the same in the Empire of reason as it is in the Empire of the World, they are both subject to Seditions, Tumults, Insurrections, to quick and sudden Revolutions ; I think there is nothing in the whole compass of Nature to which I can assimilate the Mind of Man besides the Planatory [sic ?] System, and this similitude answers in every particular when compared to a Soul that has one grain of Quicksilver in its composition. Five hundred miles I travelled with thee last summer besides occasional excursions, but if the Leather of my Femora does not fail me, three thousand will hardly content me this next half year ; when you least expect me at Oxford then I surprise you. Then you will see a new Swift, and yet the old Swift, and perhaps a grave man in the figure of a madman, yet, in all respects the same odd man. I defy all the Commentators to interpret this prophecy, but, although it may seem dark, there is a meaning at the bottom of it. In half a year and nine months, and a hundred and thirty days and five hours, it will be manifest to all the World.—I believe it is a fortnight ago since I writ

this rhapsody of madness, and would have finished it in this strain if I had not been hindered by I know not what. An old Acquaintance of mine goes up on Monday to Oxford, he told me of it just now. I have a packet to send by him, let me hear from you. This letter is to Quartley and you. I go to Ireland soon, to Oxford soon after.

My cordial Affection to all the Honest Souls of St. Mary Hall.—For ever and ever Amen.

*Abbey Street, Dublin, April, 1739.*

DEAR MILLER,—I hope wherever you are this letter will reach you; I have been such an odd kind of a Rambler since I left Oxford that I have not been fixt enough in any place to keep up a correspondence; otherwise, you may be sure, I should often have exchanged meggots<sup>1</sup> with you; but now I am in Dublin and shall be settled here for some time. I remember in a letter which I writ to you about a year ago that I stuffed it with a great many strange sort of Prophecies, which at that time I thought would have been fulfilled before now. In short I have given up all designs of taking orders these fourteen months; and I believe you will not blame me; since I know it is your opinion that I never was cut out either by nature or constitution for the cure of Souls. I no sooner rejected my former resolutions, but I formed a plan for spending my life in France and Italy, and to that end I came over to Ireland last summer; but whether by necessity of Fate, or rather by the suggestion of Divine Grace, I quitted these intentions; and instead of being an eternal Rambler I paid my addresses to a Lady, who at last, after many tryals of my affection, condescended to smile upon me with favour and in a few days will make me as happy as Adonis.<sup>2</sup> I can neither dream nor think of anything else. I would give you some account in this letter if you would not think that it was rather the imagination of her lover than the picture of her Person and the description of her mind:

<sup>1</sup> Spelt indifferently *meggotts* or *maggotts*, a contemporary term for light, whimsical jests and fancies.

<sup>2</sup> Deane Swift married Mary, daughter of his father's first cousin, Mrs. Whiteway, by her first husband, Theophilus Harrison (see pedigree, p. 17).

but I hope some time or other we shall meet again and when you become acquainted that you will approve of your friend's Judgment; both the Doctor [Swift] and Charles King are acquainted with her; when you write to Quartley you may tell him that I am very soon to be made happy by that person, which I told him in the Corn Market I had a mind to be married to; but "hæc satis"—How fares it with Mrs. Whalley? Is her old man still in the land of the living? Ah! San, San, thou wilt certainly be her husband before thou dyest. How delightful it is to eat peaches in a Leicestershire garden! Couldst thou not with all thy soul pick Wood sorrel with her in the solemnity of a grove? or shelter thyself from the rain, like Æneas in a cave with Dido?

I have some little commissions for you at Oxford, dear San, like Mercy, forgive a repenting Correspondent, who will never be dilatory in writing for the future. Send me in your next the directions to my absent friends: if Jack Miller<sup>1</sup> be not at Banbury where shall I write to him in London, where to Quartley, to West, to Cole, and if possible to Abercrombie? In the name of friendship how do you all do? what alterations among you? Divide me among you. If I had the wings of a dove I would breakfast with you all to-morrow, and in the afternoon fly back to my charmer, for I cannot live the whole day without the light of her countenance.

Dear San, I must trouble you to pack up my books and what things I left at Oxford in a couple of boxes, let them be nailed down and corded, and look among your books if any scattered Poetry has flown upon your shelves, if you can find any you can roll the meggots up together and stuff them in the box. Mr. Oswald has one volume of Plutarch's Lives, you'll remember to get it from him. Give my gowns to Mr. Hill, and if he will accept of any odd pieces of body cloaths (if any are there) give them to him privately. Let the boxes be directed to me to be left with Mrs. Sophia Vaughan at Mrs. Pritchard's in Monmouth. Don't forget a box of mine which has an alarm clock in it. Whatever expenses you are at Mr. Hill will discharge, for tell him that I desire that

<sup>1</sup> Sanderson Miller's cousin.

he will immediately write down to my tenant in Herefordshire to send him up what money they cost you and he will give it you.

Ever since I came to Ireland I have been a daring Patriot for Liberty, and already by clapping and hissing properly I have got a small party in the Playhouse; and at this time I am soliciting subscribers for *Gustavus Vasa*:<sup>1</sup> notwithstanding the difference of genius and Climate I talk as bold here as any man does in England. Littleton,<sup>2</sup> by Mr. Pope's means, is known to Doctor Swift, the Viceroy of Liberty and the Scourge of Tyranny. The Dean has lately provided for one Mr. Lamb the son of Mr. Littleton's nurse at the instance of Mr. Pope: Dear San, I have a particular reason for telling you this trifle; and I beg the favour of you to mention this to Mr. Harte, not as if I desired you but as a whimsical piece of news from me: and when Mr. Harte writes to Mr. Pope which I would have you advise him to do soon, desire him just to mention it as a trifle he heard from Ireland; it happened about a week ago and Mr. Pope has not had any account of it yet; Mr. Pope would be pleased to hear it and I have a particular reason for desiring that he should know it soon.

I am in debt some trifles in Oxford, what they are I know not, but that I may discharge them honourably I must trouble you to send me the list. . . . Send me the whole account that I may send you a bill to discharge it and charge me with a sett of Pope's Homer's which I promised to Miss Welchman.

Send me a long account of your designs. A deal more in my next. Mention me particularly to all friends. . . .—Your most sincere and affectionate friend

DEANE SWIFT.

*Bristol Coffee House, near Charing Cross, May, 1739.*

DEAR SAN,—Like lightning I fly about the world, last Thursday was fortnight I no more expected to be in England to-day than in Grand Tartary, but it was resolved upon in a few hours and last Friday was

<sup>1</sup> See Cotton's letters, footnote, p. 11.

<sup>2</sup> George Lyttelton. His name is frequently misspelt by his contemporaries.

sennight, I dined in Dublin and supped in London the Tuesday following. . . . My business being to . . . make settlements. When that is done I shall fly once more to the Hyperborean Regions, supported upon the wings of Love, you see what expedition I can make, but if you can come to Town on Tuesday I will spend two days with thee, my dear friend, however, I am sure if you don't your heart will be with me. . . .  
—Thine own

D. SWIFT.

[June, 1739.

DEAR SAN,—There happens to be such a number of preparatives towards entering into that State of Happiness which I have for some time pleased myself with the thoughts of, that notwithstanding my hopes of being married soon after my return to Ireland, yet the tediousness of Lawyers and the delay of Tradesmen have not yet permitted me to fulfil my desire.

But the day now is fixt; on Saturday, the seventh of July about eleven in the morning the Hymeneal Rites are to be celebrated and then I shall hymn the praise of the Paphian Goddess. I told my fair one that I designed writing to you to-night; she commanded me to present you her most humble service and thanks for the care you took of her letter to me. It was about some business that I was to have performed for her in England, but the quickness of my return obliged her to employ another friend in London. She was prodigiously pleased when I told her that you designed me a Visit to Ireland, and she is very sure that when she sees her Correspondent that he will at least equal if not exceed her expectations.

As soon as these affairs of mine are concluded I shall in all respects be more punctual in business Correspondence etc. and will then remit you the money for discharging my Oxford debts, but I have been so hurried and have had so much on my hands since I came back to Ireland that *Quæ nihil attinent*<sup>1</sup> I could never once meditate upon. Let your friend Jack know that you have heard from me and that I shall write him a long and poetic epistle before I am

<sup>1</sup> Horace, Ode i., 19.

many weeks older. . . .—Dearest San, for ever and ever yours

DEANE SWIFT.

P.S. The books, dear San, as soon as possible. What think you of the affairs in England? we can guess nothing here of their proceedings, let us hear a little.

*October, 1739.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—After long silence and much longer absence from an old dear friend you might reasonably expect a much more copious epistle than I believe this will be. I know your virtue and I know that you will ever be pleased to pardon the heterogeneous heteroclyte, Swift, who, like a true rake, is for ever sinning and for ever repenting. I am charmed with your epicurean Quies, continue to preserve your Virtue, indulge the Patriot Spirit, resist the Devil and in the place of your terrestrial Quies you shall at last obtain a Coronam Cœlestem which shall for ever be the ornament of your illustrious Caput.

For God's sake send the books from Oxford. I will not send one compliment to one man in this letter, but I will defer all till my next; however you know my heart and say what you please, I sign it all as *true*. . . . My humble regards to all your circle.—I am, my dear Historian, Your most affectionate

D. SWIFT—Democritical Epicuristes.

P.S. My next letter shall be as long as a Dutch Commentary. I writ this letter in haste, but when I read it to my Goddess she said I was very civil, "What, no service of mine to him!" Dear San, come over to Ireland and become acquainted with her.

*Mrs. Swift to Sanderson Miller.*

*November, 1739.*

SIR,—I have been teizing your Idle, Lazy, indolent friend this week past to answer your letter; but never could prevail on him to sit down to do it, therefore to be revenged and to obey your commands I have done it myself; if you will joyn secretly with me the follow-

ing hints may perhaps perplex him enough to enquire who could give you these accounts ; nor can you be at a loss to mention a poetical Familiar ; who are so well acquainted with sylphs and gnomes ; I think the latter comes nearest the character of a wife who enters into a combination against her husband.

Know then, Sir, that your once gay, rambling friend has dwindled into a cheerfull agreeable Husband, that goeth to bed at eleven o'clock, can lye till nine in the morning, then read two or three hours to me while I am stitching, vissit with me or receive our common friends with me in the afternoon, or play at home the old sober family game at whisk for a trifle, and finish the evening with a single bottle of wine, and three or four agreeable persons of either sex : as for a Coffee House he hath forgot the way to it, and I verily believe doth not know whether wine be sold in a Tavern or in a Chandler's shop.

Sometimes, indeed, he will look over old pomes made on his former mistresses, and the other day in a fit of the spleen made a pyramid of them all, set it on fire that blazed as fierce as once did his own passion for the Celias and Delias, and with a sigh that came from the bottom of his heart, cried, " Ah, Molly, these I sacrifice to Hymen."

I am now thinking what the Cynicks of your University and the Prudes of my own sex would say of my writing to a young Gentleman I had never seen, unknown to Mr. Swift ; but to satisfie such scrupulous consciences I would tell them, that some people's characters are so amiably virtuous, that we are acquainted as soon as we hear them mentioned even to the most minute particulars ; therefore if you will do Deane and me the honour to spend some time with us, I promise you a large Apple Pye every day, and for the Honour of Ireland will find an Irish Parson that shall enter the lists with you and dispute Dublin against Oxford.

To do Mr. Swift justice in every particular I ought to tell you that his friendship and esteem encreases for you every day ; I know too that he waits impatiently for an answer to a letter he wrote to you a month agoe, to desire you would name what person you would have a bill remitted to in order to discharge his debts

at Oxford ; I mention this lest his letter hath miscarried, if this be the case I throw off my disguise, and consent to leave off trifling when business interferes, and acknowledge myself your informer.

Have you not expected for some minutes an apology half as long as my letter, for blundering and scrawling, a bad pen, and a room full of company, with a thousand other such female excuses and not a word of truth in them all ! but this I do assure you may be depended on, that in twenty letters I write nineteen hath ten times as many of these faults.

I have been studying this half hour for some witty, smart, genteel thought to finish my letter with and at last I have hit on one that I believe you will say is clever and new.—I am, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant

MARY SWIFT.

*Deane Swift to Sanderson Miller.*

*December, 1739.*

MY DEAR SAN,—I have just read over half a dozen of your last letters and from the whole I endeavoured to form a judgment of your present self, *Quantum mutatus ab Antiquario, Metaphysico, Academico !* Methinks I see my old friend laughing with Epicurus under the shadow of Edgehill, with all his Fountains roaring and cascading before him ; to the north west he casts a melancholy eye and with a sigh remembers the Virtue, the Religion, the Learning of our good old friend Archdeacon Welchman who dwelt under the shadow of Solihull steeple ; from thence you must return home pensive and full of sorrow, if your spirits did not revive and your heart swell by leering towards that Northern Hill which rejoices every morning to behold the beauty of your terrestrial Goddess. Ah, Sanderson, be constant to the Fair, and sometime or another she will reward your merit ; I expect as soon as her (what shall I call him ?) Grandfather dies that you will send me an account of it in half a line and in one month after I doubt not but to hear that you will be blessed with all her affections.

When I received your last I was surprized at your Magic in finding out the secret purposes of my heart, and painting my present Life with so much colour and

relief. The *Sylphs* sat smiling on every letter of your paragraphs, and my Guardian Angel simpered most divinely over my shoulder as I read and laughed and laughed and read. Your Essay on dreaming was curious and whimsical ; but at last Minerva discovered your intelligence to me ; she produced a Scroll from her Archives which proved that you were beholden to a Muse for all your Magic and Revelations. My Love-letters and Madrigals I really sacrificed at the Shrine of my Goddess ; but the buckles, B—— N——'s buckles, they are reserved for the Cabinet of her adoring admirer ; let me see if you are Quixotic enough to make a tour into Ireland, lay one hand under your friend's thigh and stroke his beard with the other ; perhaps if I discover so much exalted gallantry in a lover, that with a nod I will shake my ambrosial and fragrant Locks and make all Olympus tremble ; it would be a scandal to Jove to grant so extraordinary a Boon upon any meaner conditions.

Do you remember what the Duchess of Marlborough said to Mons. Voltaire in St. James' Park when he told her he was engaged and therefore could not accept her Grace's invitation to dinner ? "In England, Sir, all engagements with gentlemen yield to a Lady's invitation ;" Voltaire, like a man of Gallantry stepped immediately into her coach and attended the Duchess to her Palace. I mentioned this because you had engaged yourself to come over to Ireland and make me a visit, but now I release you from your promise since I find that my Goddess has resolved to free you. In your letters you tell me that you design to study the Art of Love under my directions enforced by example, but as you are now at a distance I will give you one Lecture. I know you are not to be treated as a Novice, you have studied it to a certain degree, and like a student of Logic you have now arrived at the Dunce's Bridge, which if you can bound over, there is no dispute but that you may soon be a Doctor in all the Arts of Chivalry. If you hearken to a Muse's invitation and with impatience desire to prostrate yourself at her altar, you are then fit to study under my shadow. My Cherubim presents her service to you and desires me to tell you that she did not expect you would have given yourself the trouble to have answered her letter

any further than by rallying me about my present Course of Life, but I told her it would have been very impolite and highly derogatory to the Honour of Chivalry, if you had not acknowledged her Favour upon your knees and proved by your answer that you were worthy of so noble a correspondence. She laughed like an angel and said I was perhaps mistaken, "however, present my service to him, and mention to him what I said to you before."

I heartily condole with you on the loss of your friend Cotton, Honour, Breeding and all the accomplishments of the mind only qualify a noble soul for Celestial Conversation; he has mounted his Ætherial Car and mixes with the Gods. We may grieve for our own loss but not for the dissolution of the Virtuous. . . .

Still I am as fresh to write as at the moment I began; to finish all I could say to a man of your heterogeneous taste and learning could not be comprized in a smaller volume than Dun Scotus' Works. Are all your metaphysical books converted into real authors? Have you banished them to the Public Library, or sold them for waste paper, or tell me sincerely, do you still pore over old Sermons? I allow you Tillotson, Barrow and South, but if I knew that you read any one more I should doubt your philosophy. . . .—For ever and ever yours

D. SWIFT.

P.S. (by Mrs. Swift). Sir, I think a Lady that receives a Gentleman's picture with pleasure may reasonably be supposed to connive at her confidant's sending hers in return. I know Mr. Swift's vanity made the best of it to you, perhaps imagining you might never be undeceived, but take it from a person that loves her better than he can [that's impossible (D.S.)]. Her height, indeed I cannot brag much of being about three ft. yet if she were roled out she might

as bright as an angel's (D.S.)

be of a tolerable size, her complexion <sup>^</sup> if one shade brighter than a deep Frensh yellow, with great blue, radiant like Minerva's (D.S.)

staring eyes, <sup>^</sup> which might have been the fashion 2000 years agoe; if you like this kind of beauty I venture to say she is very much your humble servant

M. SWIFT.

*Deane Swift to Sanderson Miller.*

August, 1740.

DEAR SAN,—After I have writ this novel you may expect nothing regular. . . . Received the books very safe: as the Dean of St. Patrick says in his poems that paper book “is too neatly gilt for me to soil”: yet I hope to fill it for all that and divert your bagatelle hours with the Meggotts that I shall write. My dear Fellow Traveller I have a long letter for you in my head which, please God, shall be ridiculous enough to serve you at Oxford instead of a broad Phylactery. Where is Cheyne?<sup>1</sup> at Bath I suppose, is he to be a physician or a divine? Where is the rest of St. Mary Hall? Tell me where a letter may overtake each of them. I want to see Mr. Harte’s other sermon, *and read it too* though I have not read one these two years of any sort. In the next letter you shall see MODERN DEANE. . . . Where is that genius Molly Welchman? how does she do and all friends at Solihull? Are all your cascades in order? How long do you intend to read at Oxford and when do you leave? I suppose you now understand Greek better than Latin. Pursue History and prepare yourself for the State. Let me recommend Polybius to you, he has more good politicks than all the rest of the Historians. What do you think of present affairs? I want to hear an impartial account from you for I live out of the region of Politicks and you know I was a great dabler. We are all asleep in Ireland; their politicks are like a woodlouse, wrapt up in their own skin, of little consequence to themselves and none to history; like the Chronicles of Peru our Annals might be filled with oppressions, O Britannia, *Quando ego te aspiciam?*

The Empress of my heart is at the next table, she sends you half a dozen services and commands to answer your last letter and hopes she shall soon have the pleasure of seeing you in Ireland. But, for God’s sake, how does your heart do? I hope Leicestershire Betty is as beautiful and happy as ever; I wish she were as happy as she possibly might be.

<sup>1</sup> The son of the celebrated physician, Dr Cheyne.

Would you believe that I have been the Father of a young Goddess these two months; her eyes are the very colour of Minerva's, she smiles and looks wit already.

My dear Miller, with great gravity and as great sincerity I heartily beg your pardon for not writing to you sooner, as I ought to do; I offer no excuse but protest that I shall never be so dilatory for the future. Quartley I love heartily, I wish he was Bishop and you Lord Lieutenant in this Kingdom, or that you would stay in England and make me Lord Treasurer.—My dear Friend, For ever and ever yours

TOM PISTOL.

*July, 1741.*

DEAR SAN,—Although you are the man who of all others I love best in the world and whose remembrance I continually delight in, yet such is the condition of my present life, so many are the variety of my avocations and so capricious is the Dæmon that rules my actions, that whether from all of these or none of these or from some other principle which baffles all my conjectures, I have, with great mortification, denyed myself the pleasure of replying to your Correspondence for the space of almost one whole year. How great must be my affection for that friend whose virtue can pardon more faults than even your heteroclyte Deane can commit. Is it possible, my dear San, that you can love me with such a multiplicity of follies?

I repent what I have already said and the devil will not permit me to write to you even now since, waving all other topics every word following must be confined to Tompkins. [Here follows a long account of his obtaining the discharge of a private soldier of that name] . . . So, if you please to employ him, you can have him at Radway this summer to make Apple Pyes for all your friends.—For ever and ever, your most sincere and faithful

DEANE SWIFT.

P.S. Remember this is not an answer to your letter.

P.S. 2. The longer Tompkins stays in Ireland the more I shall send you.

*P.S.* 3. You shall have the History of my thoughts and Life in mignature.

*P.S.* 4. I'll send you a bouquet of verses with an Account of some works in Idea.

*P.S.* 5. Because I design to write to my friends  
recommend my heart  
I will do no more than ~~write~~ to them all, particularly your affectionate and indulgent mother.

*P.S.* 6. I shall send you a short account of Ireland and the reason why I detest the Kingdom.

*P.S.* 7. My Wife lay in of a daughter three weeks ago which has been buried this fortnight.

*P.S.* 8. I grow more and more a Philosopher every day, and consequently I love Sceptic Christianity and hate the Morals of Human Kind.

*P.S.* 9. I love my Acquaintance in England and can't bear Irish witlings.

*P.S.* 10. I could write Postscripts to you for a month together.

## CHAPTER IV

DEANE SWIFT'S LETTERS, 1741-1755 .

*July, 1741.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Where I shall begin or where I shall leave off I know not, but even at this time I cannot answer your letter, and I am sure you will pardon my transgression since it is for no other reason but because I am determined not only to open my heart, but to turn it inside out before you ; for surely nothing can be more pleasing to a friend than so great a frankness, at the same time that it has so wonderful a tendency to administer comfort to a soul oppressed and over-loaded with the unmerited Calamity both of friends and fortune.

Swift then gives Miller a long account of the family quarrels and lawsuits by which both his father and himself had been impoverished, and of a claim made by a relative of Mrs. Swift to the greater part of her fortune. Of this last dispute he says :

All I want is to bring the Cause to a Tryal and then I have not the least doubt of Success, for the matter is plain and easy but how the Tryal may be put off by the dextrous villainy of Attorneys and the diabolical Practices of Lawyers I know not ; this however I am resolved upon when the matter is once tried regularly, if my Antagonist refuses to abide by the decree and dives into the Chicanery of Law to support his Injustice, I will without a Lawyer demand my Wife's part of the Estate and if he refuses to grant it that minute I will fight him upon the spot. However, untill that matter can be brought to a hearing, we have only a nominal Estate, like Mathematicians in

the Moon. My wife's Mother has in Bishop's Leases and Estate about £100 a year and the interest of £1300 which we shall have at her decease. This would be a good easy private Fortune but you see with what injustice I am pursued. It is time to have done with the topics of Estate etc., and to write more at random, yet I shall not immediately digress into Gayety, but write more carefully upon subjects too similar to the foregoing. When I was a boy my Mother designed me for the Bar and I would to God I had never been diverted from so reasonable a pursuit, but to my great misfortune the Dean of St. Patrick's, Dr. Swift, took notice of me very young, buoyed up my tender mind with notions of a more exalted nature, recommended History, Poetry, the Belles Lettres, Politicks and a Contempt of Logic to a Soul by nature too susceptible of so delightful Imaginations. Everybody looked upon me as the person for whom he proposed somewhat extraordinary, even he himself talked of recommending me to Persons in Station who by degrees would hand me up the stairs of Fortune in the Court of St. James's. But whether this was a dream of his own in that he thought the King would change and there would be a Revolution in the Ministry, or whether he ever designed to honour me with the least colour of his friendship I know not; but this I am wofully convinced of, that as soon as I came to age, and even some little time before, he took all opportunity to shake me off with decency, untill by degrees he would scarce know me, and thus I was forsaken by him after he had filled me with a contempt for all sorts of Professions. It is true I left the University too early, hurried away by the diminution of fortune, which had too great an effect upon my ambitious mind. When I came of age I had frequent designs of purchasing a Cornecy [sic!] of Horse and rising by degrees in the Army, which I think was so rational a scheme after such a variety of disappointments that I wish I had entered upon it; and this moment I approve of it so much that, were I not married, old as I am to begin such a life, I would go into the Army tomorrow. Whether I shall keep to my promise or no I can't tell but I resolve to be as concise as I can. When I was three

and twenty I began to read Divinity; I was encouraged in this scheme by a Divine of Figure in the Church, and recommended to several Bishops. I might then have taken orders, but since my Fortune would bear it, as I had not taken a degree in this University I was advised to go to Oxford that I might rise in the Church with a better grace. Would you believe, my dear Miller, that I no sooner thought of going into the Church than the Dean pursued me with bitterness, which however had this good effect that as I was taken notice of by the Whigs they were resolved to raise me in opposition to his desires, and I believe in my soul if it were for no other reason than to gall the Dean, if I had gone into the Church I should have been raised to a Bishoprick by the application and power of one Man, who is himself in one of the highest stations in this Kingdom and an avowed enemy of the Dean. Notwithstanding all my designs for the Church and all the money I had expended, I could not bring myself to subscribe with my hand nor to seal with an oath some Propositions which I found contained in the Articles of the Church, at least they seemed so to me soon after I returned last from Oxford to the country, although perhaps they are true in themselves; and therefore I thought it was better to desist from all hopes of preferment than to forfeit my honour or lye unto my God. For which reason I left Oxford entirely and the consequence in Ireland was that I lost every ecclesiastical friend I had before: I acknowledge great obligations to the Divine who first took notice of me but, alas! he has rested from his labours and I can only remember my friend Dr. Butty with gratitude and Honour. Since I left Oxford and gave over all thoughts of the Church the Dean has been again acquainted with me; I have frequently visited him and since I was Marryd if I had consented to sacrifice my Life to him and spend all my days in his House to entertain him in his retirement when everybody whom he had obliged except one person had absolutely quitted him, then indeed he would have condescended to think he had obliged me by permitting me to keep him company. But anything is better than such slavery and though I have always loved him as a Father, yet I could not bear with such

treatment and neglect as I had formerly received from him. I have been told that he says I am a Scholar, an excellent Grecian, that I can write verses, that I have several good qualities, a spirit of Liberty, etc., etc. However, what is all this? I have given him very broad hints that Virtue is of no use in this world, that, as for Learning, it is of no benefit to the Possessor beside amusement, that, as Otway saith "Education spoileth a man's Fortune and Fools are all the Fashion." I went so far one night as to ask him very gravely if he knew e'er a young Nobleman who wanted Greek and Latin for that I would sell him a bargain of them: he asked me what I meant. I told him that I had spent a great part of my life in the pursuit of antient learning and that at last I found it was of no use and that if any young Lord would purchase it I would sell him all that I was worth in that sort together with all my books in those languages and all the taste I had in Poetry for so small a sum as £200, for that I really had no occasion for any of them, and that I should be very glad to get fairly rid of them. He seemed to dislike what I had said prodigiously which had no further effect on me than to insist upon the reasonableness of my proposal: he soon talked to a third person and changed the Discourse. You will not blame me when I tell you that [since] I heard he had left me in his will a silver Standish<sup>1</sup> with some flourishes upon the occasion of that legacy, I have made it my business to drop him by degrees and of late it hath come to that pass that I have seen him but once since the middle of May, and perhaps shall never see him ten times during his life; for if he pretends to find fault with my behaviour towards him, I will never see his face more, but instead of it I will write him one letter, which perhaps will surprise him and refer him to those Ungrateful whom he has exalted in the world for Consolation, Friendship, Society and Fidelity in his old age. I wish he would make a present of that Standish to somebody else, which is not unlikely, for

<sup>1</sup> "*Item.* I bequeathe to Deane Swift, Esq., my large silver standish, consisting of a large silver plate, an ink-pot, a sand-box, and bell of the same metal" (Dr. J. Swift's will, dated May, 1740; he left the bulk of his fortune to endow a hospital for lunatics and idiots).

then I would not go into mourning for him which would cost me much about the worth of his legacy.<sup>1</sup> I admire him as a Genius, you know how often I have fought his Battels at Oxford, I believe you saw I loved him which, however great a fool soever I am for it, I cannot yet prevail upon myself to repent of: in spight of my wrath and even in spight of my reason I cannot yet wholly get the better of my affection for him, notwithstanding that I complain to you of his conduct towards me.

Ireland to me is a most detestable Country, chiefly because it has been the scene of all my troubles: there is some Learning here but not the least glimmering of Public Virtue; they mind nothing but such pleasures as are to me at best insipid, if not wholly contemptible; it is no matter who are your companions provided you have a number of them. They are very well pleased if you entertain them well and keep them with you till they are so drunk that they cannot sit any longer, although you have not as much common sense among them as you might expect from a set of Rustics, their whole thoughts and Passions are eating delicately and drinking deep, and really there is a tribe of little Rascals in this Kingdom who would vouchsafe to live for ever with you if they might be troublesome as often as they please, and the Women in their way are as impertinent as the men, so that if I could afford to fly from such a pack of wretches, by whom I have the honour to be most cordially hated, and live in England, it would be the summit of my ambition: but this I shall never be able to do for the want of £200 a year more, which I have no prospect of ever seeing, because I have resolved rather to pistol or stab myself than either to flatter or cringe to the most exalted villain in the State. When I am almost floundering in this tempestuous ocean and can bear my own reflections no longer, I fly into the midst of books and there repose both my brains and my heart, so that all the pleasure

<sup>1</sup> Deane makes no mention of Jonathan Swift's bequests to his wife: "*Item.* I bequeathe to Mrs. Mary Swift, alias Harrison, daughter of Martha Whiteway, my plain gold watch made by Quare, to whom also I give my Japan writing desk, bestowed to me by my Lady Worsley, my square tortoiseshell snuff-box, richly lined & inlaid with gold, given to me by the Hon. Henrietta Countess of Oxford & the Seal with a Pegasus given me by the Countess of Granville."

I have in this world is the conversation of the most amiable wife and an Epicurean retirement. In some of these leisure hours I have translated as much of *Œdipus Tyrannus* as I have sent you, I sat down fourteen times to it, I desire that you will read it over and over with severity, compare it with the original show it to some Judges of Learning and Candour without seeming to know the author and send me your thoughts upon it. If it happen to be approved of I will finish the play in the same spirit, and make as much as I can by the Publication of it, or by any other means which my friends in England (which I think is almost tautology or like Verdant Green<sup>1</sup>) shall advise me to. Besides I shall then know whether I am capable of translating Greek, for if that piece should succeed I have some other designs in Embryo which I shall execute hereafter. . . . Don't think it odd if I publish it with a dedication to a fierce mastiff who maintains the Dominion of our yard with great fortitude and Fidelity, for at present it is my design to write such a satyric dedication.

Like a vile Procrastinator as I always was I did not begin this letter till six of clock last night and I must finish it by post. Don't show it to a creature but you may mention some things of it discretionally. Whatever answer you write to it let it be in Latin lest it give my wife trouble, for she is always pleased when I receive a letter from you, and I generally, if not always make her read your amazements, and as she knows your hand, if I happened to be abroad she might open it before I came home, for as I have no secrets, I indulge her in that liberty, knowing very well that it is a great ease and comfort to a woman's heart. For the better concealing your design write several of the words in Greek characters: but never take the least notice of anything of this sort I write to you, except what relates to the verses, in anything but Latin for I would rather dye than be the cause of her least uneasiness. I must repeat it I have not near finished this letter. Don't write any answer till you have received my next.—My dear Sanderson, for ever yours,

[*Unsigned.*]

<sup>1</sup> We have been unable to ascertain to what this refers.

Deane Swift's son has left the following account of the offer made to his father by Sir Robert Walpole :

"My father . . . was a very moral man ; and from an innate love of religion had made divinity his immediate study. He had taken a degree of A.M. at Oxford, and was in every respect qualified for an excellent divine. Walpole knew him, and one day sent for him. He went ; and Walpole asked whether it was his intention to take orders ? My father was then about twenty-seven years of age. He answered he had no such design. Walpole then desired that he would think of it, and that he would provide for him in the Church ; and even went so far as to tell him, that, at the proper time, he would make him a bishop.

"Swift very soon heard of what had passed, and sent for my father, whom he asked concerning the truth of the fact. Swift soon perceived that Walpole designed to prefer his relation over his head ; and that while the Dean could not make *himself* a bishop, no impediment stood in the way of people who bore his name. Swift remonstrated very strongly with my father, who did not choose to give up the prospects held out to him. But Swift was *absolute* on all occasions. Whatever he said or willed must be obeyed. Beside the respect that my father had for him, which approached almost to idolatry, he owed him £2,500 an immense sum in those days ; his estates were mortgaged for it to the Dean. The Dean did not actually promise a remission of the debt, but signified in very indignant terms, that if he did not relinquish orders, he would always find him his enemy ; but if he would give up the idea of orders, he (the Dean) would always be his friend, and would *provide for him in the state*. My father yielded ; was not made a bishop ; was not provided for by Swift, but put upon the shelf ; left his son (myself) to pay the mortgage, with a long arrear of interest upon it ; and all that my father received from him, to the value of a single farthing, as a favour, was that which may be read in the Dean's Will. My father loved the Dean to an excess almost unparalleled ; but I have often heard him say, that the Dean was the only enemy that, to his knowledge, he ever had in his life, with the exception of Delany. I know not whether

I have clearly expressed myself about Walpole and my father; but I would sum it up with saying, that there was no particular friendship between Walpole and Mr. Deane Swift, and their politics differed *toto cælo*. The motive of the Minister was not to serve my father, but to mortify the Dean; the Dean knew it, and sacrificed my father to his spleen. This is the truth of the matter. But my father would have done honour to Walpole's choice."

Deane Swift had certainly some cause to feel that he had been ill-used; but notwithstanding the bitterness against his cousin which he expresses in his letters to Miller, there were still times when pity and old affection proved stronger than resentment. This can be seen in the account which he sent to Lord Orrery of the Dean's melancholy condition. As we read the bald statement of facts—so different from Deane Swift's usual manner of writing—we cannot but feel that in the presence of that awful tragedy he was oblivious of himself and his injuries.

*A letter from Deane Swift to Lord Orrery, in answer to an enquiry whether the Dean had exclaimed, "O poor old man!" on catching sight of himself in a looking-glass.*

*Dublin, April 4, 1744.*

MY LORD,—As to the story of *O poor old man!* I enquired into it. The Dean did say something upon his seeing himself in the glass, but neither Mrs. *Ridgeway*, nor the lower servants could tell me what it was he said. I desired them to recollect it, by the time when I should come again to the deanery. I have been there since, they cannot recollect it. A thousand stories have been invented of him within these two years, and imposed upon the world. I thought this might have been one of them: and yet I am now inclined to think, there may be some truth in it: for on Sunday the 17th of March, as he sat in his chair, upon the housekeeper's moving a knife from him as he was going to catch at it, he shrugged his shoulders, and rocking himself, said, *I am what I am, I am what I am:*

and, about six minutes afterwards, repeated the same words two or three times over.

His servant shaves his cheeks, and all his face as low as the tip of his chin, once a week : but under the chin, and about the throat, when the hair grows long, it is cut with scissars.

Sometimes he will not utter a syllable : at other times he will speak incoherent words : but he never yet, as far as I could hear, talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing.

About four months ago he gave me great trouble : he seemed to have a mind to talk to me. In order to try what he would say, I told him I came to dine with him, and immediately his housekeeper, Mrs. *Ridgeway*, said, *Won't you give Mr. SWIFT a glass of wine, Sir?* he shrugged his shoulders, just as he used to do when he had a mind a friend should pass the evening with him. Shrugging his shoulders, your Lordship may remember, was as much as to say, "*You'll ruin me in wine.*" I own, I was scarce able to bear the sight. Soon after, he again endeavoured, with a good deal of pain, to find words to speak to me : at last, not being able, after many efforts, he gave a heavy sigh, and, I think, was afterwards silent. This puts me in mind of what he said about five days ago. He endeavoured several times to speak to his servant (now and then he calls him by his name), at last, not finding words to express what he would be at, after some uneasiness he said *I am a fool*. Not long ago the servant took up his watch that lay upon the table to see what o'clock it was, he said *Bring it here* : and when it was brought, he looked very attentively at it : some time ago, the servant was breaking a large stubborn coal, he said, *That's a stone, you blockhead*.

In a few days, or some very short time after guardians had been appointed for him, I went into his dining-room, where he was walking, I said something to him very insignificant, I know not what ; but, instead of making any kind of answer to it, he said *Go, go*, pointing with his hand to the door, and immediately afterwards, raising his hand to his head, he said, *My best understanding*, and so broke off abruptly, and walked away.—I am, my Lord, Your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant

DEANE SWIFT.

*Deane Swift to Sanderson Miller.*

*May 26th, 1744.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—If writing from Ireland be at best like writing from the Dead, as I am sure it is, what can you expect but a Rhapsody of madness from a Soul which by all the arts that are possible confines itself absolutely to the most retired corners of Solitude, and even in this devoted country entombs itself alive? I have the same desires, the same spirit, the same heart, and the same affections, that I had seven years ago; but, my dear San, I have not the same pursuits, the same views, the same friends, nor, I believe the same understanding. Two friends I have buried, one of whom deceived me, and you may be sure it was that person, whose obligations to me were none of the least. There is another<sup>1</sup> who properly speaking is neither alive nor dead, who for his own amusement, I suppose, was fond of me, or pretended to be so, for many years: I loved him passionately, but my misfortune was I could not flatter: at last, without solicitation from any quarter, he expresses himself to me in the warmest terms of friendship and of his own accord proposed what he designed to do for me: I returned him thanks and put his sincerity to the test: and it was then only that I first perceived the rottenness of his heart, and the barbarity of his disposition; for he denied his own words, and would, if possible, have fixed an odium on my reputation for attempting to keep him to his promise; With disdain, I quitted him for ever; and now I glory, that in spite of all his refined hypocrisy, he could not deceive me to the last. Do not speak of this particular even to our common friends. Age has taught me so much discretion that I can conceal some things from all but my darling friends. Besides, I will not disoblige that world which I design within a few years to lay under contributions; as I undoubtedly should if I lashed this person with half the severity which he deserves from my hands.

I am still plagued with Rascals, Attornies, and unjust men who withhold my rights from me. Such devils only have power to confine me to this wretched king-

<sup>1</sup> Jonathan Swift.

dom ; for if it were not for that Monster Man, I should not only be easy but even rich in my circumstances. In some respects I have had tolerable good fortune ; I have buried several persons who without cause were mine enemies. Rascals, Impertinents, and Little Men I have learned to keep at a great distance : all my Acquaintance who are not Friends I treat *en cavalier*, and to all those whom I despise I never am at home. How narrow then must be my circle ? I am intimate with about four or five persons and about thrice that number I speak to abroad ; the rest of mankind I pretend that I do not know by sight. Thus, like Diogenes, I am turned cynick to almost all the world.

Although what I have written cannot entertain my dear Miller, yet I could not forbear opening my heart to such a faithful friend. And now let me assure you that you shall never read any of the like trash for the future : the remainder of this letter I hope will be debonair, and for a short time I will forget all my misfortunes and disappointments and think of nothing but what is pleasing to us both.

Now, my dearest Friend, let me assure you that neither Idleness nor neglect nor any other of those avocations of mind which pass under a thousand different names, were the Motives which occasioned my long, long silence : no, but to say the truth I cannot think of my absent friends, much less of you, without sorrow Impatience and almost Despair. To think that our Separation is in effect as great as if we lived in different worlds, is a consideration so cloudy and so black that all my Spirits are at once frozen and mortified with so hideous an idea : but I have transgressed from my promise of gaiety ; believe what I have said, pardon my faults and there is an end of it.

I think of all young men in England your situation is the most to be envied. You have great parts, great Learning, a competent Fortune, not only to supply all your necessities, but all the pleasures which are worthy of your pursuit ; added to this, you live so near Oxford that without fatigue, expence, or loss of time, you can fly backwards and forwards twenty times in a year, and I think that until you marry you should continue at least two months in the year at that delightful University. There is but one evil that

I can warn you against and that is that you will neither grow too old nor too wise for the company of that place. I mention this because the most sprightly companions are always to be met with among the youth whose laughter I should prefer to the sober gravity of the Learned; for, to say the truth, as no pleasure can stand the test of reason, so when the mind is willing to be unbent, the most pleasing qualifications are Farce and Ridicule. It is said, by I know not whom, that Wisdom is like cheese, and that to a judicious palate the Meggotts are the best. Yet whatever I think of Oxford, perhaps it would not be amiss, if during the Ministry of the learned Carteret you appeared frequently at Court. I recommend this scheme to you with all the warmth I can: for I think you would not fail of preferment when a Genius is at the Head of Affairs, since it is natural for every being to be fond of its own likeness. This we observe not only among Beasts but among Dunces, who always drag up after them such persons as they admire for the weight of their Intellectuals: and be assured, that among Angels their conduct is the same.

By this time I suppose you have read through all the Greek and Roman Historians, Poets and Philosophers: tell me what you have done and what you are doing. Are you still enlarging your own mind or are you preparing any works for the enlarging of others? Try your pen upon a subject that you like for it is possible that you may not be conscious of your own strength.

I once thought that I should never write anything but originals and proposed to finish a book in the space of my life that after I was rotten might sell for five shillings: but that scheme is foreign to my present designs: although I planned a *chef d'œuvres* [sic!] which answered the height of my idea: I writ a small part of it but as the World and I had quarrelled, I choaked it in its infancy. But now instead of driving at Fame, I employ my leisure hours in translating Greek authors, reading English prose, Latin verse, and sometimes Milton. I translate for reasons which I shall acquaint you with at a proper time, if you desire to know them. I never touch an author that was ever translated into English before, nor do I ever look into

French translations. I confine myself to Greek because every Blockhead does at least pretend to understand Latin, consequently there is more Reputation and advantage to be gotten from Greek Authors. Last winter I translated the third part of a Greek poet into Heroick Verse without confining myself to rhyme, which let me assure you is thought by more persons than me to be strong and sonorous: that book I only touch when I am in a poetical mood: however it has been asleep this half year: at other times I translate an Historian that contains seven or eight hundred Folio Pages, wherein I have made some progress. I hope that each of them will be finished within four years. If they answer my expectations, you shall see me at Radway on my way to London. I have besides another work in hand, which in my course of reading I am collecting materials for: but whether that will appear these twelve years neither you nor I can tell: it is very well if I ever trust it out of my sight; because Reputation is either to be gained or lossed by it. I have written almost two acts of *Œdipus*: but it took up too much of my time: it has been mellowing in my drawers above these two years: I think it is about so long since I quitted the world. I have now done with Politicks. I seldom write above two short original poems in the year, which I had generally reprinted in the *St. James's Evening Post*: on the tenth of last month was twelvemonth there was printed there that I approved of,—

To move, to warm, transport the breast,  
Is every Female's art,  
To laugh, to frolick, sport and jest  
Are modes that win the Heart, etc.

If you have read that trifle you may see by the conclusion of it how happy I think myself in a married state. I am sure there is not that person living who has more of those Virtues which are requisite in a married condition than my Angel. I shall say no more of her lest I should fall into the Romantick style and make you doubt my veracity. I have had four children; two of them are flown to the Upper Regions, my eldest is still living; it is the most rational *Glaucopis* that ever I saw in my life; she prattles,

she spells, and is the chief amusement of my careless hours, she is near four year old, my younger Brat is a boy of about nine months old, strong and likely to live, as yet he has gained no reputation, but he promises well.

. . . If you don't write to me soon, I'll plague you with letters: No, I shall not have spirits to begin one; it will not be in my power; I never will plague you again with cursed melancholy Epistles. One line from you would be a cordial to my heart. Shew yourself to be a great man: lay aside Resentment and give me comfort. Like an enraged Lion I will lash myself until I can force my way out of this cursed Kingdom. Heavens! if I had no business to confine me how soon would I fly to England and there live out the remainder of my days! and yet, by the blessing of God I will see you within these four years.—My dearest dear Miller, Your ever affectionate old friend, Through a thousand miles distance,

DEANE SWIFT.

October 29th, 1744.

MY DEAREST MILLER,—It would be folly in me to have your advice taken in gold characters, and hung up framed in my study, or to wear it in Phylacteries about my temples, as the Jews did the Commandments, when already it is engraven upon the tablet of my heart. Your scheme of Happiness is the Quintessence of Divinity and Philosophy; or do I dream that it is so because it proceeds from my friend, and, if I do, pray do not undeceive me. I must confess I had some faint idea of your Quies last spring; for upon being pressed to give some small assistance to a gentleman who is translating Horace, I chose the *Nil admirari* for the sake of the subject, which I have lately finished although not polished. I propose sending it over to you before I shall venture to approve of it that it may suffer what correction it deserves from your judgement and that of your friends; my dear Sanderson, I am as easily convinced that I am wrong as if I were but ten years old, and I can bear criticism with the meekness of a lamb; therefore you must send me your strictures upon that performance because some time or other it will be printed.

But I have wandered I know not where. Your thatched house (tell me where it is situate, is it upon Edge-hill on the spot where we used to sit? or is it near the Terrass and Fountain?) your Classicks, China and Company, are certainly indications both of taste and felicity.

I hear my Lord Boyle<sup>1</sup> is to enter at St. Mary's Hall next spring. When I saw him in Ireland he was a fine boy and promised to be just such a man as his father, both in person and genius. His father and I are just of an age, so that I cannot expect to see him one of the props of virtue in the next generation, but you may, who are, I think, about nine years younger than me; and that is about two years older than I was when I was first acquainted with you: so that I now may say—Poor Anacreon, thou growest old. I thank God my Angel is everything I can wish; the best daughter to her own Mother, the best wife, and the best Mama both for tenderness and just severity in the world. I have a daughter of about four years old that spells and prates like a magpie. She told me t'other day that Cupid was courting her and soon after that she was married to him last Tuesday night. She is past the small pox and measles and really is a lovely child tho' her father says it. I buried a boy of about a year old six weeks ago of the measles, after he had wonderfully escaped of the small pox but just before, and two other girls the week they were born. I expect every day to have another youngling. I love Oxford but I am sure I could not bear to see our old apartments or rather tombs as you justly call them. Miller, I must see you, come over to Ireland and spend next summer with me: promise me that and I'll half finish a great work against you come over; which to say the truth I think of day and night. I work at it like a dragon. I have transcribed all my trifles in that beautiful book which I love for the sake of the Donor. Quartley has given me an account of your excellent sett of company; but I will not tell you what he thinks and says of you. Pray, are not you engaged in setting up Dr. King's Busto in the Hall?

<sup>1</sup> Charles Boyle, eldest son of John Boyle, Earl of Orrery. He became Lord Dungarvan on his father succeeding to the Earldom of Cork in 1753.

Let me hear somewhat about it. . . . Have you any rational neighbours who are neither Drunkards nor sportsmen? I think Sir Charles Mordaunt<sup>1</sup> is a little too far from you, but hang distance when taste is to be found at a journey's end. . . . Pray tell me, and that as you always do impartially, what reputation has Francis, the translator of Horace, in England? It was a vast and dangerous undertaking. Let it have what merit it will, to my knowledge what he has published was written in two years and a quarter: I was sorry that he published so hastily, but the want of money etc was the cause of it. But as these things are calculated to assist youth, perhaps you never troubled yourself about what undoubtedly you understand better in the original. . . .

I like your spending some time in London. I hate all Lords of taste when they neglect Genius in other people. But in my experience I believe that Corruption has so begotten Corruption, that without Corruption no body corporate would do what they ought to do. If that be the case he must pursue that cursed plan or persuade his Master to have annual Parliaments, the want of which would be I believe the source of all distress to the State (if things were only managed with honesty) and since that cannot be it is the cause of the People's oppression. For undoubtedly no man in his heart can desire that in another which he is eminent for himself. You still have liberty in England although it is sometimes oppressed, but this Nation, like the Cappodocians would, I believe, reject Liberty if it were offered to them: at least they shall always have my good word: I hope you will exempt me and half a dozen more from the number. So fond are these wretches of Idols, that for want of better, the Merchants' wives of Cork worship their Bishop's wife and have a print of her bound up in their prayer books. This I am assured for fact by a gentleman who lately came from that County. In short every Bishop, Judge, Commissioner, Placeman, etc., has according to his rank a pot of incense smoked under his gills; and all men are disaffected who laugh at

<sup>1</sup> Walton, Sir Charles Mordaunt's seat, is only eight miles from Radway, and he and Miller were well acquainted. Sir Charles represented the County of Warwick for over forty-nine years in Parliament

such coxcombs. I do assure you there are as many pine apples in England as Freemen in Ireland; and as many slaves in Ireland as Cheeses in England. Write to me when you have a leisure moment and let that be immediately. There is no more room for your old and true friend

D. S.

*December, 1744.*

MY DEAREST MILLER,—I am of late become such a Reformado in correspondence, that I am almost angry with you for not sending me a Billet with an account of your amusements both in Books and Plantations. For some time past I have had more business in my hands than I have been well able to execute; but it was chiefly that of other people; however, it is all over except one Jobb, and I shall take care for the future how I rashly engage in anything without seeing the difficulty.<sup>1</sup>

Carte's History I suppose is going on apace; I long to see it: all that I fear is too great partiality to the Tories, as most other historians are too partial to the Whigs. Perhaps, like Clarendon, it may prove a good history when stript of all its glosses: and indeed that is the best we can hope for.

You will never be settled until you are Married; and surely it is high time for you to think of a wife: but I wish you would first take a jaunt to Ireland.

I find they do nothing at Court but play Whisk and Swabbers: let the game go on while we possess our souls in patience. Is Patriotism a real Being, or a mere Chimera? for in Ireland we hear strange things of the Duchess of Marlborough's Legacy. Are all men villains who side with the Court? No. But then why so instant a metamorphosis? Their end was obtained and therefore no further use of the mask. . . .—Yours etc,

D. SWIFT.

The old Duchess of Marlborough died in October, 1744, and left Pitt a legacy of £10,000. In November the Broad Bottom administration was formed, in which

<sup>1</sup> Carte, the historian, long under a cloud for his strong Jacobite leanings. The first volume of his History, a great advance on previous works of the kind, was published 1747.

most of Pitt's friends were included, he himself becoming a supporter of the Government instead of the most formidable member of the Opposition.

*June, 1745.*

MY DEAREST MILLER,—If I were to write to you as often as I think of you the Post Master General would petition the Parliament to silence my correspondence; for by every mail I should crowd the bag with three quires of paper, which I believe is too moderate a computation, since I think of you at least seven and thirty times in the twenty four hours: or perhaps I am mistaken in all this, for it is not unlikely that I think of you but once in the year, and that is from the beginning to the end. I know I dream of you when I am awake and form a thousand chimeras about our future neighbourhood seven and eight years hence, when I shall be settled in Herefordshire;—

For there I hope some turn of Fate  
Will fix me e'er it be too late.

You see I am inspired when I do but think of England—

That Blessed Country where with joy  
And Friendship I could never cloy.

For let me assure you with great truth, that I have formed a plan, which in all probability will enable me to live there in philosophical retirement, blessed with the society of the virtuous. But first I shall advise with my learned friends and visit Oxford and London. If the project succeed, like a serpent I will change my skin, and to fourscore (if I should live so long) be all youth and fire. But whatever come of it, your scheme of content shall always be my Guide and Director, as indeed it hath ever been ever since I first received the balm of your advice.

Pox take Bumsted<sup>1</sup> and all fools who without cause are your enemies, from the Chancellor of Great Britain to the Master of Warwick! I own, as far as my observation reaches, a wise man is an enemy to

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Bumsted, of Upton House on Edgehill, was a near neighbour of Miller's. In what way he made himself disagreeable to Miller we have not been able to discover.

none, but all fools hate wisdom and understanding. Let this be your comfort and as the poet says—

“Be this thy Motto and thy Fate  
Hated by Fools, and Fools to hate.”

If it be not irksome to you what is that long story about Mrs. — I have a mind to teaze you to death: you have woods, Fountains, Cascades, Grottoes, Books, etc., etc., which must away at last some hundred years hence: and therefore in the words of Pliny—*Effinge et excude aliquid, quod sit perpetuo tuum.*<sup>1</sup> Courage, Corragio! Form the Plan of some grand *Chef d'œuvre* [*sic*!]. Or, at least, if you will not, marry some Goddess that deserves you, and then—*Effinge et excude aliquid quod sit dignum patris literati.* How I long to see your thatched House, but how much more the Architect. Surely that day will come when I shall behold that terrestrial Paradise.

I hear Mr. Nugent<sup>2</sup> of Essex designs coming over with the Earl of Chesterfield. It is not unlikely that he will for I know he is extremely intimate with his Excellency. What should prevent you from seeing Ireland when a man of wit is at the helm? Promise me to come over and I will have a bed prepared for your repose: you shall see how I adore my Angel; and all my hours shall be sacred to your amusement.—I am, most dearly beloved San, Yours most affectionately,

DEANE SWIFT.

June, 1746.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—Like one arisen from the dead behold the spirit of your old companion! After years of toils and plagues I am just recovered to a state of ease and comfort. Your philosophical letter some time ago was of great use to me; but, alas! even Philosophy is not so strong as to support us under all the Misfortunes of human Life, especially when we cannot but be solicitous for a wife and family, although it is certain that in a great measure it will help to moderate our passions. But why should I forbear longer to acquaint you that on Tuesday last I quite overthrew my greatest Adversary and recovered from

<sup>1</sup> Pliny's Third Epistle. .

<sup>2</sup> For Nugent, see p. 88.

him in Estate and money<sup>1</sup> to the amount of three thousand pounds, which for these nine years he hath been endeavouring to plunder from my wife and me; for which I hope I shall be ever grateful to the Almighty, and more especially as it is, I think, the first Instance of Justice, that is worth notice, that I ever met with from the World. I have now done, I hope, with anxiety, and whether I shall ever overthrow any more villains or not (which yet perhaps under God I may be able to do) I will enjoy the remainder of my life in quiet, since now I am settled as to the great point I had in view. In one word, I had so long been engaged in that troublesome affair, and laboured under the memory of so many other great disappointments, that I had neither time nor spirit even to correspond with my friends. At present I am so hurried that I cannot say one half quarter what I would to you, nor yet could I think to any purpose on such things as were formerly my delight. But without waiting for an answer I will soon drive another epistle at the heels of this.

Dear San, may God Almighty for ever preserve you to yourself and give you leisure to improve your understanding to the highest pitch; for, let me assure you, that to be pestered with Villains and Law would absorb all your Speculations and render your knowledge perhaps troublesome to yourself.—I am for ever yours

DEANE SWIFT.

*Mrs. Swift to Sanderson Miller.*

*October 11th, 1746.*

SIR,—If my earnest desire to hear of the health and happiness of Mr. Swift's friend be not an excuse for the liberty I took in opening your letter in his absence, I must plead guilty. He hath been these three weeks in the country, and I fear his business will not permit him to return this fortnight, and you might justly then have taxed him with an indifference to his valuable friend's happiness, a crime I know his soul abhors. Will you and your lady accept of my most sincere congratulations on the happy Union<sup>2</sup> untill his return, the delightful prospect of your married state leaves no room for either the fears or wishes of your friends,

<sup>1</sup> See p. 36.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 123.

for where good sence, virtue, beauty, and fortune unite, it is impossible but each returning year must add to both your felicitys. There is nothing left for me to do but to wish the continuation of your healths and that at the end of your lives you may both be as happy as I am and then you will not envy Princes. Surely this innocent acknowledgement may be allowed a woman after being seven years a wife, and I have a double pleasure in doing justice to Mr. Swift's tenderness as he can never know I have made it. No one can have a more gratefull sence of your, and your Lady's kind invitation than myself, but a large family, and at this time a likelihood of its encreasing, makes me think I can never have the pleasure of waiting on you, for it is my opinion that a mother ought to lay aside all thoughts of entertainment that interferes with the duties she owes her children, which cannot be turned over to a third person. This excuse for some time will not be Mrs. Miller's, therefore I hope she will forgive me when I entreat you to use your interest with her, to see Ireland, where I can promise for nothing, but variety, and a most hearty welcome.—I am, Sir, with my best respects to your Lady, Your most obedient and most humble Servant

MARY SWIFT.

*Deane Swift to Sanderson Miller.*

*November, 1746.*

MY DEAREST FRIEND, — Where, in the name of wonder, did you find that illustrious Fair? Is it possible that she can be less than some bright Example of Sweetness and Perfection? I hear, I see, the little Cherub; her look, her voice, her Air, her every Grace, delights me. Tell me, are not all your Fields, your Gardens, and your Groves, enraptured with her smiles? Is not all Radway filled with the Spirit of her enchantments? *Procul, o, procul este profani!*<sup>1</sup> Have you not admired some virtues of late which before the days of your Happiness you had not the least conception of? Long may she continue, or rather, for ever may she continue, to enlarge the number of your ideas and the number of your Bless-

<sup>1</sup> Æneid, VI., 258.

ings! Tell me, tell me of your happiness; for I love not only to hear of it, but likewise to dwell upon the subject. Yes, I think I have some principle like what you term that Sympathetick Soul which can feel a thousand things whereof the grave Philosophers have no idea. Surely there is an exalted wisdom, which is stiled madness only because it is sublime and celestial, beyond the comprehension of inferiour minds; and therefore Romance is only perhaps intelligible to such as are inflated with wisdom, at least in the second or third concoction. In short, Miller, both our lives have had their share of Variety; I am sure that mine for some years before the days of my friendship with you at Oxford and for a short time after, was perfectly romantick; nor am I without hope that my latter years will be as curious as those of my Youth were extravagant. Yet, whatever shall be the colour of my future Life, my Friendship shall be for ever dedicate to you and your Beloved.—Dear San, for ever thine

DEANE SWIFT

*October 24th, 1748.*

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I am about thirty times more ashamed when I behold the date of your last epistle; and yet I know not from whence it is that I have not before now acknowledged the pleasure I have received in the account of your improvements and your economy; however I shall not take the pains to assure you that above all other reflexions I am the most delighted with whatever contributes to your happiness, insomuch that if I had the wings of an eagle I should frequently surprise you with a song from the summit of my own Gothick Tower as you ramble over your Grounds in a morning; for you know I am Governor of the Castle by your own Deputation, which indeed shall never be surrendered like Fort Augustus<sup>1</sup> into the hands of Bumsted or any other such Rascal. I desire I may always be considered as the Guardian and Protector of your Fortress, since it is by no means ridiculous, or at least unusual for Governors to be absent from their Provinces. But tell me, for I could almost adore the Virtues of your Princess because I am sure from your description that they resemble the Perfections of

<sup>1</sup> Fort Augustus was captured by the Highlanders in 1745.

mine, how does her Highness like being the Mother of a young Philosopher? Dear San, I take it for granted that you are a Father before now, yet I shall not dwell upon this subject until I have further encouragement. You have told me that you see beauties and virtues every day in your Fair Adorable, which before you could form but some faint idea of, but now tell me honestly, whether you have not, like me, discovered perfections in that beautiful little System, which before you had not the least conception of. In short, my dear friend, from what I can gather from the description of your economy, it is more likely that you will be approved of by Angels than become an example to the modern world, at least your whole scheme is worthy of a Patriarch, nor do I believe that Rachel, after the birth of her little Joseph, when her reproach was taken away from her, enjoyed more abundant felicity than your illustrious darling. But since I have talked of economy, I must likewise acquaint you with my diminutive system, on which I have fallen rather by Nature and accident than by the result of thought and meditation. The Features of it, I confess, bear not the same resemblance with yours; however, you will find upon examination the cause of that disparity arises from the difference of our situation rather than from the difference of our ideas. Your situation is in England, mine in Ireland; you love retirement, so does your friend, especially since he hath wholly unlearned ambition, and hath had grace to behold the vast disproportion which is between the narrow circuit of fourscore years of nonsense upon this earth and the revolution of a hundred thousand of thousands in a most excellent Kingdom, where we may hope to reside hereafter. You live three score miles from London, I live within two Miles of Dublin; you ramble about your grounds in the midst of your own sheep and kine, I ramble in the Phoenix Park, delighted with hills, dales, woods, rivers, prospects, stags, rocks and does. Your table is supplied by your own farm, ours chiefly by the Dublin Market. You have three maids, three men and a blew-boy, we have three maids and two men; our children we always nurse abroad. Your Farm gives employment to your Coachman and horses, our Coachman is likewise the Gardener, the Horses

are, beside the business of their vocation to bring in all provisions for the house, and the same man who is butler at noon, is likewise groom in the morning and evening. But since I have acquainted you with these motley, I ought not to pass over the account of our taking a House in the country, or rather indeed a little villa where I shall always reside eight months in the year, and perhaps the whole year round after the close of this present winter; for I think it is so near the Metropolis that we have little occasion to move. All that I can boast of is that it is a pretty house just large enough for the entertainment of our Miller and his Goddess beside our own family. We go out of a diminutive drawing-room through a glass door into a very pretty garden, thoroughly stored with flowers, nectarines, peaches, golden pippins, etc., and just behind the garden is the King's Deer Park, where, in truth, there is most excellent riding and several fine prospects; in the garden, close by the house I have a delightful cellar, and over it I found a beautiful Summer-house, which, as I have masons now at work, is in a week's time to be metamorphosed into a little Museum, by the addition of a chimney and a Venetian door. I have not a yard of ground beside my gardens, offices, and haggard.<sup>1</sup> I had almost forgotten to tell you that my reason for choosing this place above all other was for the sake of my children's education in point of loyalty, which I shall take all the pains I can to rivet in their breasts. As I find them capable of instruction one after another, I shall anoint their little breasts with that healing Oil of Gilead, I shall frequently bewail the mischiefs that arise from Cholerick Obstinacy and make their Virtue as supple as the back of a dancing Master. Perhaps you will think it strange that I should begin with my sons before they can speak; but if you will hearken to what I am going to tell you it is possible that you may think me in the right. As I wanted a dry Nurse about a fortnight ago for my eldest boy, I thought I could not possibly do better than send him to the King's Deer Park, which is at the corner of my garden where his lungs could only be filled by such air as actually belongs to the King, agreeable to that sublime axiom—*Cujus est Terra, ejus est usque ad coelum*.

<sup>1</sup> Poultry-yard.

But what do you think, it was not a week after I had settled him with the wife of one of the gate keepers, when the little varlet, even before my face, tore the picture of the greatest Family in the world from top to bottom, which, as it really was a bad omen, his Nurse should immediately have whipt him for, if I had not by chance recollected that he was breeding his eye teeth, which it is not unlikely was the cause of his passion. You see, therefore what necessity there is to begin with them while they are very young, and to instil thriving principles into our Brats betimes. *Hæ tibi erunt artes!*<sup>1</sup>

I am extremely proud that you are not displeased with my choice of Dionysius, and at the same time joyn with you in opinion that it was a bold undertaking to begin such a folio; however, *inter nos*, I was by no means apprised of the difficulty when I began the work, otherwise I believe I should not have pursued it, nor indeed was I convinced of my error for a good while after, as I ran off the first copy of about four books with great rapidity. But when I applied myself to the business of correction I found I had not performed above the quarter part of my design; and, what the unlearned would think a paradox, the greatest difficulties to me perhaps were some trifling periods, which are at first view the most easy to be understood in the original. And the reason of it is plain, the stile of Nations, Ages, and Languages, being entirely different; neither is any fault so detestable as the frequency of *Caeqehouias* [?] *ANDS, BUTS, FORS, INDEEDS*, etc. have cost me more pains than perhaps all the prepositions, conjunctions, Adverbs, and grammatical niceties in the whole system of languages is worth. Yet, upon the whole I have finished about a quarter part which is ready for the Press, and my chief concern is that we have not all the Antiquities down to the battel of Actium, which was the full scope of our Historian as I think he declares in his preface, wherein he tells us that it was immediately after that æra that he came to reside in Rome. As soon as I shall have finished the fourth Book which concludes with the expulsion of the Tarquins, and revised the whole over again, I shall have that part of the History fairly tran-

<sup>1</sup> *Æneid*, VI., 853.

scribed for the amusement of my Fair Correspondent and at the same time I shall impatiently wait for your corrections, and particularly your strictures minutely upon the whole. . . . Pox on it, when I begin to write to my friend I know not where to leave off.—Yours to eternity

D. SWIFT.

P.S. Glaucopis is now a little above four years old and so tall she rises almost to the third button of my coat. She has read many interesting books and is well acquainted with her Pantheon. She is now teaching her sister of three year old who is really a jolly pug and a well mouthed wench.

As Glaucopis was born in 1740 (p. 36) she was now at least eight years old.

*January, 1755.*

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I have so many things to say to you that I am bewildered in the Multiplicity of my ideas. Notwithstanding my long silence which is not to be forgiven by any Spirit but that of a worthy and sincere friend, if all my affectionate thoughts of you during that long interval had been written in verse, the Poem would have reached from Shrubbs to Radway, I would rather have said from Goodrich<sup>1</sup> to Radway; so frequently are you the subject of my pleasing reveries, whether I am riding, walking, in bed or in my study. But if you have not good nature enough to pardon all my thoughts, I will complain of you to my dear Cousin, your fair and bright Lady, whom I hope in God some time hereafter to call my sister; to whom you will please to present all my best respects, and assure Her that in my whole Life I never saw any little Creature who promises to be a better man than her little Son-in-law. He is the best natured soul in the world, lively and full of archness, but not mischievous or wicked; he is besides as generous as a Prince, and beyond all the rest of the human Species, he has, I declare on my veracity, the most natural Complaisance I ever remarked.

Would you believe it, My dearest Miller, that so careless an idle Rogue as I am, could spend the greater

<sup>1</sup> Swift's place in Herefordshire.

part of three years in writing Criticisms, Animadversions, and polemical Controversy? Yet such has been the course of my studies in the midst of a thousand dissipations. A Task, indeed, which at first I engaged in with reluctance; but in point of honour, mixed with a good deal of indignation (which I believe you will find I had some reason to exert) I was obliged to take up the subject, which I should never have done, were it not that I was conscious that no other man upon Earth had sufficient Materials for the undertaking. It is now finished. You have undoubtedly read the Remarks on the Life of Dr. Swift, and perhaps the Observations on those Remarks; you must still read further and peruse the Essay which I have written upon the Life, Writings, and Character of Doctor Jonathan Swift. I am sorry that it does not suit with my Conveniency to wait upon you in person, and make you a present of it; but if you will please to write to Mr. Charles Bathurst, in Fleet Street, London, he will deliver one of them in my name to your Messenger, or send it wherever you will please to have it left at London, agreeable to the directions I have given him. . . .

I should be glad that you would write for the Essay immediately, that you may have it before it gets into the world, which will be very shortly. I dare not ask you your opinion on so rapid a performance; you must, I fear, revise it with the partiality of a friend; but half a year hence I will solicit for your corrections. Pray remember that every severe expression in the twelfth chapter points directly at the Observator, although he be an anonymous writer; and every single stroke, to which I could have added many more, is a notorious truth. Had the reputed author of the Observations put his name to his book I would have lashed him by name with a rod made of Scorpions' tails; and still he is not safe from the Scourge when he shall dare to acknowledge himself the Writer of his own Criticisms. But this only between you and me. I shall write by this mail to our old Principal of St. Mary's Hall to whom I shall likewise present one of my books, although I am apprized what Attachment he has, and with good reason, to a certain Family;<sup>1</sup> but truth how-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. King's Jacobite leanings were notorious (see p. 7).

ever will certainly prevail, if he be not strangely prejudiced on the wrong side of the Question. Pray let me know how your family encreases, that I may congratulate with you on every colour of your felicity, as nothing in this sublunary World, next to my own domestick happiness, can equal the pleasure I enjoy when I reflect upon my dear Miller and all that contributes to his comfort and satisfaction upon Earth. I dare not enquire particularly for old friends, so many changes happen in a few years; but my best compliments and good wishes for ever attend them.

Let me know what changes have happened that in my next I may enquire with more spirit for my friends in Warwickshire. And pray tell me what is your course of Study. Are you an Historian, a Philosopher, or a Divine? My opinion of you is that you are a mixture of them all in a very eminent degree. I hope you take care of the Castle of Edge-hill whereof I am Governor; if you do not I must report your neglect of it. I hope some time or other to review the works, and have no occasion to find fault with the Bastions, the Counterscarp, or Palisadoes; for, in the character I am prodigiously strict, and approach very near unto what is called a Martinet; and therefore I expect that everything belonging to the Fortress be put in the best and most exact order, that is possible.

Adieu, my dear Friend. All Happiness both here and hereafter be the Blessings which attend you and your Fair Lady and all that belongs to you. My Flame still continues to be as young and charming as ever. She loves you sincerely because you love her admirer and presents you and your Lady her most obedient respects.—I am, my dearest Miller, Yours inexpressibly,

DEANE SWIFT.

The "Remarks on the Life of Dr. Swift," written by Lord Orrery in the form of letters to his son, were published in 1751. Their uncharitable tone caused Swift's old acquaintance, Dr. Delany, Dean of Down, to publish anonymously "Observations upon Lord Orrery's Remarks." This work, while it represented the Dean in a more favourable light, contained in-

sinuations against his relations which Deane Swift could not stomach. He accordingly wrote his "Essay on the Life, Writings and Character of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Interspersed with some occasional Animadversions upon the Remarks of a late Critical Author, and upon the Observations of an anonymous Writer on those Remarks," in which he refuted them with characteristic vigour. The following is an extract from this Essay :

"The Observator is pleased, without any reason or provocation to reproach the Author of these papers, if I do not greatly misunderstand him, with the most bitterest ingratitude to Dr. Swift. Strange, incredible, and amazing to all those who are acquainted with the position of Mr. Swift and his connexion with the Dr. ! This however is no place for including the annals of twenty years, or telling a long, varied and complicated story. I shall therefore only observe, that Mr. Swift freely acknowledges to have received from Dr. Swift in presents of books and toys to the value of £8—at the highest computation. The Doctor also gave him a picture of the late Duke of Ormonde, and left him in his will a silver standish ; which are all the favours of any kind he ever received at his hands. But for obligation—(whatever he could say in relation to himself ; a point which by no means concerneth the public to be inquisitive about) he never had an obligation, or the colour of an obligation to Dr. Swift in his whole life

". . . The Observator seemingly doth also accuse Mr. Swift, at least among many others, of flattering the Doctor, 'of feeding him in the decline of his understanding, as if he were a child with plums and sweet-meats.' This I believe, is the first time that ever Mr. Swift was accused or suspected, either by friends or enemies to have the least tincture of that insinuating art in his composition. He appeals on this occasion to every person now remaining alive who ever saw him at the Deanery. But, not to insist upon trifles, if Mr. Swift was a flatterer he was surely the most unfortunate in the exercise of his talents, of any man that ever was acquainted with the Dean ; as in truth

he never had, nor ever pretended to have had, any sort of interest with Dr. Swift at any period of his life. I am therefore somewhat inclined to an opinion that he was the furthest removed from being a flatterer of any man that ever conversed with the Dean. . . .

"Mr. Swift, altho' he was acquainted with Dr. Swift from the age of thirteen had but little correspondence with him until the year 1738, having spent the greater part of his rational life in England. Upon his return to Ireland in those days he had not one acquaintance in this kingdom, to the best of his recollection, that wanted any favour of any kind, that it was in the Doctor's power to confer. And as for himself, as he was neither a lawyer nor a divine, he was greatly above accepting all the favours, accumulated one upon another, which the Doctor had in his gift. Moreover he had no spleen to any human creature that was acquainted with the Dean; but, on the contrary, respected most of them, as he had always done, on account of their reputation, from his earliest years. He therefore may, I presume, be credited, when he declares, of his own accord, in the most solemn manner (not that he cares one single farthing whether any of those who pretend to have been the Dean's friends will believe or disbelieve) that to the best of his belief, knowledge, and recollection, he never did once, in the revolution of twenty years or more that he was acquainted with the Dean, either directly or indirectly, by words, gesture, by looks, or otherwise, convey any sort of idea, any kind of sentiment, to the brain, to the eyes, to the heart of Dr. Swift, tending to the prejudice or detraction of any man whatever in the whole circle of his acquaintance. But on the contrary, he generally, if not always, did as occasion offered, speak as respectfully of them as he thinks he could have done without insulting truth and leaping over its boundaries. Neither indeed was he ever tempted throughout all his life to banish any friend or acquaintance of the Dean's about from him: He saith he was never tempted because such a design never came into his thoughts."

## CHAPTER V

DEANE SWIFT'S LETTERS: 1763—1778

*Worcester, May, 1763.*

MY EVER DEAREST OLD FRIEND,—It is so very long since I have enjoyed the Happiness of a Line from you, how much soever I ought principally to lay the blame to my own charge that I scarce know how to address myself to you in the manner I could wish; and yet, neither Length of Time, Distance of Place, nor Variety of Distractions, can ever so far destroy my spirits and Memory, as to eradicate the dear Remembrance of those pleasing hours we have so frequently and for so many years in the Holidays of Youth passed jovially together. I came over to England about two years ago with the resolution to settle for Life in Herefordshire.<sup>1</sup> But the roads were so bad, so very dangerous, or rather impassable for wheel carriages (I mean all the cross Roads from house to house in the county) and the Neighbourhood so very thin of Company, besides a great many other Inconveniences relative to the situation of the place, that, in short, to have lived there would have been neither more nor less than to have buried my daughters and Family alive; and therefore I removed to Worcester for the enjoyment of some little conversation. I have two sons and two daughters and am extremely happy in my children and every other domestick comfort. My elder son, who was 17 last October, I entered at St. Mary Hall in March; he is now at Oxford and I thank God is in high favour with his tutor Mr. Cox, who is a most clever, polite and worthy man, is very diligent in the pursuit of his studies, has abundance of Spirit, is well liked by the Gentlemen of the Hall, is free from all sorts of vice,

<sup>1</sup> Probably on his property at Goodrich.

and, in all probability, will arrive to eminence in his profession. I design him for the Bar. He and his younger brother who was 16 last February, have read abundance of Greek under my direction within this year and a half: they have read all the Iliad, Dionysius twice over, Longinus twice over, Part of Lucian, part of Xenophon, Aristophanes, Anacreon, and several of the Olympicks of Pindar. They have besides read Horace and Sallust over with me and diverted themselves with reading English and the Eneid in their own study. Mr. Cox has been known to say that he doubted whether there ever came to Oxford a better Scholar than my son from any of the Publick Schools. The younger boy who is just such another scholar as the eldest I shall send over to Ireland for his education some time this month. I was perfectly rejoiced when I went to Oxford to meet our old Principal Dr. King in such excellent spirits and with a good degree of Health for his age, barring that he complained a little of the gravel: as near as I can recollect he went to Bath about the middle of April and as my son tells me with a sort of delight (for he greatly admires the Doctor) derived great benefit from the waters which I am heartily glad of. I have heard with great pleasure from my old acquaintance, Mrs. Townsend that you are extreamly happy in all your domestick concerns; which beyond dispute is all that can be expected in this wicked, corrupt and sublunary world. But I want to know more particularly how many sons and how many daughters you have and what are their ages. How soon may I hope that a young Miller and Swift will pursue the steps of their Ancestors, as well at Oxford as perhaps at the Temple together? My excellent wife (who is still I can assure you the Goddess of my soul) I cannot but esteem more and more every day that I live; and especially as in complaisance to my beard Anacreontick, she vouchsafes in her tresses to commence somewhat venerable. . . .

I long to see you and if you do not come soon to Worcester with your Fair Lady, I must contrive some plan or other to meet you under the brow of the Hill in the Vale of the Red Horse.—Your ever affectionate Friend

DEANE SWIFT.

*November, 1763.*

MY DEAREST DEAR OLD FRIEND,—I have been at Oxford since the fourth of this month preparing all things requisite for printing those works which I talked to you about. It is amazing to think how I have been up to the elbows in papers and Variety of Stuff this last Quarter of a Year, insomuch that I really believe that I have not read six hours. All things promise well both at Oxford and Cambridge; and particularly at London all people who have seen my Proposals are delighted with them. In short these Affairs have so absorbed all my Thoughts, that I am like a Mathematician whose Brain is in the Clouds, and have but just Imagination enough to present my best Respects and Compliments to your Fair Lady (who is I assure you one of my favourite and Respectable Cousins), the Young Ladys, and all your sweet little Family. My Son presents you and your Lady his obedient respects and will accompany me to Radway next Saturday Morning; I propose to be with you as early as our Oxford hacks can perform the journey. If you be engaged on Affairs of Consequence on that day at Warwick or anywhere else abroad, you will let me know it by the Return of the Post; otherwise I shall drive away upon Saturday, and see whether Phœbus or I can make the best expedition, for I design to mount as early as he does the Chariot of the Sun.—I am, my dear dear Sanderson Your ever affectionate etc.,

DEANE SWIFT.

*August, 1764.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—As usual I have been a Letter in your debt this great while, and even now I cannot answer it very particularly. The far greater part of this Summer I consumed at London, where I disposed of my Property in the Manuscripts, saving the Business of my Subscribers, to two of the prime Booksellers, Parson and Johnson. I think I have made a tolerable good Bargain with them, and yet I am convinced that within these five years they will each of them put two thousand pounds in their pockets by it; and by my soul I wish them joy of it as they have dealt so handsomely by me.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 70.

About the Month of June last I heard accidentally at Dolly's Chop House that Quartley was in London but could by no means learn how to direct a billet to him which gave me a good deal of vexation. I am much obliged to you for the number of Subscribers you have been kind enough to procure for me : I hope I shall be able to get off a thousand Setts, which the Booksellers are to supply me with, I paying the first cost of the Volumes.

Upon Wednesday, the 5th of September we are to have a most famous Band of Musick at our Cathedral, with Balls and other Amusements until the end of the week.<sup>1</sup> If you and your Lady would be so kind as to partake of this Entertainment, which really will be very magnificent, as the three Choirs of Gloucester, Hereford and this place are to unite upon the Occasion, we should be most highly obliged to you for your Company, if indeed you can dispense with such a Room as you were once pleased to lye in ; I heartily wish it were a better one for your sakes but as it happens it is the best I have. I heartily wish I had more spare beds, or indeed could contrive to borrow them ; but as every Bed in the Town will be engaged upon this occasion, that is a thing impossible. I should be heartily rejoiced to see you and your Lady next Saturday, as before the Hubbub began upon Wednesday we could enjoy each other's Company in ease and quiet.

My Mother, my Wife my daughters and son desire to join with me in Compliments and affectionate good wishes to you and your Lady and your dear little ones.—I am, my dear Sanderson Your ever most affectionate and obedient servant

DEANE SWIFT.

The writings of Swift enumerated below were collected and revised by Deane Swift and formed the eighth volume in the quarto edition of "The Works of Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, which were printed by W. Johnson in Ludgate Street, 1765, and

<sup>1</sup> The Three Choirs Festivals have been held in unbroken succession since 1724.

they formed the fifteenth and sixteenth volumes in the 8vo edition printed for Bathurst at the same time.

He also published in 1767 two volumes of the Dean's Letters written between 1710 and 1742. They were uniform with the two other volumes edited by Hawkesworth.

Deane Swift contemplated bringing out a complete edition of the writings of Jonathan Swift; but though he worked at it for years the work was never finished. The materials which he collected proved very useful to subsequent editors, notably to Sir Walter Scott.

Deane Swift sent the following advertisement of his proposed work to his friend :

#### “ADVERTISEMENT

“Whereas several Historical, Poetical, and Miscellaneous writings by the Revnd. Doctor Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patricks Dublin, are at present in the hands of Deane Swift Esq. now residing at Worcester, the Doctor was pleased about five and twenty years ago to make a Present of these Papers to Mrs. Whiteway, his most intimate Friend and very near Relation: and Mr. Swift, her son-in-law has determined to publish them by subscription, as soon as possible in two volumes octavo. The price to Subscribers will be two crowns: one Crown to be paid at the time of subscribing and the Remainder on the Delivery of the Books. The Price of these Volumes to all but Subscribers will be very uncertain; as after the Works are sent to the Press, few or no Subscriptions can be received; it being a point resolved on, to print but a very short Number of Copies over and above what there is an immediate call for. And therefore Gentlemen who are anxious to compleat their Collection of Mr. Swift's works and will honour Mr. Swift with their Subscriptions, are requested to send him their Commands as soon as they have a convenient opportunity. They are also desired to acquaint Mr. Swift, or the Person they subscribe to with the Name and Place of their Abode, and to signify whether the Volumes shall be left for them at Oxford, Cambridge,

London, Bath, Bristol, Dublin, or Worcester; as in all those Cities there will be some one or more particular Place or Places appointed for delivering out those volumes that shall be subscribed for.

“However, lest any Gentleman should apprehend that a Stranger has a Design to impose upon them any spurious or trifling Productions of Doctor Swift, the following part of the Contents which they may be sure to find among these miscellaneous Tracts is wholly submitted to their Perusal and consideration.

“I. About 70 or 80 genuine Letters written to the chief Nobility and other Persons of Distinction.

“II. Above twenty Political and Historical Tracts, among which are the Preface to the History of the four last years of Queen Anne; a Piece entitled *An Enquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's Last Ministry, with relation to their Quarrels among themselves, and the Design charged upon them of altering the Succession of the Crown*; Memoirs relating to that change which happened in the Queen's Ministry in the Year 1710; An exceeding Curious Anecdote relative to the Peace of Utrecht; A Discourse on Hereditary Right; An Account of the Court and Empire of Japan; and An Abstract of the History of England from the Invasion of it by Julius Caesar to William the Conqueror.

“III. Some Thoughts and Tracts concerning Religion; among which is a Prayer for Stella in the time of her Illness; and two Sermons, one upon the Martyrdom of King Charles, and the other upon Doing Good; both of them extreamly curious.

“IV. Between 30 and 40 Miscellaneous Tracts; among which is a Piece written upon the Death of Mrs. Johnson [the famous Stella] wherein the Principal Anecdotes of her Life are occasionally related.

“V. Some Pieces relative to the Education of Ladyes.

“VI. Some Tracts upon the Abuses and Corruption of Style.

“VII. Several Pieces of Wit, Humour, and Pleasantry; among which there is a Discourse to prove the Antiquity of the English Tongue, shewing from various Instances that the Hebrew, Greek and Latin were derived from the English.

“VIII. Between 30 and 40 Copyes of Verses.

“These Volumes if the Vice Chancellor will please

to grant his Imprimatur, to be printed at the Theatre in Oxford.

"The Subscribers' Names to be printed.

"Whoever subscribes for six Setts shall have a Seventh gratis.

"Mr. Swift would be much obliged to any Gentleman who would desire to see the Original Manuscripts for his particular Satisfaction."

*Deane Swift to Sanderson Miller.*

*November, 1765.*

MY DEAREST OLD FRIEND,—It is so very long since I had the happiness of your conversation, or of a Letter from Radway, that I am quite impatient to renew my Correspondence with you, and to hear a full, perfect and distinct account of your felicity in Connexion with that of your excellent Lady, your fair Daughters, young Fiennes, and all your little Family, which I think has had some Increase since I had the pleasure of seeing you. My Thoughts and Time have indeed been strangely taken up for these last two or three years; I have several things upon my hands, and some which in my own private Opinion I think of consequence that I have been obliged to postpone, and God alone knows whether I shall live to finish them, but still I keep them in view although I confess they appear at a great distance from me. In short, I have been twice at London where I have spent nigh upon eight months, upon the Business of those Two Volumes of Dr. Swift's Works, published last Spring, which indeed have been universally admired, as they contained, besides many curious Poems and Familiar Epistles in the finest taste imaginable, several Historical and Political Tracts, as highly interesting as they are greedily read; on which account I have had Compliments and thanks sent to me from Persons of Figure and Station, with whom I never had the honour of the least Acquaintance; and this I believe is the chief Reward I shall ever get for all the Plague and Trouble I have gone through in preparing those Works for the Press. And particularly, I must say, there is one Family, whose Reputation was more chiefly concerned in the Contents and Merits of those Volumes, than perhaps any other Family in the Three

Kingdoms, which never vouchsafed either in Court, in Parliament or in the City, to favour me with their Interest, or recommend the Volumes to any of their Acquaintance. I cannot but acknowledge that for this Neglect I took all the Revenge in my power which was to send the Works as a Present to the Head of the Family, although he was not even a Subscriber to them; in order that by such means I might let him see that I had more Generosity in my Nature than he or any of his Family could pretend to. I must tell you another story; there is, besides this Family, a certain Duchess, to whom I applied by letter for the favour of her Recommendation of these Works, dropping in the course of my Letter three substantial Reasons for taking the Liberty of writing to her Grace; and expecting her favour. This letter which was conveyed to her through a private hand, pleased her so much, that next morning she went in her chair to a Family I am acquainted with in London and there declared that she would recommend those Works to all her acquaintance at Court, and do all in her Power to answer my Expectations for that she never had received in the whole course of her life so handsome and polite a Letter as that which I had written her upon that occasion. However this Letter was no more remembered in two or three days after, than if I had preached her a Sermon; for she never recommended the Volumes to any one human Creature, neither as far as I could learn ever spoke in their favour. I cannot but think what different treatment I should have met with in France, had I recovered from dust and cobwebs two genuine Volumes of Rabelais, Molière, Voiture, Boileau or any other celebrated genius; I should there indeed have experienced somewhat more than empty thanks and compliments for what I had done. But, Thanks be to God, we are in a Blessed Country, where the most exalted and towering Flights of the most divine Genius are only the most bitter reviling sarcasms upon the stupidity of the Age we live in. I have therefore determined upon taking revenge upon all those who have any writings of Dr. Swift's in their Libraries, and hold him in the least degree of admiration: and this Revenge shall be as severe as the utmost of my abilities can inflict. And the manner I shall proceed in

will I doubt not in the least answer the Purposes intended: I shall therefore in a rage take that whole injudicious wretched silly Edition printed in London, as well as that Irish Edition printed by Faulkner, which is not half so bad as the English, and send them all to the West Indies, the Pastry Cooks or the Antechapel of Annihilation, if you remember such a Temple in Oxford under Coster's Apartment; and in place of them exhibit a new Edition which I hope will be worthy of being transmitted to Posterity, or at least to be an Example for Posterity to copy after. In short, there is not so bad an Edition of any one Author to be met with in any of the Libraries of Europe as the English Edition of Dr. Swift's Works: in every circumstance it is the most wretched imaginable. There are not three good notes in the whole Sett of Volumes; most of them are calculated to mislead instead of guiding and directing those who want to be informed, and many of them are absolutely false; and not to mention a thousand inaccuracies and Blunders of the Editor. He has, by transposing some verses and omitting others, rendered some parts of Cadenus and Vanessa (which is one of the finest Poems which is to be met with in any language) into absolute Nonsense; and particularly in one of his other Poems which is of some length the Editor has omitted in various places eleven stanzas, (or 44 lines) for no other reason we may venture to pronounce than because the Dr.'s wit and Pleasantry could not force a passage through the Impenetrability of his skull. And, in one word, the index to those volumes is not worth taking out of the dirt. Moreover the Dr.'s Works are at best in the condition of Homer's Writings, just as they were picked up by Lycurgus, before the days of Aristarchus, and afterwards revised by Aristotle and formed into the Casket Edition for the use of Alexander. I have talked over a good many of these points with some of the Printers in London, who are not only thoroughly satisfied that such an Edition is wanting, but also very desirous that I should engage in it; and what is more they are convinced that if I do not prepare an Edition for the use of Posterity, there will never be any one valuable Edition of the Dr.'s Works until the Day of Judgement. And this, modestly speaking, I believe is Truth; because

no man living who had not spent several years in Ireland and was acquainted with Persons who existed and Affairs which happened between thirty and forty-five years ago, as well as with many local Anecdotes, could, with any hope of success, engage in such a Work. How well I may chance to execute such a work I will not pretend to say, but this I can assert with a very safe conscience, there are but two men living who could, if they were so inclined, rival any Edition that I should publish; and both these men although wise and learned, are each of them near fourscore; and what is worse, are abundantly too rich to trouble their heads about any such matter. I should be glad the younger of them were to live until my Edition is published, that I might have his strictures which I would publish in a threepenny Appendix, for the use of the Purchasers of mine, so far as I was either detected in an error or fell short in my account of persons and things. But whether or no I shall ever agree with the several proprietors of the Dr.'s Writings, I cannot take upon me to say. They wanted mightily to know the Plann I had fixt upon for the execution of my Design; but therein you may be sure I desired to be excused; neither as I told them should the whole Plann ever be seen until the last Volume was printed off. I have had it in hand about half a year; I spend about half my time at it and hope to finish it against the summer of the year 1768, if it please God that I shall live so long. But what will be the end of this trouble I am putting myself to in my old age, God only knows. If I cannot agree with the Printers, or some way or other with the Public for some valuable Compensation, I will seal up the Edition in a Strong Box, and leave particular Directions with my Executors that it shall not be printed for twenty years after my decease; and then, if it cannot be sold to some advantage, to print it in Holland or Paris for the use of those only who will please to bespeak it. . . . If in these days you can read thus far I shall write a Panegyrick upon Patience and make you the heroe of my Cantos. . . .

At Worcester I think we have no kind of news, except the Elopement of Girls, Burning of Houses on purpose and Letters incendiary to burn more; Suicide,

Encrease of Popery, and wild Fanaticism spouting from the brain-sick Methodists. In all other respects we comfortably enjoy the passing hours; in the mornings we traverse the fields; destroy Game; coquet in the Cloisters; and slander the Inhabitants. In the evenings we dance at Assemblies; cheat at Whist, abuse Matrons, ruin Damsels; and like birds in an Ollio swim in the midst of a delicious Farrago, made up of all sects and opinions both of Religion and Scepticism. Charming effect and genuine product of our unbounded Liberty, the Boast and Glory of this English Realm!

Does your friend, Sir Edward Turner, continue to be a friend of Apollo and the Muses? I wish you could persuade him to write, as no man I think in England so well deserves to wear the Laurels. And what is doing at Radway? Do you read or compile History? Cultivate the rising Genius of your Posterity? Plant Gardens? or till the Grounds? or, can the Example of the Squire and the Pastor correct the Immoralities of the Neighbourhood for many miles round and persuade them to the practice of Religion of Virtue without Enthusiasm and Hypocrisy? These and a thousand other questions more I want to be informed but I have said too much already; . . . Begging you will write to me as soon as you have an idle minute—Yours for ever and ever,

DEANE SWIFT.

Swift's next letter is begun to Mrs. Miller, but half-way through he forgets this, and thinks he is writing to San.

*March, 1778.*

MADAM,—You may be very sure that at the Receipt of your Letter I lost no time in furnishing myself with such matter as would enable me to give you the most satisfactory and just Account of what you and my dear old Friend desired to be informed of. And accordingly yesterday morning I talked to Mr. Russel upon the Affair you mentioned, and expressed to him my very earnest wish and desire that your son might be settled in this Place, especially because it then might

be in my power to be of some use to him in the Conduct of Life and other Matters not immediately relative to his Profession. I had besides, to tell you the truth, some other views in his being educated at Worcester, which was that I might then fairly promise myself the happiness in my old age of conversing frequently with you and my dear Sanderson *tête-à-tête*, as undoubtedly then you would often come to Worcester . . . to visit your son. Mr. Russel . . . told me that he would by no means or for any consideration take any young gentleman under his care. I then observed to him, that as my Friend was a Man of Virtue and Religion, he was not disposed to hazard the Education of his son in the midst of a City so very profligate as London where such a variety of allurements to Vice were perpetually offering themselves to the Imagination of Youth. To this he answered me with great Frankness and Candour. He told me that as your desire was to breed up your son in the Country, there was at Gloucester a very able and great Surgeon, Mr. Chestern, who was at the Head of the Hospital there, and declared to me that if he were to breed up any young man to the Profession, he would send him to Mr. Chestern as soon as to any Man in England, and that he believed no man whatever could instruct or educate him better. And this morning our Apothecary having come in to visit a little Grand child who is not very well, I asked him in a careless manner, if there was any good Surgeon at Gloucester? Oh yes, said he, there is Mr. Chestern, and then continued to speak and launch out for some time very much in his praise, etc., etc.

And now, my dear San, having despatched your Embassy to the best of my Power and Abilities, I shall venture to give you some short account of my present self and my Family. It may perhaps be thought in Worcester and by superficial Observers of my character, that I have still some Gaiety and Life about me; but such People are greatly mistaken, they can only remark, as I am no complainer of Ill Fortune, the Surface or outside Colour of my Behaviour, little apprized of what passes within the recesses of my Heart. In short, after having from seven years old almost to this Day (and now I am turned of 71) borne

myself always with Spirit and Resolution against many Storms of unpropitious Fortune, I am now in a manner quite broken down by some late unexpected Shocks which have destroyed one half my Family. I had three years ago two sons married and two maiden daughters. My younger son who had married a Lady in Ireland with a good Fortune, and was, I thought happily settled, came over with his wife in the summer of the year 1775, to make a visit to Worcester and take a jaunt to London. But—— How shall I proceed to acquaint you! that my Son and his Wife having given my elder Daughter an Invitation to spend half a year with them in Ireland, under a Promise to escort Her safe back to Worcester in the Spring following, they all set out cheerfully from hence, and about the 20th of October were all three shipwrecked on the Coast of Lancashire. My Son left behind him two Daughters, the elder of whom is now just four years old, and as we had her brought over from Ireland is now a little Plaything in our Family at Worcester. But, oh, my dear Miller, if you had but known my elder Daughter, you would acknowledge that no Human Creature upon this Earth had a greater share of true Genius, or perhaps so great a variety of Abilities as that dear Girl indisputably had. And her Abilities you may reasonably suppose were well improved as she was to the full five and thirty years old. She was one of the most lively pleasant companions in the World, and had such a Variety of Wit upon all Occasions, that she was the admiration of all her Acquaintance, who did not envy her Abilities. Her Religion was that only which you could wish to remark in a Gentleman well read in the Holy Scriptures. But her Compassion for any Object in Distress had all the tenderest Emotions of the most tender of her Sex. Can I ever forget so dear a Child? or shall not her Memory be ever recent in my Heart? But I trust in God she is now happy, and therefore acquiesce and resign myself as well and chearfully as I can to the Will of the Almighty.

I have also had within this twelvemonth a great Variety of Trouble on account of my elder Son, as I have been frequently apprehensive that some Mischief would have befallen him in consequence of that affair

which he had upon his hands in the beginning of last Summer. I need not observe to you what it was as the Public Prints about that time were full of it. He is truly a Man of great spirit but I am afraid too hot upon all Occasions. I have been also greatly troubled on account of his misfortunes : He married last winter was seven years ; but, without entering into any particulars, his wife and he lived always in hot water ; they were perpetually wrangling and opposing the will of each other, until last December, as they found they could not be happy together, they agreed upon Terms of Separation, and are now parted, I do suppose, for Life. They have two Sons, the elder about four and half years old, the finest Boy I ever saw, and another about nine months old who promises to be as fine a Child as the other. My younger Daughter was married about a year ago to my Nephew, her own Cousin German, whose Estate is just about one Thousand Pounds a year, and is very happily settled in Ireland.

As I have now given you a full Account of my whole Family I must leave you to conjecture whether it be possible (although I thank God, both my wife and I are still in very good health) that at my age I can still preserve any great share of Life and Spirit. My dear Wife, who is certainly one of the best Women upon Earth, desires to join with me in every affectionate Compliment and good wish to you and your Dear Lady and Family : my son who is now with me desires the same.—I am, my dear San, both yours and your Fair Lady's Ever affectionate and Obedient Servant

DEANE SWIFT.

And so, amidst sorrow and anxiety, but not utterly desolate, since his beloved Mollie, the goddess of his youthful adoration, was still spared to him, we take leave of Deane Swift. He died at Worcester in 1783, outliving his friend San by three years. How greatly he had earned the esteem of his fellow citizens we may learn from Valentine Green, who, in the list of eminent citizens in his "History of Worcester" (1796), accords him the following notice :

“Deane Swift Esq. of this city, a gentleman who, to the most rational and unaffected piety, joined also the soft and social graces of domestic life ; and to the dignity of an exalted and cultivated mind, the purest and most engaging simplicity of manners. As a husband he was the tenderest, the fondest, the most affectionate ; as a father the kindest, the most loving, the most indulgent ; as a friend, the warmest, the sincerest, and most unsuspecting ; as a man, the principle of honour was his first and great rule of action ; as a Christian, prayer, charity, and forgiveness were not more the objects of his duty than his delight. In his religious principles he was a sincere believer ; and though well acquainted with most branches of human literature, yet the Scriptures were always his favourite study. As a scholar, to extensive learning he joined a refined and judicious taste, the clearness of his head at no time warping the candour of his heart. Possessing great natural courage, and an habitual fortitude of mind, which religious reflection had strengthened and supported, he met death with a serenity and composure never equalled in the schools of heathen philosophy ; the same sweetness of temper, the same cheerfulness, that attended him through life, accompanied his latest breath. His life was a preparation for death ; his death an exhortation to a virtuous life.”

## CHAPTER VI

### SANDERSON MILLER AND HIS FRIENDS

To turn from Deane Swift to Sanderson Miller's other friends is to find ourselves in a totally different atmosphere. With Swift we have been living in a world apart—a world which is practically inhabited only by himself, his "goddess," his children, and his friend. He is in no sense a part of his age or his environment. That modern note which must strike every reader of his letters, and which—even for the lover of the eighteenth century—constitutes no small part of their charm, is at once the cause and effect of a curious isolation from the life around him. He does not fully realize it all, and when he writes about his friend's life he pictures it as he would like his own to be, rather than as Miller's really was. Therefore it is that his letters give a very vivid impression of his own personality while revealing but little of "San's."

It is when we examine the further contents of Sanderson Miller's letter-bag that his figure takes definite shape and becomes living and lovable. We see him then as a country gentleman of the truest type, a man of the world according to the best meaning of the phrase; surrounded by "troops of friends," and happy in the possession of an engrossing hobby which yet leaves him leisure and interest to spare for politics and for practical schemes for the improvement of his property. It is doubtful whether he could ever have lived in a backwater like Deane Swift; there is no doubt at all that he thoroughly enjoyed the full active

life that was his own. Of the men who loved to visit him at Radway, who looked with admiration at his castle, and carried away affectionate remembrances of his "Fireside," not a few were engaged in the making of history; they were not Miller's friends only, but were bound to one another by ties of blood or marriage, of common interests and pursuits, of common political ideals, and—we may add—of common jokes. Though we find among them no single figure so appealing as that of Swift, they form a wonderfully interesting group, and their letters carry us back into the life of their time as his never do.

As we read them, we can watch Sanderson Miller gradually establishing his reputation as an architect, and at the same time acquiring (as his epitaph informs us) "the sincere regard of great and good men." It is interesting to notice how all these great men shared more or less in the tastes which we chiefly associate with Horace Walpole, and to see them constantly bending their minds to the task of infusing what seemed to them a romantic element into their houses and grounds. The pseudo-Gothic revival of the eighteenth century forms, indeed, a very curious chapter in the history of æsthetics. It is easy to laugh—and sometimes easier to weep—over the strange things done in the name of architecture by Sanderson Miller and his contemporaries; but coming events were casting their shadows before. As in literature the "Castle of Otranto" and "Rasselas" were faintly heralding the dawn of true romance, so in the general craving for wildernesses and cascades, for Gothic turrets and ruined castles, we can discern the first feeble stirring of that feeling for scenery and for the past which was destined to be fully awakened at the end of the century, and to find, perhaps, its truest exponent in Scott. The odd thing about it was that the feeling was first evoked by the lifeless form rather than by the spirit of nature

or of antiquity: it seems to have been quite independent of sentiment. Nowadays an artificial waterfall, however beautiful in itself, could never thrill us like a natural one. The pleasure with which we look at an old building is largely due to our consciousness of its age as well as to its intrinsic beauty. We regard it as a relic of the past, a silent historian, a link between ourselves and those long dead. But in Miller's day its appeal was mainly to the eye, and therefore it could be copied, and the copy, if sufficiently correct, was scarcely less pleasing than an original. It is hard for us to imagine what romantic feeling could be stirred by the contemplation of such buildings as the Round Tower on Edgehill or the castle in the park at Hagley, effective though they might be as features in the landscape; and harder still to sympathize with that enthusiasm for "the Gothick" which led to the erection of sham turrets at the corners of Tudor houses. But we must remember that this was but the dawn—the childhood—of the romantic movement; and that our ancestors played at it like children to whom for the time the game is a reality. When Sanderson Miller built his Gothic castle on the heights of Edgehill, and *trimmed*—so to speak—his house on the side facing the tower to match it, he was struggling to express in stone a very genuine feeling for the romance and beauty of a spot whose historical and antiquarian interest he fully appreciated. Our romantic imagination is of a different kind from his, but perhaps if we had more of it, we, too, might discern "the real rust of the barons' wars" (as Walpole expressed it), instead of seeing only a caricature of the Middle Ages in Miller's tower.

With the exception of Swift's and Cotton's, Miller kept very few letters before the year 1744; consequently we have no record of the beginnings of his principal friendships. That with Sir Edward Turner

of Ambrosden, his constant correspondent for upwards of twenty years, may very well have begun at Oxford, though they were not at the same college. Turner was acquainted with Dr. King, and was himself at Balliol, the Master of which college at the time was a strong Tory ; but neither he nor Miller would seem to have been at all influenced by the political atmosphere of their early days. Their other friends were Whigs ; and Sir Edward himself represented Great Bedwin in that interest from 1741 until 1747, and was afterwards one of the candidates in the great Oxfordshire contest of 1754—of which more anon. He married, in 1739, Cassandra, daughter of William Leigh, Esq., of Adlestrop and Longborough.

This friendship must have been a source of unmixed pleasure to Sanderson Miller. Sir Edward's letters give the impression of a man whose life was a singularly happy one, unclouded by any great sorrow, full of all kinds of interests, and enlivened by an inexhaustible flow of high spirits. Miller was sometimes a prey to depression, but the whimsical gaiety of his friend never shows signs of flagging. Notwithstanding the distance from Ambrosden to Radway, the two families visited one another frequently, besides meeting at Adlestrop and in London, and it became a regular institution that Miller should spend Christmas with the Turners. There he found work as well as play, for Sir Edward pulled down the old house which he had bought with the estate, and built another on the same site, Miller acting as his architect. The constant intercourse between the friends gives a great charm to Turner's letters. They are absolutely informal, dashed off because he had something to say ; and he had always much—not necessarily of any importance—to say to Miller, because their lives were never far apart.

A friend of a very different type was George William Coventry, destined soon to succeed his brother as Lord



SIR EDWARD TURNER.  
From the portrait by Thomas Gainsborough.

To face page 84.



Deerhurst, and eventually to become the sixth Earl of Coventry and the husband of Maria Gunning. Horace Walpole calls him "a grave young lord of the remains of the Patriot breed," and he certainly took life seriously. His sense of responsibility was strong, and though he never rose to any great political eminence, his whole time was devoted to unostentatious labours for the public good. It was said of him by Judge Perrot that

"his Lordship might be truly said to have brought millions of money into the county by his exertions in the improvement of public roads and buildings, by his encouragement of all its useful public institutions, and by his constant attention, directed to every object connected with its general order and prosperity."

Most of his letters to Miller were written while he was still quite young. They show an earnestness and conscientiousness which constrain respect, though they have none of the raciness of Sir Edward Turner's. The Coventry brothers seem to have introduced their friend to another who speedily took his place in Miller's inner circle.

Thomas Barrett Lennard, twenty-sixth Baron Dacre, the only child of Richard Barrett and Lady Anne his wife, was born on April 20th, 1717. Richard, who died before the birth of his son, was son and heir of Dacre Barrett of Belhus in the county of Essex. Dacre Barrett was son and heir of the Hon. Richard Lennard, only son of Richard Lennard, twenty-second Baron Dacre, by his second wife. This Richard assumed the name of Barrett in accordance with the terms of the will of his kinsman, Edward Barrett, Lord Newburgh, who left Belhus to him.

Lady Anne, the mother of the above-mentioned Thomas, was one of the two daughters of Thomas Lennard, twenty-fourth Baron Dacre and first Earl of Sussex. The Earl had no sons who lived to survive

him, and on his death the earldom became extinct, while the barony of Dacre remained in abeyance between his two daughters. On the death of the elder of these daughters in 1741, Lady Anne became Baroness Dacre in her own right: she died in 1755, whereupon the title passed to Thomas, her only child by her first marriage. Up to this date he always signed himself Lennard Barrett, but then transposed the order of these names to Barrett Lennard; it is as Barrett, and after June, 1755, as Lord Dacre, that he appears in this correspondence.

With this friend Miller was united by the bond of a strong community of tastes and interests. From an early age Lord Dacre was a keen archæologist, joining the Society of Antiquaries in 1743, and throughout his life evincing great taste for art, literature, and genealogies. The fine library he formed, largely composed of county histories and heraldic works, as also his beautiful collection of family portraits, bear witness to these tastes. He was also an enthusiastic amateur architect, and made considerable alterations, and, as he thought, improvements, to his house at Belhus; in this, as we shall see in his letters, he was largely helped by Miller, of whose taste and knowledge he held a very high opinion. Besides this he took the greatest interest in the management and improvement of his estates, and, as Miller was also an expert in the matters of enclosing, draining, planting, etc., the friends would have much to discuss in their letters, and when they met, as they frequently did, either at their own houses or at those of their many common friends.

But besides and beyond these common interests, from the very beginning of their acquaintance young Barrett not only evinced the warmest admiration for Miller's talents, but also placed the utmost confidence in his judgment and sympathetic insight—qualities

which his warm-hearted affection made him ever ready to place at the service of his friends. Writing to him in April, 1744, Barrett says :

“ You ask me how, upon so little acquaintance, I repose such trust in you? My answer to this shall be ; the character Lords Deerhurst and Coventry gave of you and which I experienced, viz., that there is a certain simplicity and ingenuity in your Carriage and Discourse which in a week discovers your worth and goodness as much as if one had known you a year ; and without any Compliment, from the first time I saw you I became so much prejudiced (if you may call it prejudice) in your favour that I from thenceforward desired nothing more than the happiness of your friendship.”

Barrett was early deprived of the advantage of his mother's care, for, Lady Anne being a Roman Catholic, his grandfather, Dacre Barrett, after much litigation, had him removed from her charge “lest she should breed him a Papist,” and he was brought up by an aunt. That there were grounds for this fear is shown by some of his early letters (see note, p. 97). He seems always to have been delicate, and in later life became a confirmed valetudinarian, a circumstance which doubtless accounts in no small degree for the “blew devils” to which he was so often a prey, and which he mentions so constantly in his letters. Though these at times made him “peevish,” his wife's nephew records that “he was the best company in the world when in tolerable health and spirits.” “He had a pleasing countenance and a very gallant manner, he was very like Charles I. in the face.”

This last circumstance may be accounted for by the fact that his grandmother—the notorious Countess of Sussex—was the daughter of Charles II. by Barbara, Lady Castlemaine.

Sensitive and affectionate, his letters show him ever ready to bestow as well as to ask for sympathy ; and

if sometimes he seems almost to resent his friends' misfortunes as an aggravation of his own low spirits, yet no one rejoiced more heartily than himself in any good that befel them. There is something essentially lovable about the spontaneity of the absolutely ungrudging admiration, tinged with no shade of envy, which he accorded their talents and good qualities. Very touching, too, is the adoration he bestowed on his little daughter Barbara, and the lines in his diary in which he records her loss have the ring of true pathos.<sup>1</sup>

Though his health forbade his taking a very active part in politics, he was—to use his own words—"a true and zealous friend of liberty and the protestant religion"; and when it was a case of any measure he deemed really important, he allowed neither health nor convenience to stand in the way of his attendance in the House of Lords.

Friends of Miller's, though less intimate than the first three, were Lord Guernsey and Mr. Robert Nugent. The former represented Maidstone, and was in opposition with Pitt, Lyttelton, and their party, in 1741. His letters are not very distinctive; we get a more definite idea of the man through Sir Edward Turner than from any words of his own, especially from this one illuminating sentence: "After I had told Guernsey you were sanguine he asked whether you were or no."

Nugent was born in 1702, and was therefore older than most of Miller's friends. He began life with £1,500 a year, and died a millionaire, having had the luck to marry one rich widow after another.<sup>2</sup> His first wife was a daughter of the Earl of Fingal. The second was daughter of Sir James Craggs, the

<sup>1</sup> See p. 140.

<sup>2</sup> "To Nugentize" became the popular term for marrying for money.

Postmaster-General, and widow of John Knight. She brought Nugent two fortunes, from her father and first husband respectively, the estate of Gosfield in Essex, and a seat in Parliament. She seems to have admired him greatly, for in 1741 Horace Walpole tells Sir Horace Mann that—

“Mrs. Nugent went the other morning to Lord Chesterfield to beg ‘he would encourage Mr. Nugent to speak in the House; for that really he was so baffled that she was afraid his abilities would be lost to the world.’”

And in another letter he adds :

“Mr. Nugent has had a great deal of wit till within this week ; but he is so busy and witty that even his own party grow tired of him. His plump wife, who talks of nothing else, says he entertained her all the way on the road with repeating his speeches.”

In 1748 Horace paid a few days' visit to the Nugents, which he describes thus :

“We passed the time very agreeably ; both Nugent and his wife are very good natured and easy in their house to a degree. There was a sister of Mr. Nugent's who does not figure ; and a Mrs. Elliott, sister to Mrs. Nugent, who crossed over and figured in with Nugent ; I mean she has turned Catholic as he has turned Protestant. Nugent was extremely communicative of his own labours ; and repeated us an ode of ten thousand stanzas . . . and read me a whole tragedy which has really a good many pretty things in it ; not one indeed equal to his glorious ‘Ode on Religion and Liberty,’ but with many of those absurdities which are so blended with his parts.”

Mr. Nugent's humour was something of a trial to his friends and to the House ; its quality was broad and its supply inexhaustible. He had no respect for time, place, or person ; and his large presence, unbounded vitality, and stentorian voice, made it im-

possible to ignore him ; but at the same time it seems to have been equally impossible to dislike anyone so jovial and good-natured. He was considered a great authority on landscape gardening, and this would naturally make a bond between him and Sanderson Miller. His chief claim on the remembrance of posterity lies in his friendship for Goldsmith, who often visited him at Gosfield, and addressed to him the rhyming epistle "The Haunch of Venison."

The second Mrs. Nugent died in 1756, and was succeeded in the following year by Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Drax, and widow of the fourth Earl of Berkeley. This lady also brought Mr. Nugent a large fortune, but the marriage proved unhappy and ended in separation. Notwithstanding this unfortunate experience, he remained to the end of a long life devoted to "the sex."

Under George III. Robert Nugent became a Lord of the Treasury, Vice-Treasurer for Ireland, President of the Board of Trade, and Vice-Treasurer for Ireland again. In 1766 he was raised to the Irish peerage as Viscount Clare and Baron Nugent, and was made Earl Nugent in the same peerage in 1776. He died in 1788.

A word about the political situation may serve to elucidate some of the allusions in the following letters. In 1743 Henry Pelham was First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, and Lord Carteret, as Secretaries of State. The party commonly called the "Patriots," which had been mainly instrumental in overthrowing Walpole, and of which the most distinguished members were William Pitt and George Lyttelton, still formed the Opposition. Carteret was a great favourite with the King, and on this account mistrusted by the Pelhams.

On the Continent the war of the Austrian Succession,

into which nearly all Europe had been drawn, had practically resolved itself into two main conflicts—one between Maria Theresa and Frederick of Prussia, the other between England and France. The two latter nations had originally taken part as auxiliaries only, and in England there had been a very general and ardent desire to help the injured Queen to her rights; but gradually the old hostility to France had asserted itself, and the humiliation of our traditional enemy had become the first object in the public mind. To George II., however, the interests of Hanover were always the first consideration, and he treated such questions as his obligations to his ally or the honour of England as matters of secondary importance. Carteret, feeling his position to be very insecure, endeavoured to ingratiate himself further with the King by allowing Hanoverian troops to be taken into English pay, but this had the effect of so irritating the nation that in the following year he was obliged to resign. It was against this tendency of King and Minister to put Hanover before England that the energies of the Opposition were directed, rather than against the Government as such.

## CHAPTER VII

LETTERS: 1743—1744

THE "Talbot" mentioned in the following and many other letters is Miller's near neighbour, the Vicar of Kinton, grandson of the Bishop of Durham, and connected by marriage with Lord Chetwynd.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Grosvenor Square, December 17th, 1743.*

DEAR SAN,—I shall be glad to be entertained with the friendly Warwickshire Dialect and the Northern Bluntness of Menteith. I shall dine at Ambrosden on Wednesday. You have the day fixed; your retribution for this intelligence must be your Company. Talbot has wrote a complimentary letter to Cov, on account of having received some Parliamentary news from both of us, and he makes us, like the Kings of Brentford, smell at the same Nosegay.<sup>1</sup> He fills a sheet of paper, and two-thirds of it are preamble. He seems to be as violently in love with us as he ever was with Demosthenes, Euclid, Hoyle or his Horse! The first time you approach him you will find that he stinks of the Lobby as strongly, as he was used, of the Stables.

General Wade is to have the command of the Forces.<sup>2</sup> It is reported to-day that your neighbour at Adlestrop is to have a Peerage. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Said of persons, once rivals, who have become reconciled. The allusion is to *The Rehearsal*: "The two kings of Brentford enter hand-in-hand, smelling at one nosegay." This farce was a favourite one at private theatricals at Ambrosden.

<sup>2</sup> The combined English and Hanoverian army in Flanders.

I have Cornices in the House from which I write, which would draw your eyes out of their sockets! I have Proportions which would command your attention during the two courses, in short, an House, on the glimpse of which you would pronounce—I'm satisfy'd!—I am yours

E. T.

*G. W. Coventry to Sanderson Miller.*

1743.

DEAR MILLER,—Tho' I must always allow you to be a proficient in books I don't think you have read women with the same care. The sober, the prudent, the almost regenerate Lady Caroline Lennox<sup>1</sup> ran away last week with Harry Fox. How far she has manifested all these qualities, I leave you to judge. I had but one spare moment to send you this news, and am—Much yours

G. W. C.

*G. W. Coventry to Sanderson Miller.*

February 22, 1744.

DEAR MILLER,—By the last post I received the enclosed anonymous letter which is so dark and suspicious that in these factious times I thought my duty obliged me to send it to the Secretaries of State and therefore desire that you will favour me with carrying it. There is one part about letting of King's blood which has strongly the air of Treason, and may possibly be stretched into a *Hanging Matter*. If you will carry it to the Office I will contrive that a letter shall meet you there giving an account of those I suspect of this Correspondence, that the author may be apprehended and meet with condign punishment. As to the Spaniards landing at Southampton I don't think it at all impossible and that they *touched* at Genoa on the way, but Pastor John was the most obstinate man in the world which must make it very slippery travel-

<sup>1</sup> Eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond: married Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland (1763). She was elevated to the peerage as Baroness Holland in the previous year. She was the sister of the famous Lady Sarah Lennox, whose Memoirs were published in 1901.

ling.—My sum total is that I am much yours so that nothing remains.

G. W. Cov.

The “dark and suspicious letter” runs as follows :

*London, February 18, 1744.*

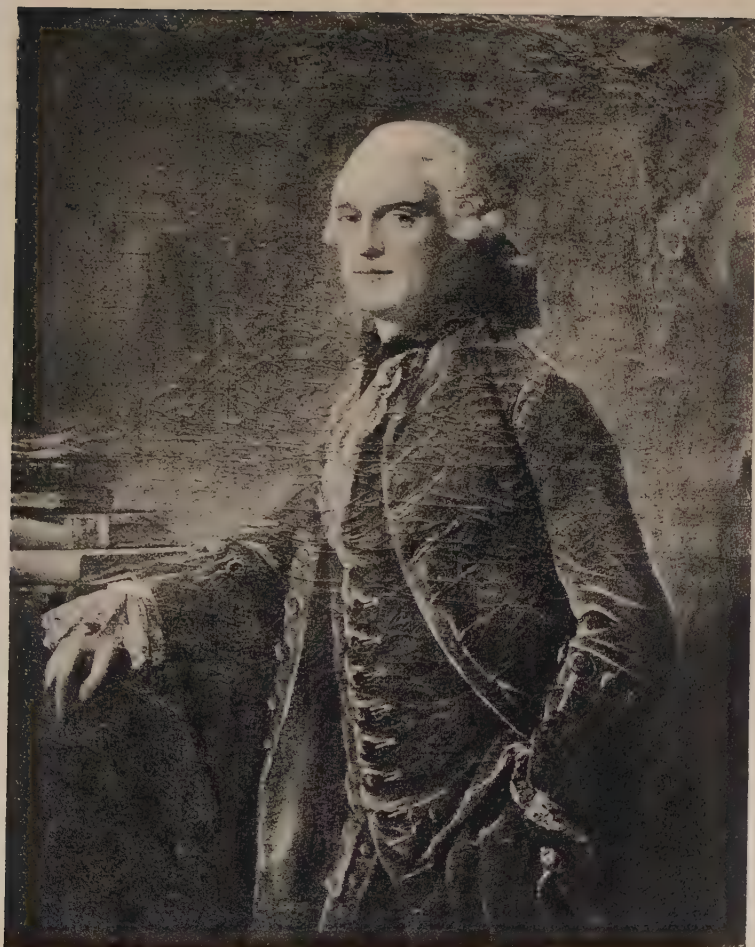
DEAR MR. COVENTRY, — By a private Letter from Oxfordshire I am told that the French and Spaniards are expected to land at Northampton [*sic*] and by another letter from Holland we are informed that Mathews has destroyed the Toulon Squadron.—Some people believe both these accounts but the remainder of the Summ total are against it.—King Charles the 2nd once fell down in an apoplectic fit and it was treason to bleed him without an order of Council.—What could be done in that Case? However the King was let blood and this occasioned odd surmises—but I refer you to the Public Paper—the Westminster Journal, which is much admired, I suppose you have it. Adieu.

The combined French and Spanish fleets, which Admiral Matthews had been blockading at Toulon, had set sail on February 9. An engagement took place, which would have been a complete British victory had not a quarrel between Matthews and his Vice-Admiral, Lestock, prevented their effectual co-operation. As it was, night came on before the battle was over, and when day broke the French fleet had slipped away. Conflicting reports of the affair had reached England, and various intercepted letters declared that the French would try to land in Norfolk, Sussex, Essex, or Kent. Oxford was considered a hotbed of Jacobitism at this time—hence, perhaps, the suggestion of a treasonable communication coming from that county.

*Dr. King to Sanderson Miller.*

*Bath, April, 1743.*

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter in this place; which is the reason you have not sooner had an answer.



GEORGE WILLIAM, SIXTH EARL OF COVENTRY.

From the portrait at Croome.

To face page 94.



I am extremely pleased to know what good advice you have given the young Duke [the Duke of Hamilton]. I am persuaded that there is no one about him who could or would use the same freedom with him and consequently there is nobody who is so much his friend. I hope he thinks so.

You may have a copy of the speech when you please after my return to Oxford, which will be before Whitsuntide. I don't care to venture it by the post or else I would have sent you a copy of it from hence. I am glad to find it was generally well received in the University notwithstanding the political reflexions. But in truth I intended it only as a Lesson for His Grace. I wish he may always consider it as such.

I saw Mr. Cheyne yesterday. His Father<sup>1</sup> has left him £3000. The Doctor died without the least pain as he always said he should die, the certain effect of his regimen.

I shall certainly be as good as my word and have the pleasure of spending some days at Radway this summer.—Yours most affectionately

W. KING.

Inoculation had been introduced into England by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in the previous reign, and by this time it was pretty generally practised. There were, however, still some people to whom it seemed presumptuous, if not positively impious.

*Sanderson Miller to T. Lennard Barrett.*

DEAR SIR,—There is no reason why you should make any apology for your letter which I look upon as the strongest mark of your Friendship. I have never had occasion to study the Controversy about Inoculation, and indeed I always thought it a matter of prudence only. I believe there is much less chance for the Child's dying now, than there is if she has it in the

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated physician; the author of many medical works—amongst them, "The English Malady" (a treatise on the spleen or "blew Devils").

common way, and as her station will oblige her to be much in Town it is very improbable that she will escape it entirely, besides if she should, the fears and anxieties that the thoughts of the distemper might give her some day may be as bad consequence as the distemper itself. You see there are sufficient reasons for the most religious People to inoculate their Boys, and I am sure the reasons are much stronger for inoculating Girls, because the Ladies are generally of a more timorous disposition, and therefore it is more dangerous and if they have it during pregnancy it is found to be very fatal.

If we may consider the Distemper to be of the same nature as War or Famine—as being all the Visitations of Providence, then certainly it is as lawful to run some hazard to avoid a distemper as to avoid the danger of War or Famine. If I am convinced that there is more danger that I should perish by War or Famine if I stay in a Country so visited—than there will be that I shall be drowned if I take a long voyage (in which some few have perished) to escape it—in this case certainly I may fly and take my Family with me, and the Argument that the War or Famine was not at my very doors and therefore *'tis possible* I may escape ought not to hinder my Flight.

But in this case I would not venture to advise without having the same regard for you as for the Child. If you find yourself so liable to scruples that you shall not be able to satisfy yourself if the worst should happen, you should not venture till you have mastered them, and if you find these scruples tormenting you in other cases where there is possible less reason you should be the more cautious; but then, on the other hand if you should not do it and the Consequences should be fatal hereafter, the difficulty will be the same. I have not time to say more now, Mr. Talbot will write next week and I daresay will satisfy you. In the meantime be assured your other Scruples are without Foundation and are only the effect of a good heart and a weak state of nerves, which will soon be stronger by your temperance and exercise.

*T. Lennard Barrett to Sanderson Miller.*

*April, 1744.*

DEAR SIR,—I cannot sufficiently express to you my sense of your goodness to me in so kindly bearing with and excusing my weaknesses; and can assure you that what you have said to me in your letters have had a very great effect upon my mind in easing it of those clouds which hung upon it and by the Blessing of God I hope soon entirely to get rid of; and indeed it is time for during the last two years of my Life I have been so tormented by a continual succession of Scruples, that I have a hundred times almost wished to die, and indeed I have very often been so ill with the uneasiness that I have undergone that I think it a miracle I am not now in my grave, or what is worse in Bedlam; However, I have always done my best to support myself under these vexations, I can assure you that my continual prayers have not been wanting, nor shall; at the same time I shall be happy to have those of so good and worthy a person as you are joyned to mine; and I hope next time we meet to give you a good account of myself and that I shall be in perfect good spirits; which is above all other Happiness whatever; for none know the horrors of a troubled Spirit but those who have felt them. I beg I may sometimes hear from you; believe me when I say that I shall think myself happy in your Friendship which will be esteemed by me of the greatest value. As to my little girl, I am perfectly cured of all my scruples as to her, I have this day inoculated her. . . .  
—Your sincere friend and Humble Servant

THOS. LENNARD BARRETT.

The Baroness Dacre was a Roman Catholic. It seems probable that when her son was a boy she had induced him to promise that he would become one also.

*From T. Lennard Barrett.*

*April, 1744.*

DEAR SIR,—Your letter comforted me extremely for some time, but my uneasiness is again returned, espe-

cially with regard to my resolution or vow when between 15 and 16 years of age. Since I find that in Roman Catholick countries they there permit people to make their monastick vows, which shows that casuists think that people are bound by their vows of that age; for tho' the Roman Church err in many and very fundamental points, yet they have amongst them many very great and learned men who must be as good judges as any of our Divines when and at what age a vow binds. Now I must confess that the thing that most weighed with me to remove my Scruple was that, as you told me in your Letter, I conceived I was too young at the time I made the resolution or vow to be bound thereby, as not being of an age ripe enough to determine upon such a great matter; but if in other countries people are suffered (as at age of sufficient discretion) to shut themselves up for ever in Convents, then surely I was likewise of an age to be bound by any resolve I made; this I confess dwells upon my mind night and day, and I confess that such ruin, such confusion to myself and family would attend the literal performance of my Resolution that it is almost beyond the Power of humanity to support itself under it, and yet at the same time the life I lead in the state of perplexity I am in must be fatal to my constitution if it continues much longer. For God sake then, my dear Friend, for I will call you so, write to me and see if you can give me any comfort again and excuse my troublesomeness; 'Tis impossible to express to you what I feel in my mind; even now while I am writing to you I feel I am prevaricating with Heaven and endeavouring to quibble off what I ought to do; and yet when I reflect upon the Misery the execution of my promise will bring upon my Family, I cannot but think that there may be some excuse for my weakness as to this point; but then Jephtha, Ananias and Sapphira and such terrible instances where vows and resolutions have been rigorously exacted come into my mind and distract me. . . .

Dear Miller, excuse me and my impertinence, but I know you will, since 'tis putting you upon doing an act of Charity, for to comfort the sick in mind is as great a good as to visit the sick in Body. I have but one thing more to say to you and I tremble to say it,

that I am sometimes ready to go into despair and have very wicked thoughts come into my mind ; but, as you advised me, I pray heartily and never suffer them to dwell upon my mind ; and I beg you'll do so for me ; I hope to God still to be restored to peace of mind again, and do not despair that you may be the instrument of it.—Adieu, and believe me Yours sincerely and affectionately

[*Unsigned.*]

P.S. Pray write to me as soon as possible.

*From T. Lennard Barrett.*

*April, 1744.*

DEAR SIR,— . . . I must return you my hearty thanks for your last letter and all your favours to me, I can assure you that I will at once resolve to throw away all my uneasy thoughts and doubts since I have now had the opinions of such good and worthy persons upon those subjects, whose Sentiments thereupon must be much clearer than mine whose brain is clouded and perplex'd by continually thinking about them ; therefore I am determin'd not to reason any more about these matters but look upon myself as an incompetent Judge of them. You ask me how, upon so little acquaintance, I repose such trust in you ? My answer to this shall be ; the character Lords Deerhurst and Coventry gave of you and which I experienced, viz., that there is a certain simplicity and ingenuity in your Carriage and Discourse which in a week discovers your worth and goodness as much as if one had known you a year ; and without any Compliment, from the first time I saw you I became so prejudiced (if you may call it prejudice) in your favour that I from thenceforward desired nothing more than the happiness of your friendship. . . .

I have inoculated my Girl but it has not taken place nor had any effect upon her, it seems that her blood was not in a state to receive infection ; however she is perfectly well and all the trouble we or she shall be at is to give her three or four doses of Physick by way of precaution ; and next spring I will make one effort more. I inoculated a Brother of mine at the

same instant who has got the Small Pox and very favourably. . . .—Your sincere Friend and obliged servant

T. L. B.

*From G. W. Coventry.*

*April 28th, 1744.*

DEAR MILLER,— . . . The Houses have afforded us very little entertainment since you left us till yesterday, the occasion of which was this. The Opposition, to show their loyalty and to confirm the sincerity of the Addresses sent from all parts of the Kingdom, sent a Bill to the Lords making it High Treason to correspond with the Sons of the Pretender, which reflecting too much honour upon that quarter and carrying besides an oblique accusation of some Persons, whose duty it was to have been earlier in making that provision gave great uneasiness. What was to be done? So good and loyal a bill could not be discredited or thrown out; it remained therefore to make such amendments to it as would oblige the Authors of it to vote against their own Bill and deprive them of the merit that the World would otherwise have given them. I should have told you that in the 8th of the Queen [Anne] when Jacobitism ran very high, in order to have as many checks as possible upon and to discourage that spirit, it was enacted that till the Pretender's death or, supposing he had died before the Queen, till 3 years after the Hanover Succession took place, the holding such Intelligence should be not only penal to the Offender himself but be punishable with a forfeiture of Estates. The Amendment therefore moved by the C——t Lords was, that it should not only be High Treason, but High Treason attended by the same penalties to correspond with the sons as with the Father. The arguments by which they supported it were that the necessity was as great now as when the Act was made, that the Jacobitical cause was never more avowedly or formidably supported by the united Powers of France and Spain, that if, as some gentlemen imagined, there were no favourers of that Interest in this Kingdom, the Bill could not be oppressive because it would have no object, but that if there were such the Government could not have too great a tie

upon them. That a regard to one's children would be with most people a greater dissuasive from entering into conspiracies than a regard to one's self. That as to children's suffering for the offence of their parents, 'twas what must necessarily be; the untimely punishment of a Father by which an infant was deprived of his paternal care and tenderness was undoubtedly a suffering although the estate should not be forfeited, and as to that, it was no more than happened every day by the luxury and extravagance of the Possessors of unentailed Estates; in short that it could not even be called a grievance. People held their Estates by the law under certain conditions which, if they broke, they had no right to complain. Many more things were said which I don't recollect, but I must not forget, though it will not much signify to you at Radway, that my Lord C.<sup>1</sup> declared that the French and Spaniards to his knowledge have it in their intentions to attempt a second invasion and that whoever lives to the end of the Summer will see that assertion verified. Lord Chesterfield spoke against the amendment with his usual wit and good argument. He said that nothing but the most urgent necessity could authorize so unjust a Bill, that, at the time when it passed during the uncertainty of the Hanoverian Succession, that might possibly have been pleaded but that now that it was so well established that Argument ceased, that it would be but a bad remuneration of the unanimity which the people had expressed so lately to support the present family, that the Parliament which passed the Act never intended that it should extend to the Pretender's children, otherwise they would have provided for it, for though he had no children at the time it was next to a certainty that he would have some, a vigorous young man in the Bloom of his life, who had so many political reasons for marrying, first to procure Alliances that might help to restore him to his dominions, in the next place it would but be convenient for him to look out for a Fortune, so that it was plain that the object of the Bill was not any fears of the Pretender but the Establishment of the Succession. He insisted much upon natural justice and the Barbarity of punishing innocent persons, that it amounted almost to a certainty

<sup>1</sup> Carteret.

that the Children of Traytors were innocent, for that Father and son were rarely of an age to conspire together, that there was not always the greatest harmony between them (which was very well timed a Great Man being at that time in the House) that as to its being a check upon Traytors to think that they were bringing ruin upon their families, he did not believe that y<sup>e</sup> persons capable of committing y<sup>e</sup> crime, could be capable of the reflection, that that was a tender sentiment to which their hearts must be obdurate, but, if there was any truth in it the principle was not carried far enough for, that upon the same grounds, it would be right for the Government to sieze the Children of every Family in England and hold the sword over them to deter the Parents from conspiring against it.

I am quite tired, have a hundred things left to say and have forgot as many more, but I can never forget that I am Yours sincerely

G. W. C.

Mr. Coventry's account of this debate is incomplete, but it supplements that in the Parliamentary journal of Philip Yorke. There we learn that the amendments which roused such spirited opposition were proposed by the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, "in a very clear and masterly manner." The speech which Coventry summarizes is his. Other speakers on the same side were the Duke of Newcastle, Lords Carteret and Bathurst, and the Bishop of Oxford.

"The Duke of Bedford and Lord Chesterfield were the chief speakers against the clause, and Lord Carteret supported the Chancellor, but in a desultory and superficial way. I remember he threatened us with another invasion, and then threw out a great many terrors on this head, asserting that both at Versailles and Madrid they talked of renewing it soon with a much greater force."

Lords Guernsey and Strange,<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Pitt spoke against the amendment in the House of Commons, but

<sup>1</sup> Lord James Murray, who, owing to the attainder of his elder brother, the Marquis of Tullibardine, in 1715, succeeded his father

a majority voted for it in both Houses. Its repeal was advocated by Samuel Romilly in his "Reform of Common Law" in 1807, and carried on a motion of Lord Holland in 1825.

Thomas Henry, Lord Deerhurst, died in 1744.

*From G. W. Coventry.*

*May 22nd, 1744.*

DEAR MILLER,— . . . I am left with such a weight of misery and affliction as nothing but the Grace of God and the Consolation of such Friends as you can enable me to sustain. . . .

My dear Miller, I am so shocked that I know not what I say or do. If I could be severd into two and one part left alive and the other part taken away, the separation could not be greater. He was indeed the better half and therefore God thought fit the worthiest should be removed. O, may He grant that the remaining part may ever attain to his perfection and then the sooner it is called away the less will be my portion of sorrow in this world. Farewell, don't expose my afflictions, but believe me in the midst of them—Your most affectionate friend

G. W. COVENTRY.

*From G. W. Coventry.*

*London, June 10th, 1744.*

The bodily remains, my dear Miller, of the best of Brothers and men being committed to the earth and his other part I am persuaded wafted to Heaven, I am now to assume a name that will be ever painful to me to write. Should my letters begin ever so chearfully, to you they must have a dismal and sorrowful conclusion. Never can I sign the name without a fresh torrent of grief for the late possessor of it and a bitter remorse that the present one falls so short of his perfections. . . .

A great end of Providence may be answered by the

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as second Duke of Atholl in 1724. As the maternal great-grandson of the seventh Earl of Derby, he claimed and obtained the Barony of Strange, under which title he sat in the House of Lords.

late affliction that has been sent us. Who knows but, nay, who does not think that the ruin of this country is drawing very near? All parties, I believe, will concur with me in the great probability of that conjecture, and why may not we suppose that Death was given in season to poor Deerhurst that he might not live to see so melancholy an event. But let us waive entering into the Divine motives, let us satisfy ourselves that 'twas a wise, nay a good and gracious dispensation. I myself feel it to be such, not, by any temporal benefit I reap from it but by a reformed spirit. In spite of Truth and my love for you I can have no pleasure in assuring you that I am your most affectionate friend

DEERHURST.

VERSES WROTE BY SIR E. TURNER TO THE MEMORY  
OF LORD DEERHURST

Peace to the Dust of an accomplish'd Youth  
Of gentle manners, unaffected truth,  
Of Love fraternal, unalloyed with Strife,  
Of Duty, glad t'extend a Parent's Life.  
His Language modest, and humane his ear  
Which op'd reluctant to a jest severe.  
A cautious Judgement, parts untaught to glare,  
Sedate in Pleasure, chearfull when at pray'r.  
With steady Zeal religious paths he trod,  
Nor blushed to pay devotion to his God.  
In Publick Council unattach't he sate  
Nor clung to party in the grave debate;  
And yet his conduct never lost a friend,  
Nor Candour meanly veiled a private end.  
A bright Example, useless in these days  
When Virtue lends her ineffectual rays,  
Useless, and therefore happily removed  
From the devoted country which he loved.

*From T. Lennard Barrett.*

*June, 1744.*

... Poor Lord Deerhurst's Death ... has given me the greatest concern as I believe it has all his friends, and particularly yourself, give me leave, therefore, to condole with you upon our common Loss, a

Loss which it is hardly possible for us ever to repair, as how very few are left behind like him; so good, so virtuous, so sweetly tempered; the only two things which comfort me are first that no doubt he is completely happy; and next, that tho' I did not enjoy his company so long as I desired yet that I have still I hope greatly profited by his example which will always be of the greatest service to me in my Life tho' he is gone. You may imagine how much this accident must affect me who am so subject to be so low Spirited, and was every day in the House during his illness. But, thank God, I bore it much better than I could have thought, tho' to be sure, it extremely affected me at the first; however, I am now settled at Bellhouse and have I think pretty well recovered my chearfullness of mind, having every day a thousand things to amuse me among my improvements here. And I can tell you with pleasure that I have almost quite got rid of all those melancholy Scruples that perplexed my Brain. . . . I often wish I had the pleasure of your Company here to chat and advise with you . . . about my alterations here, for I know you have a very good taste and are as great a Lover of these amusements as I am. . . .

I fancy that Lord North and you will be acquainted this summer;<sup>1</sup> see if I am not a true Prophet? I am sure he is happy to have you so near him. I wish it had been my good fortune to have been your neighbour, I should have valued my Place at two years purchase more for that advantage. . . .

Mrs. Barrett desires me not to forget to make her best compliments agreeable to you.—Your affectionate Friend etc,

T. L. B.

*From Robert Nugent.*

*Gosfield, June 5th, 1744.*

DEAR SIR,—I condole with you and sincerely partake of your concern for the death of my Lord Deerhurst.

<sup>1</sup> Wroxton Abbey, the seat of Lord North, is only a few miles from Radway. In subsequent letters we find him very well acquainted with Miller, but when their intercourse began we do not know.

He was a truly excellent young man and would, if he had lived, have countenanced and encouraged that principle in others upon which he was universally known to act. If you do come here, and I cannot doubt you will as you are engaged to me by Promise, you will find me in a disposition to entertain very serious Reflexions.

Mrs. Nugent, Eliot and my sister are all your very humble servants.—Adieu, dear Miller,

R. NUGENT.

*From G. W. Coventry.*

*September, 1744.*

I had an Hibernian letter from Barrett last week written with much complacency at his being to leave that Island soon.<sup>1</sup> I cannot blame his impatience when he has so valuable a concern in this part of the world to revisit, for, to give you my true opinion, never did I know so much virtue, Beauty and Good Humour meet in one woman as in his Consort.<sup>2</sup> As she is such I rejoice she fell to my friend's lot, for his Behaviour to me in my late distress was so eminently good and affectionate that I cannot wish him [happiness] enough.

And in October of the same year he writes :

Don't think me a *sneerer* if I tell you that I hear you are pursuing happiness in the same road, for upon my word I had a hint of such an affair being in agitation. I am not allow'd to say much on the subject, only should two neighbouring counties to the great Metropolis furnish Ladies that can please my two friends at Radway, I shall always speak of them with the reverence they deserve.

In September, 1744, the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke and the Pelhams agreed together that it was absolutely necessary that Carteret (now Lord Granville) should be removed from the Ministry. Their decision was

<sup>1</sup> Lennard Barrett had property in Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> Lennard Barrett married, 1739, Anne Maria, daughter of Sir John Pratt, Lord Chief Justice.

cordially approved by the rest of the Cabinet; and Hardwicke composed a remonstrance against the foreign administration of Lord Granville, which after much enlarging and revising was handed to the King on the 1st of November. The King returned it a few hours later without comment of any kind; but the following day Pelham himself urged its contents upon him, and his colleagues intimated their intention of resigning in a body if Granville were not dismissed. It was not, however, until the 23rd of November that George informed his Ministers that Lord Granville would resign. Pelham meantime had been making overtures to the Opposition; and he now succeeded in forming the Ministry commonly known as the "Broad-Bottom Administration." Lord Harrington became Secretary of State instead of Granville, the Duke of Bedford was made First Lord of the Admiralty, and Lord Chesterfield was sent as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland. Places were found for Lords Gower and Cobham and for George Lyttelton; but none as yet for Pitt, whose denunciations of the King's preference for Hanover had been too strong to be readily forgiven. This Government lasted until the death of Henry Pelham in 1754, during which time there was practically no Opposition.

*From T. Lennard Barrett.*

*Belhouse, November, 1744.*

. . . I have just had a letter from a Friend very cognisant in Publick affairs, who writes me word that we may expect great struggles in Parliament this winter; for 'tis now notorious that Lord Granville and the Pelhams are quite fallen out with one another. Granville's Party is Lords Winchelsea, Cholmondely and Tweeddale, and what is more the Earl has contrived to get into the favour of the King and Prince. But for all this 'tis almost sure that he will be obliged to quit the field to his Antagonists to whom I own that

I wish all good success since it seems they now (I mean the Pelhams) openly blame Lord Granville for his favouring too much the Hanoverian Interest and sacrificing to it that of England. In all probability therefore the Pelhams and the Minority will joyn their forces this Winter, which if they do 'twill be impossible for Lord Granville to withstand them.

'Tis with much pleasure that I tell you that I have almost quite got rid of my Low Spirits, and am now very seldom troubled with them for which I heartily thank God, for 'tis impossible to paint or describe what I suffer from them. . . . I should have called upon you in my way from Ireland, but they really kept me so much longer at Lord Derby's than I at first intended that I was forced to hurry home as fast as I possibly could since I had staid a good while longer away than I had promised Mrs. Barrett; and when you come to be married let me tell you that you will find it very necessary to be punctual with your wife. You gave me great pleasure in telling me that Sir Edward Turner had got a son, indeed he is so worthy a man that he deserves all the good that can happen to him. As to Lord Deerhurst I think myself extreemly happy in his friendship and make no doubt but that he will be a worthy Successor to his Brother. . . .

## CHAPTER VIII

LETTERS : 1745—1746

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Ambrosden, March, 1745.*

DEAR MILLER,—Take back your letter and see whether any man in his senses would have come to Radway upon the receipt of it. You neither say *when* you are to return nor *whether* Lord Guernsey was to return with you. I am now setting out for Addlestrop with the view of being at home this day sennight. I am almost sure you will be with me on tomorrow sennight, for I am determin'd to send for the Plaisterer and to wait upon my Library downstairs so soon as I can fix on a method to finish *over* the mahogany Cornice. I only want the Architect of Radway, and O! if he would not only give me advice but attend me with his critical Head the latter end of the week to Houghton,<sup>1</sup> etc.

Doctor King desires Talbot will vote for Dr. Andrews of Queen's as Beadle in the room of Mr. Crines, who it is said is dying.

Once more, remember tomorrow sennight.—Your  
affec. humble Servt.

EDWD. TURNER.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*London, April, 1745.*

DEAR MILLER,—It is not in my power to allay your thirst while such a stagnation in Politicks prevails.

<sup>1</sup> Houghton was the seat of Lord Orford. We do not know whether Miller went there with Sir Edward, but he must have seen the place at some time, since Horace Walpole, in a letter to Chute, accuses him of having stolen the plan for the hall at Hagley from Houghton.

You correspond with Grenville, I find. Prevail upon him and his Ministry to open the sluices. It would be no news to tell you that the Justices' Bill has passed the Lords and that it will be enforced by an Extension of the Commission. You will not thank me, perhaps, for an obvious reflection, but if this Bill be intended as a veil, the Public will be able to see through it, or they are undone. Neither am I sanguine nor do I despair. . . . I hope to be at Ambrosden the first week in May. Talbot and you will certainly meet me, but fly not thither upon the wings of expedition, if you do you may chance to miscarry. I have been at Barret's. The Sea Prospect is glorious. Against you visit him, Talbot and you would do well to secure yourselves by a coat of mail, otherwise you will carry off marks of his local enthusiasm on your arms and other places of your Body. A great Personage hath declared his Resolution of going abroad, *but not our own*. There is a flight of Politics for you! My compliments attend Mrs. Talbot and her nearest Relation.—I am very sincerely yours—

E. T.

*T. Leonard Barrett to S. Miller.*

*April 1745.*

. . . Poor Lady North is dead; don't wonder then that I have had a return of my low spirits; Lord Derby's family too are in the greatest affliction, having lost poor young Stanley who was inoculated and miscarried after lying 15 or 16 days. These things have a good deal affected me; but I hope I shall meet you in Essex in good health of Body and mind, for I have taken a resolution of going into the cold Bath, which I have already done twice and find very great Benefit from it, indeed more than I could have imagined. . . .

I hope you will hug your resolution in regard to the person you mentioned in yours. A TANT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

*Lord Derby to S. Miller.*

*London, April 18, 1745.*

DEAR MURDER.—. . . There was a very good piece of news came last Tuesday night that General Berenelov

had met with the 12000 French under M. Segur that were going to join the Bavarians, killed 5000 on the spot and dispersed all the rest. As I saw the original account about an hour after it arrived and heard all the animadversions of the Great upon it,<sup>1</sup> I believe it to be as well authenticated as Political News can be. They look upon it to be a decisive stroke in Germany and that the Elector must either make his peace with the Queen of Hungary or fly to France for his personal security.

*From T. Lennard Barrett.*

*May, 1745.*

. . . The cold Bath which I have gone into for three weeks past has quite recovered my weak nerves and restored me to good Spirits and the Blew Devils are quite gone away, not, I suppose, very well relishing the cold water.

*Belhouse, July, 1745.*

. . . In September then I shall hope for the pleasure of seeing you here and *Monsieur le Maçon*, your valet de chambre with you. I shall have plenty of employment for him as I have resolved to fit up my new Hall and Staircase and make that end of the House habitable forthwith, the stucco men being to come down for that purpose next week; indeed both Mrs. Barrett and myself are quite weary of living in the way we have done, it being extremely inconvenient to us to have half our House shut up so that we have but three spare beds at present to put our Friends in. The two great rooms however we shall leave till the next year. . . .

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Ambrosden, May 26, 1745.*

DEAR MILLER,—I am charged to inform you that a group of respectable Personages will meet at Radway on the eighth of June. Grenville is to breakfast with me that morning and we all expect a sumptuous Enter-

<sup>1</sup> This news could not fail to be satisfactory to the Government and therefore displeasing to the King and Carteret,

tainment at Noon. Bid Talbot prepare himself with an apron; let him try his talents in the culinary way, let him exchange the fragrance of Horse balls for the more agreeable scent of the larder. My Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Barrett.—But when will dinner be ready?—I am yours sincerely—

EDWD. TURNER.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*June 2, 1745.*

DEAR MILLER,—This day sennight I dated a letter from Ambrosden which I imagine you did not receive, as you take no notice of it to Grenville who heard from you by last Post.

Saturday next is the day fixed upon by Lord Guernsey and Grenville, on which we are to meet at your house. I have settled my journey for Bristol accordingly and taken lodgings there, so that if our journey to Warwickshire shall not take place I cannot be of that Party till the end of July.

Frederick of Prussia had again invaded Silesia, and had defeated the Austrian army at Striegan, near Friedburg. The blow to Maria Theresa was a severe one, but it proved less fatal than Lord Deerhurst anticipated. He had more cause for his gloomy forebodings in the success of the French in Flanders. On the 11th of May the allied army of English, Hanoverians, and Dutch (Carteret's pet creation), had been defeated at Fontenoy by the French under Marshal Saxe. Had the Dutch fought as well as the English and Hanoverians, or had the French not been strengthened by the Irish Brigade, the result would have been very different; as it was, the one decided—though costly—French victory gave the signal for a series of small surrenders. It was unfortunate that before we had had time to retrieve ourselves the Jacobite rebellion necessitated the withdrawal of most of our troops from Flanders.

*From Lord Deerhurst.*

*Croomb, June 19th, 1745.*

DEAR MILLER,— . . . A man so recently come from Town must necessarily be a great Politician, I expect therefore to be inform'd what conclusions are drawn from this last unfortunate blow in Silesia. It appears to us in the Country as a most decisive affair and to have left the Queen of Hungary desperate in that part of the world, but I trust that our ignorance magnifies the prospect and that the stroke may not be altogether irreparable.

I am now very busy in reading Mezeray's History of France which I think very entertaining tho' sometimes the Author is a little too trifling and circumstantial. I hold it absolutely right that one should know something of the annals of a country that bids so fair to be our Mistress and however this may contradict the confidence of my former sentence I sincerely think the prospect not very distant. Tournay, Mons and Namur if I mistake not compleat the loss of Flanders, from thence the transition to Holland is very easy and when France shall have added the maritime Power of that Nation to her own and that of Spain, I fear they will overmatch us upon our own element. I am tired of the subject and therefore will change it to one vastly more agreeable to me, that of assuring you that I am much yours

DEERHURST.

*From Sir Thomas Lyttelton.*

*Hagley, July ye 15th, 1745.*

SIR,—I sent the books you was so good to lend me to-day by my groom who went to meet my son Billy at Oxford with orders to leave them at the White Lion at Stratford till our landlord has a good opportunity of sending them to the Rising Sun.<sup>1</sup> I return you many thanks for the entertainment they have given me and shall be glad of any occasion of showing myself very sincerely your most humble servant

T. LYTTELTON.

My family desire their compliments.

<sup>1</sup> More generally known as the Sunrising, the inn near Radway, on the summit of Edgehill, where Charles I. is said to have slept on the eve of the battle.

*From Dr. King.*

*St. Mary Hall, July, 1745.*

DEAR SIR,— . . . I am become so stout I can travel in any manner. Three days ago I walk'd five miles to dinner, so that you need not be concerned about providing a vehicle for me. But after all my boasting I may think it best to accept of your offer.

It has been intimated to me that I may expect a visit from Duke Hamilton. You know he is now of age. . . .  
—Your most affectionate and humble servant

W. KING.

This wholly uncalled-for admonition is a further illustration of Lord Deerhurst's tendency to meet trouble halfway. But it also shows that he was a faithful and conscientious friend.

*From Lord Deerhurst.*

*Croomb, August 26th, 1745.*

DEAR MILLER,— . . . I should have obeyed your summons most readily but September and October I always dedicate to Diana the Huntress and that with so obstinate a zeal that no allurements whatsoever, not even that of your company which, I assure you, is the greatest in the world can stagger my constancy. I heard a bird sing the other day that it is not at that Goddess' shrine that you pay your devotion, and indeed by your Journey to Belhouse I give some Credit to the information. I would however caution you that whilst you are raising my Friend up a House you do not raise him up a family to inhabit it. The World is very censorious and I assure you a little piece of scandal has reached my ears which I little expected of a certain acquaintance of mine. I am told that Friendship with a Woman is now become a very possible case, and that some former monastic notions are now entirely discarded by him. In short I am told, my dear Miller, that as much as you may possess of the spiritual Man, you are not quite insensible to some other solicitations too gross to name. For my own part I have always been uniform in my notions

upon this point and whilst you keep within the bounds of an innocent familiarity I shall not execute the office of Monitor which we have mutually promised each other. When I see you transgress then I will admonish with freedom, but I beg you will not believe that this is all a fiction of my own for I protest to you I heard more than I hold friendly to mention. All that I collect from it is that Innocence is often most maliciously slandered, nor do I believe in any instance more eminently than in the present.

Company just come in obliges me to assure you in this abrupt manner that I am—Yours most sincerely  
DEERHURST.

Mr. Nugent gives his advice in a different strain!

*From Robert Nugent.*

*Gosfield, September 15th, 1745.*

DEAR SIR,—We heard of your visit to Mr. Barrett and began to despair of seeing you here. Fame had made a better excuse for you than you now make for yourself,—a fine young woman with a large fortune—and I was preparing a pathetick Exhortation to a grave sober Life and Fidelity and Constancy in the marriage state; but come and receive a living lesson here, for you know "*señius irritant etc.*"

R. NUGENT.

*From T. Lennard Barrett.*

*Belhouse, September, 1745.*

. . . As September is now come I shall ev'ry day be in expectation of you and don't forget to bring your *valet de chambre* the stone mason; I am in very great want of a horse, I wish you could get me one, and I beg you'll try and I leave it entirely to you; I shall die for want of exercise for my horse has slipt his shoulder and is spoilt and neither I nor none of my people understand anything of horses to get another in his place. You know I am a great coward o' horseback and a very bad rider, the first the result of the last. So the horse must be absolutely very sure footed and very quiet and I care for no more; but he must not start nor stumble, that's poz. As to shape and Beauty, they

are indifferent to me, tho' to be sure I would rather have a good looking horse than a bad one; but pray don't get me a prancing horse which is such a one as I know you Love. My dear Friend, you will say I am always troubling you, but besides a horse I want a more material servant and that is a bailif to take care of my Farm and Land in my hands and who understands selling timber and looking after workmen, and who will when I have company or whenever I require it wait at table as a gentleman out of livery, as 'tis at Lord North's; if you know or hear or can find such a one pray send me word, for I have now above 500 acres of land in my hands besides my Park and have no Steward or bailif to manage for me. . . .

*From T. Lennard Barrett.*

*Belhouse, October, 1745.*

. . . Mrs. Barrett desires me to give her service to you and let you know that the harpsichord is quite at a stand for want of you.

We have been very much alarmed upon Cope's defeat,<sup>1</sup> but begin now to recover our Spirits again; however I go tomorrow morning to Chelmsford to the Quarter Sessions in order to meet our Essex gentlemen and see what they intend doing in this time of danger, when it behoves everybody to be upon their guard and to do their utmost to keep out Popery and Slavery. . . . I think it would not be amiss to set up the Phoenix for the sign to your new house, as it rises again out of the ruins of the old one, and more magnificent and conspicuous. . . .

Barrett's anxiety at the possibility of invasion is characteristic. Most of Miller's correspondents seem to have taken it very coolly, though Sir Edward Turner and other Oxfordshire gentlemen made preparations for opposing it if necessary. This general indifference is remarkable if we compare it with Mrs. Osborne's description of the panic in London at the time. (See "Political and Social Letters from a Lady in the Eighteenth Century.")

<sup>1</sup> By Charles Edward, at Preston-pans, September 21st.

*From T. Lennard Barrett.*

*Belhouse, October 22nd, 1745.*

. . . Tho' I am, thank God, freed almost entirely from Hyp and imaginary terrors; I can tell you I am by no means so from the real ones of this rebellion; which I think a very serious affair; I say this because in your last Letter you intimate as if from something I had let fall that I was quite easy and in good spirits; which 'tis impossible to be in such times as these. What vexes me is that things have been so managed that a slight scratch has by inattention come to a mortification. One comfort you'll have in Essex you'll be so much further from danger, you see how desirous I am of seeing you when I am willing to scrape up the most frivolous reason to encourage you to come to me, for I know you too well to think so base a motive as this would be any inducement to you. . . . Mrs. Barrett desires me to make her kind compliments to you and pray make mine to Mrs. Talbot and I heartily wish her shatterbrained husband may come home to her again without a wry neck; however remember me to him when he returns and keep Mrs. Talbot warm in his absence for the weather grows cold and nipping, tho' I go still into my Bath. . . .

I have got a Bailif. A Horse I have not got but must have one that is well broke and a sober beast. . . .

The effect of the Rebellion, according to Smollett, was that the King "found both Houses cordial in their addresses and zealous in their attachment to his person and Government."

*From Lord Guernsey.*

*Leicester Fields, October 17th, 1745.*

DEAR MILLER,—I suspect you will not be satisfied with my sending the speech unless I give you at the same time some account of what was done in the House of Commons. The Address passed nem. Con. but an Amendment was proposed to insert a Clause in regard to the passing some popular Bills, but it was thought improper by the House in general and only

supported by two or three members so there was no division, nobody giving their assent to it but those who had spoke in support of the motion. After that was over the Attorney and Solicitor General moved for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act which was likewise agreed to without a division.

I went afterwards and dined with Sir Ed. Turner and poor Deerhurst who is at present in very low spirits.

If you hold your resolution of coming into this part of the world I shall hope to see you.—I am your most obedient Servant

GUERNSEY.

*From Lord Deerhurst.*

*London, October 31st, 1745.*

DEAR MILLER,— . . . I was well enough to be in the House when the Enquiry into the Causes of the Rebellion in Scotland was moved and to add my feeble vote to a minority of 82. The great Argument of the Ministry was this, that if a Man's House was on fire, he would apply himself to extinguish it first before he enquired by whose negligence it happened. But this I thought was well answer'd by the other side who sayd that it was certainly the first thing to be done but that after the Firemen were set to work they cou<sup>d</sup> not see why standers by who cou<sup>d</sup> be of no use in putting out the fire, might not employ themselves in asking how it was occasioned.

There was a report in Town this morning that the Scotch Hero had abdicated his Pretensions and chose rather to retire in a whole skin to France than to wait the execution of M. Wade's bombshell.<sup>1</sup> I wish it may be true but do not find it meets with universal credit.

We are to have a Battle tomorrow about the new raised Regiments, should anything worth your knowing occur I will not fail to communicate it.—Adieu. Believe me in great haste Yours sincerely

DEERHURST.

<sup>1</sup> General Wade, on his recall from Flanders, had been given command of the troops sent to oppose the Pretender.

"A motion was brought forward by the Honourable Alexander Hume Campbell. Several noblemen having raised regiments for His Majesty in this perilous crisis, Mr. Campbell thought proper to move: 'That an address be presented to His Majesty most humbly to beseech him that the officers in the new Regiments now raising or already raised may not be allowed any rank after their regiments are broke.' This roused the indignation of Mr. Pitt," etc.—Rev. F. Thackeray's "Life of Chatham."

*From Lord Deerhurst.*

*London, November 12th, 1745.*

DEAR MILLER,—Tho' I did not write you the Debate about the New Regiments I don't reproach myself with not having kept my promise, which was only conditional and depended on its furnishing anything worthy of your Knowledge. I own I was sorry for the opposition to them as every tendency to exasperate at this time had, I think, better be discouraged. However, as it was started I could not but disapprove of a measure which appeared to carry too much attention to private and personal interests. Mr. Pitt declar'd for the Nobility and left the popular side to Mr. H. Campbell and Lord Barrington both of whom proved themselves to be excellent Tribunes.

I wish I could send you any good news, all things continuing at a Stand except the Rebel Army which is certainly got into England and penetrated as far as Carlisle, but don't let this alarm you, for I just now got a sight of M. Wade's last letter which is wrote in very confident terms and in which he gives it as his opinion that the March into England has only made their destruction more certain.

I don't believe there is any foundation for what you hint about Dr. — [King's?] pupils. It was reported indeed confidently some time ago that Captain Balfour's patron had abandoned the faith but his Scotch friends in Town absolutely deny it.

*From T. Lennard Barrett.*

*Belhouse, January, 1746.*

. . . I ought perhaps in strictness to have wrote to you before but besides many other good reasons (which however by the by, if you put me to it I should be puzzled to produce) I waited your leisure at Radway as you had scarcely time to read my Letter while at Sir Edward's in the midst of Whist and Xmas Gambols. As to me my House has been brimfull all these holidays; I have at one time had with me Mr.<sup>1</sup> and Mrs. Harding and Car Pratt,<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Taylor and Miss Fanny, Charles Pratt and Lord Strange, and yet you know I have but three spare Bedchambers at present; here's a paradox for you, unless you be so uncharitable to suppose the men and women lay together. . . . When you write tell me if there is anything in the report of Peggy Banks going to be married to one of the Grenvilles, I believe the Merchant; you have no doubt seen her since you left me at the elder brother's; who is so much in love with her himself that I can hardly believe he'll yield her to the younger one; and indeed if he does I don't know whether I shall; for you know I am a great admirer of hers and one of the first she ever had in London, and all admirers anywhere else are not worth a farthing to a fine Lady. Apropos of fine ladies, your little wife<sup>3</sup> presents her love to you, I can assure you that she is no less constant than you are, and if you have resisted the charms of a Baronet's daughter, she has those of a Lord and no less a man than the Earl of Derby's eldest son who she plainly told that she was and wou'd be your wife and not his; and all the fine things he could say to her would not make her alter her resolution. . . . As to the Rebels they are at length, thank God, drove out of England; but when they will be expelled Scotland is another question; for my part I despair that 'twill be this winter. . . .

<sup>1</sup> N. Hardinge, who married a sister of Mrs. Barrett.

<sup>2</sup> Another sister of Mrs. Barrett.

<sup>3</sup> Barrett's little girl, aged six.

*From T. Lennard Barrett.*

*March, 1746.*

. . . Your fame in Architecture grows greater and greater every day and I hear of nothing else; if you have a mind to set up you'll soon eclipse Mr. Kent,<sup>1</sup> especially in the Gothick way in which in my mind he succeeds very ill. . . .

Won't you take a gallop up to Town this spring as you gave us hopes? you know I have a bed at your service, your friend Armson, our Housekeeper occupies it at present, but we can make room for her elsewhere unless you chuse to go halves with her, which if this extreem cold weather continues you may perhaps like better; you remember her size and therefore must be sensible that she'll keep you pure and warm. If these offers won't tempt you I don't know what to say, and shall think you have forsworn this Town of London. . . .

*From Lord Deerhurst.*

*London, April, 1746.*

. . . Lord Lovat's<sup>2</sup> Tryal stands for Thursday; a Variety of Opinions about his Defence, but if Dotage won't serve him I would not give much for his chance, evidence, I am told being strong against him.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Ambrosden, May 15th, 1746.*

Hang the Parliament! Why should I have staid boiling in London any longer? When a vote of Credit for so large a sum as £50,000 can be swallowed so easily by those who were formerly noted for great delicacy in their Political food, what can raise our admiration?

<sup>1</sup> "I shall speak with equal impartiality of the merits and faults of Kent, the former of which greatly preponderated. Mahomet imagined an elysium, but Kent created many. As his genius was not universal, he succeeded but ill in Gothick. The King's Bench at Westminster, Mr. Pelham's house at Esher, are examples of this." — Horace Walpole.

<sup>2</sup> Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, executed April 9, 1747, for his share in the Rebellion.

In short, my patience is worn out, in seeing Politists swallow down Ministerial Pudding piping hot without so much as blistering their tongues. The House of Commons is like Bartholomew Fair! Merry Andrews skipping about, pulling coloured ribbons out of their mouths, swallowing tow and hemp, and shuffling balls from one cup to another with the utmost dexterity.

But hold—I did not send a man and horse to you to convey this important intelligence, nor to tell you that Antwerp is taken, nor that a venerable deputation is dispatched from Oxford to St. James' upon a congratulatory errand, neither yet is the intent of this Embassy to inform you that Five very Eminent Personages will throw up their Employments on Saturday, because they have not influence to obtain some signal advantage to the Constitution. I should have deceived you, had I pretended to be as serious in the last article as in the two former, and they indeed did not require an Express, because the Papers, I believe, mention them both.

But the true and genuine motive of dispatching Samuel to you is to insist, in the first place, that you arrive at Ambrosden next week, in the next place that you bring with you an inviolable unalterable resolution not to return sooner than a fortnight or Three Weeks. Guernsey will be here next week and stay some days with me. I will seek out Belson with His Fiddles. You will inform Talbot of our *Rendezvous*.—Yours sincerely

E. T.

*From Lord Guernsey.*

*July 4th, 1746.*

DEAR SIR,—On Monday next I shall expect the pleasure of seeing Sir Edward, yourself, and I hope Talbot at Packington, where I have been considering of a proper place for a Gothick Building and flatter'd myself that the foundation was laid by this time and would be ready for the reception of a white Ground and red knots by the end of the year.

I intend to go with Sir Edward to Croomb, and I find Deerhurst expects Him to go to the Tryals, but I don't think at present of entering into that Scheme.

Adieu till Monday.

Sanderson Miller was married in 1746 to Susannah, only daughter of Samuel Trotman, Esquire, of Shelswell, Co. Oxon. The marriage proved an ideal one, and it is very pleasant in the letters which follow to see the hearty affection of the various writers for their friend's "little woman."

*From William Lyttelton.*

*Hagley, Saturday, October 9<sup>th</sup> 4th.*

DEAR SIR,—We had the pleasure of hearing a day or two ago that you are at last compleatly happy in the possession of your sweet little woman, and it is with the most sincere satisfaction I have undertaken to send you the best wishes and congratulations of all the fire-side at Hagley. Tho' compliments of this sort are things of course and are often made where the new-married Couple have very little reason to expect the Continuance of that Honey Moon their Friends wish 'em yet we are sensible tho' we had deferr'd ever so long to congratulate you, it would have been done with propriety, and if it can add in the least to the happiness you feel at present to know how unfeignedly everybody here interest themselves in it, you may assure yourself you have our heartiest wishes that you may never be sensible of the least diminution of it. I think I can't take so good an Opportunity as this when you are in too good a humour to refuse anything that's asked you, to beg pardon for not having answered otherwise than by the Doctor the kind Invitation you was so good to write me but which I did not receive till two Months after the date of your letter; you must certainly have thought me the most Ill-bred man alive that I took no notice of it when I saw you; but what grieves me to tell you is, that I am very much affraid It will not be in my power to accept the last proposal you made me of coming in October but I don't despair of it in the spring; However, be that as it will, we flatter ourselves we shall see you and Mrs. Miller to whom we all beg our proper respects next summer at Hagley, and the Park has promised to be in as great beauty for her reception as it was when Mr. Lyttelton brought down his bride.

*From Robert Nugent.*

*Gosfield, October 15th, 1746.*

DEAR SIR,—I am extremely glad you are married. I should have believed although you had not told me that Mrs. Miller's temper suited yours, for you are too wise not to know that, to make a marryd state happy, Things must suit, and I am well persuaded that without this aptness People may be unhappy with all the different perfections given to human nature.

While you had Angels and Archangels to converse with I could scarcely hope for a visit, but now that you are humbly contented with an agreeable woman as a Companion for life, you may possibly condescend to remain for a few days with us frail, mortal, but very sincere friends.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*December 6th, 1746.*

DEAR MILLER,—Are you still a Country Gentleman and can you make any Enquiry after Taxes? Persons of that Denomination seem to have forgot Public affairs. Few of their Representatives have appeared at the House this Session. Sir Charles [Mordaunt] indeed hath attended, so that a Warwickshire Man hath the less reason to apply to the Rotten Representative of a Burrough for Political Intelligence.—We are told that about Eight Millions will be wanted, on what the new Duties will be laid is a secret. If new Duties must be raised, I think the most proper Object of such Burdens is Luxury.—But can those Members who cling to their Houses in the Country complain with any grace of the most exceptional Measures that are carry'd on. *Dum tacent, laudant.* Scarce an Advocate to be found in the House for the *Habeas Corpus*; tho' the further Suspension of it was demanded after a Rebellion extinguished; and no . . . other reason was *urged* in behalf of the Motion (I might have said *extorted*; because no reason was offered till the Ministry were pressed to give one) than that some Prisoners were still in the Tower. Why—a Bill might have been passed *to have detained the Prisoners*, without

the Suspension of National Liberty—but your thoughts can run quicker than my pen on this subject. As everybody is running out of Town I propose to be at Ambrosden on the 16th. My Wife desires me to tell you that she hopes you will bring Mrs. Miller to Ambrosden and make a long stay with us, unless you have weighty Reasons to the contrary. As I know you are not otherwise engaged we shall take it ill if we have not a great deal of your Company.

Taste should bring every man to London this Winter. Tragedy wears her Head with Dignity. The Changes are rung Twenty different ways upon Quin, Garrick, Mrs. Cibber, and Barry. And you almost do an injury to Three very good Performers by setting the Fourth at the Head of the List.

Two Troops of Horse have been broke very suddenly. An Expende of £70,000 per Ann. will be saved. This small pebble of Economy thrown into the Pool of Ministerial Extravagance may be a National Benefit should it touch some other Circles and occasion an extensive Reformation.

It is certain that Fifty Battallions have passed the Var.<sup>1</sup> The King of Sardinia has the small Pox, and during his indisposition hath bequeathed to his Son a steady Adherence to his Allies.

My Compliments attend Mrs. Miller. Put Talbot in mind, that we shall be glad to see him and his Lady at Christmass.

<sup>1</sup> The united troops of Austria and Italy in the campaign against the Spaniards and French. The King of Sardinia was succeeded in the command of the allied troops by Count Brown, an Austrian General of Irish extract. He was assisted on this occasion by Vice-Admiral Medley, then commanding the British squadron in the Mediterranean.

## CHAPTER IX

LETTERS : 1747 TO APRIL, 1749

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*March, 1747.*

DEAR SAN,—The Reason why we levied Ten Pounds on the Constable of Finmore was, that instead of assisting, he obstructed the Inspectors who gave orders that an infected Cow should be killed.<sup>1</sup> I have heard that Sixty Thousand Cows either dy'd or were killed in Lincolnshire. It was declared in the House of Commons about a month ago by a Person who could not easily be mistaken that £140,000 (I will put it into words that you may not imagine I have used a Figure too much) one Hundred and Forty Thousand Pounds had then been issued from the Treasury on the Head of Bounty Money. Experience hath not altered my Opinion since I saw you. I am still convinced that the Orders should be executed. Gentlemen, I know, in some places are tender of the Farmers, but if they would but consider that Themselves must be ultimately the Sufferers, they would see that they have no reason to indulge the absurd prejudices of their Tenants in opposition to their own sober Judgement. If every Gentleman would add twenty shillings to the Bounty Money and advance it immediately to his Tenant for every Cow that he shall kill in the Manner prescribed, he would be a very unreasonable Farmer who should complain, because the Loss he would then sustain for the Public Security, would be extreamly moderate. The Reason, as I imagine, of the Country People being so averse to a Compliance with the Orders in several Places, is that they do not expect their Landlords will share in their Loss, otherwise I

<sup>1</sup> Sir Edward Turner earned great unpopularity by his strenuous efforts to stamp out the cattle plague.

cannot suppose that they would presume to set up their Rustick Politicks in Opposition to the Prudence of the Council, whose large share of Property must in this case exempt them from the Imputation of intending to hurt the Country.

I am very much obliged to you for setting my Lodge so forward, and for adding (out of your Mechanical Bounty) a foot and a half to its Breadth. I have a great Mind to make an Apology for not having answered your last Letter, but I am sure your own good nature will suggest one on my Behalf. . . .

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*London, March 19th, 1747.*

DEAR SAN,—You judge entirely right about the Plan of my Barn, and I hope we shall have a neare Conference in Relation to it. On the 28th our Infant is to be baptiz'd, if you would come in by Dinner you would refine much upon the Jollity of the Gossips, and Talbot's Company would likewise be very agreeable.

Lord Lovat this day received his Sentence, and when the Lord Steward had finished his Speech, He addressed Himself to the Commons, desiring their Intercession with his Majesty, (I should have said, to the *Managers* for the Commons) entreating them "that as they had been stout, they would be merciful"; and that I may be thought worthy of that attribute by you, I hasten to subscribe myself—Dear San, Your very sincere

EDWD. TURNER.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*April 18th, 1747.*

DEAR SAN,—According to your desire I have return'd to you the Plan of the Two I least approve. I agree with you in your Observations on that which I keep, with the additional one that the Pediment looks bare for want of a middle Pinnacle. I am in hopes that you will set your Mason to work so soon as you shall have concluded whether it be necessary for Warens to visit your Mason in order to be exact in the Dimensions which he must observe in the plain

part of the Barn.<sup>1</sup> Be pleased to send me word whether you approve of this proposition.

The latest Report that has prevailed is that the People are up in Arms in some of the Provinces. This Circumstance, together with the Proximity of the French Army, will probably prevail upon the Dutch to declare War!—or Neutrality! Even the latter part of the Alternative will be more to our Advantage than the present ambiguous Conduct of our Ally.<sup>2</sup>

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*London, April 25th, 1747.*

DEAR SAN,—Since you have reserved the duplicate of the Plan, I have sent you the original and will order Warens by this Post, to repair to Radway that he may agree with your Mason upon the Proportions that shall be thought proper for the Gothick Front of the Barn. I hope you will use your influence with your Workmen to be as expeditious as possible, and cannot help entertaining a Notion that you will be with me when the Foundations are laid.

The Political World is highly entertained with the new Fund of Speculation which the late Conduct of the Dutch has furnished them with withal. I am pleased with your thought of applying the fat Paunches of the Burgomasters to the service of that Country, which in their Civil Capacity they have done all in their power to sacrifice.

But have you taken notice of the Generosity of the Dutch Populace? Having Intimation that the Governor of Sas Van Ghent had agreed to betray that place to the French, they plundered his House, and having found a considerable sum of Money there, which they threw out at window, declaring by this Action, that tho' they were determined to satisfye their Resentment, they had not the Passion of Avarice in themselves to satiate, which they were punishing in Him!

<sup>1</sup> This evidently refers to the mansion at Ambrosden, which Sir Edward constructed on the site of the old one. It is spoken of throughout his letters as "the Barn."

<sup>2</sup> In May, 1747, the Dutch joined forces with the Allies, and declared hostilities against the French.



AMBROSDEN, THE SEAT OF SIR EDWARD TURNER.

To face page 123.



You take notice of Mr. Smith's death, and as you do not mention anyone as succeeding to his Interest at Warwick, I conclude that Lord Brook will recommend two members to that Town. Next week the [word illegible] will summon Lord Guernsey from Albury; tho' upon recollection I am to meet him to-morrow at Lord Talbot's. I will not forget to deliver your message to Barrett. I cannot yet tell when Parliament will be up, but design to leave London in about a Fortnight, and lodge a Commission with some friend to send for me if anything material should happen.

Our Compliments attend Mrs. Miller.

*From Dr. King.*

*May, 1747.*

DEAR SIR,—Your letter, polite as it is, furnished me with the best reason in the world why I ought to keep myself at a good distance from Radway, both upon your account and my own. For as you have given such an advantageous account of me to Mrs. Miller, which must vanish as soon as I have the honour to see her so it will then be discovered how partial you are to your old friends. However, laying aside all Human prudence, I will certainly gratifie my own inclinations and wait on you soon after the Holy days. Next Sunday, you know, is a solemn day with us and our Hall at present is very full; so that, if I had no other reason I should be obliged to remain at home this week to prevent my young men from straying abroad.

You write with such an air of satisfaction that I perceive as plainly as if I had been in your house for this month past that Mrs. Miller and you enjoy all the happiness that this world can afford you. There is not a man living who more sincerely wishes to you both the continuance of it; as no one is with greater truth than I am—Your most affectionate and most faithful servant

W. KING.

Lord Boyle desires his compliments and has promised me to wait on you with me.

*From Lord North.*<sup>1</sup>

*London, May 2nd, 1747.*

DEAR SIR,—I am extreamly obliged to you for thinking of my Chappel windows and letting me have your advice for I was much distressed by the plans they had sent me up. I have had a grand consultation with Barrett & you will see both our opinions writ over your plans. I think we do not differ greatly. If you will be so good as to draw something in pursuance of mine (if you don't think it very absurd) & let Cheyne have it when he applys to you, I shall take it as a particular favour. I think the Window will not agree with my Glass if it is divided into more than four arches. I am very glad you think our tower can be built cheaper than was imagined; I have laid aside all thoughts of a spire for I find it will come to too much. I am interrupted with company which prevents my saying any more than that—I am very sincerely, dear Sir, Your much obliged & very humble servant

NORTH & GUILFORD.

My best compliments attend Mrs. Miller.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Kensington, May 26th, 1747.*

DEAR SAN,—This moment the Landau is going to take me up for Ambrosden, where I hope to find myself tomorrow by Dinner time. I will wait two or three days before I lay my Foundation for my Barn, in Expectation of seeing you; if I should be deprived of that Pleasure I should think my Old Friend more lazy than formerly. No great credit to Matrimony! Belson stood by poor, Brave, Noble-spirited Grenville when he fell.<sup>2</sup> “I hope you are not hurt,” said the

<sup>1</sup> Francis, seventh Lord North, created Earl of Guilford in 1752. He was father of the well-known Prime Minister.

<sup>2</sup> In the naval battle off Cape Finisterre, when Anson's squadron won a signal victory over the French, Captain Thomas Grenville, of the *Defiance*, was killed by a cannon-ball, which struck off both his legs. He died very bravely, his last words being: “How much better to die than to stand arraigned before a court-martial!”

Tenderness of Belson. "No, I am only killed," answered the Firmness of the Captain. I lament him most sincerely for—I love the Public. Adieu.

"The allies of Great Britain saw with concern that, according to law, it [Parliament] would soon be dismissed, and they doubted whether another could be procured equally agreeable to their purposes. In order to remove these doubts the Ministry resolved to surprise the kingdom with a new election, before the malcontents should be prepared to oppose the friends of the Government. Accordingly when the business of the Session was despatched, the King having given the Royal Assent to several Acts they had prepared, dismissed them in the month of June, with an affectionate speech that breathed nothing but affection and gratitude."—*Smollett*.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*June 1st, 1747.*

DEAR SAN,—My Wife is very desirous to snatch the opportunity of waiting upon Mrs. Miller before a visit becomes inconvenient, but as we expect Company of both sexes daily we cannot certainly say that we will be with you Thursday by Dinner, and stay a couple of nights at Radway. If we are not interrupted, however, we will put our design in Execution, if we are, we will send a Servant with a justifiable excuse.

On Friday next, in all probability, an Event will happen which will surprize you very much. When I tell you the Scene will be at Westminster, and that the *next* Letter you will receive from me will possibly not be franked you will easily grasp my meaning. We desire our Compliments may be presented to Mrs. Miller together with our Wishes for her happy Delivery.

P.S. I hope however I shall have it in my power again within a few weeks to put my Name on the outside of a Letter. If you could spare Hitchcock to work upon the stone for my Barn while he oversees the Men at your Castle, I might have my work finished by the end of July.

*From Lady Turner.**Ambrosden, July 3rd, 1747.*

SIR,—Your Servant just gives me time to thank you for your agreeable and early Intelligence. I am very glad to hear it is well over, and Particularly that Mrs. Miller is in so fair a way of recovery. I most heartily congratulate you both, upon the Birth of your Daughter; may she prove a lasting Blessing to you is sincerely wished by Your most Humble Servant

C. TURNER.

P.S. I expect Sir Edward home to-morrow, the Election was yesterday. I long to hear that he has succeeded. I am sorry to find it is feared, Lord Guernsey has lost his Election at Maidstone.

*From Lord Guernsey.**Packington, July 12th, 1747.*

SIR,—As I suppose you must make merry with your Neighbours at the Christening of your young Lady, it may not perhaps be disagreeable to Mrs. Miller to entertain Them with a piece of Venison, with which if you are not already provided, I have some at your service, which shall be sent whenever you please to order it, but the sooner I have notice the better.

*From Sir Edward Turner.**July 17th, 1747.*

DEAR SAN,—I have two reasons for enquiring after Mrs. Miller's health. I am anxious for her safety and would fain hear she is well enough to spare you from home for about three days. I am now preparing to fix up my Saloon and cannot budge without your assistance. Belson has promised to come over on Monday, in order to assist me as a Draughtsman, provided you will meet him. I have the Schemes ready to start into Execution, when you shall have approved of them. You will not be precluded from coming over the latter end of the Summer tho' you

should give us a day or two now. By your Zeal for the Architectural Cause I implore your immediate Presence.

My wife joins in Compliments to Mrs. Miller. I congratulate you heartily on the Encrease of your Family and am Your faithfull, double-turned Humble Servant

EDWARD TURNER.

P.S. If your Mason will not supply me faster with Stone than he has done, the next Sexennial Election will run away with all my money before the Barn can be finished.

*From T. Lennard Barrett.*

*Buxton Wells in Derbyshire,*

*August 16th in other places, but November 16th here.*

. . . I beg you'll believe that no one rejoices more sincerely than I do in Mrs. Miller's recovery and the new acquisition you have got in the pretty little girl she has brought you than myself who am always extreemly solicitous for your happines as I have the most sincere regard and esteem for you. . . . As to this place both it and the Country about it are disagreeable beyond description and the weather for the most part is so bad and cold that their corn is hardly ever thoroughly ripe and such as it is they scarcely ever get it all in till the middle of October. There have indeed as yet been some good agreeable people here, but now they are all gone almost and nobody left but a parcel of Manchester and Derby Tradesmen and their wives, so how I shall support the rest of the time I have to stay I cannot tell or whether my patience will hold out ; the waters and the baths here are to be sure extreemly good being a medium between those of Bath and Bristol and I hope to reap great benefit by them and I am sure I had need seeing how much one suffers in this horrid place. . . . They tell me and indeed I find it to be so that it is very bad to apply oneself to write letters or to read with these waters which are apt to fly up into one's head. . . . In truth I am so dull and unhappy here that my letters must partake of the disposition of my mind and be likewise extreemly

stupid; for which reason for your ease and my own (it being really inconvenient to write with a head full of the fumes of these waters and with a heart quite dull and heavy) I say this being the case I shall hasten to conclude, but first must add (to convince you how bad this place is and that it is not the spleen that makes it appear so to me) that Mrs. Barrett whose spirits are commonly very good and very constant, is rather more depressed and miserable than myself, and in truth there is cause for to say all in one word there is no one comfort or convenience or satisfaction of any kind, nature or sort whatever to be found here and so I end. . . .

*From Lord Guernsey.*

*Packington, October 9th, 1747.*

DEAR MILLER,—On Sunday next I shall have the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Barrett here, and therefore trouble you with this to desire the favour of your Company (I hope to-morrow because you will not care to travel on Sunday) to give Them the Meeting, if Mrs. Miller should think this a proper time to see a very rough place, I should think myself much honoured in waiting upon her, and am Your most obedient humble Servant

GUERNSEY.

*From Lord Guernsey.*

*November 10th, 1747.*

DEAR SIR,—I received your Letter and must beg the favour of you to keep my Ring till I have the pleasure of seeing you. I hope you have no objection to the colour, and that your having it in your keeping will not subject you to any ill construction. As I knew where it was I was under no uneasiness about it, & in much greater danger of losing leather than flesh by fretting.

I am now at Sir E. Turner's who I suppose will soon have leave to return into the country. He desires his Compliments to you and I should be very ungrateful if I did not in a particular manner desire mine to Mrs. Miller.—Your humble servant

GUERNSEY.

*From Lady Turner.*

*Grosvenor Square, December 19th, 1747.*

SIR,—Sir Edward being a man of great Baseness has employed me to acquaint you that we propose to be at Ambrosden next Tuesday or Wednesday. We depend upon your promise of bringing Mrs. Miller to eat some Christmas Pyes with us, the sooner you do us that favour, the more agreeable it will be to Sir Edward and Your most Humble Servant

C. TURNER.

P.S. I must trouble you with my Compliments to Mrs. Miller.

*From T. Lennard Barrett.*

*January, 1748.*

. . . And now like the man who intended to begin his speech to a King with saying—"I come, Sire, with joy in one hand and sorrow in the other"—(tho' he by mistake said I come with grief in one hand and sorrow in the other) I say agreeably to what this man intended to have said; I having wished you joy of your child must condole with you for the unhappy fate of Wroxton Steeple.<sup>1</sup> . . . If you have suffered in regard to this you have to make amends, got everlasting fame by the Castle at Hagley, so that I hear talk of nothing else. And now I mention Hagley all the three Lytteltons dined with me the day before yesterday and I can assure you we had a great deal of talk about you and by no means to your disadvantage and your health was drunk with more sincerity than most healths are. As to Belhouse if you would know what I have been doing there I must tell you that I have made my river as wide as Lord North's and have opened the springs there so much that even before the rains the waste water would have turned an overshot mill.<sup>2</sup> Besides this I have planted above 200 elms, the least of them above 20 ft. high and many of them 30.<sup>3</sup> These I have put in the grove behind my house where there were

<sup>1</sup> See p. 277.

<sup>2</sup> What is now the Long Pond.

<sup>3</sup> It is a remarkable feat to have moved such trees, and that before the days of planting machines. Some of them are still standing.

any spots thin of trees, and on the South Lawn skirting along the west side of it, which will have a very good effect. Another thing I have done and a great piece of work it is, I have ploughed up all the ground round about my House (above 60 acres) which I do in order to clean it thoroughly and lay it down quite smooth and fine; in order to which I am preparing a Dunghill of Chalk Marsh Earth and Dung as Big as my House to spread all over it. As to this town it is extreemly full tho' I have no particular news to send you; we have had a Play of Thompson's called *Coriolanus*<sup>1</sup> which by the power of good friends ran nine nights, but was however generally disliked and was in my opinion a very unentertaining dull piece. As all your friends are in Town I think you can't do better than to take a gallop up to see them for a little while; if you come in this way we have a bed for a single man at your service. Pray when you see Talbot shew him this which is partly for him and tell him both Mrs. Barrett and myself are extreemly obliged both to him and Mrs. Talbot for all their kindnesses to us in Warwickshire. . . .

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*February 21st, 1748.*

DEAR MILLER,—The Account of Mr. Trotman's<sup>2</sup> death hath been sent me from another quarter, but it is from Radway I expect to hear that a good Legacy hath fallen to your share. I never imagined I should have been obliged to pump for intelligence of this kind; I rather expected it would have voluntarily spouted forth. I wait with impatience till you satisfye my curiosity. Will not the sedate Raptures of Oratorical Harmony attract hither an Admirer of the sublime in music? Why was not Susannah attended by the Elder of Radway? Solomon is the next new piece (for so Guernsey informs us, and Handell always

<sup>1</sup> "*Coriolanus*," by James Thompson. It was produced after his death, and George Lyttelton wrote a prologue for it. "in which," says the *Annual Register*, "he so affectingly lamented the loss of that delightful bard, that not only Mr. Quin, who spoke the lines, but almost the whole audience spontaneously burst into tears."

Mrs. Miller's father.

verifies the Prophecys of Guernsey) that will be exhibited. Glorious Entertainment! Divine Efficacy of Music! You will laugh at me for disbanding *K.* but why should Supernumerarys be maintained? The Romans have set us a frugal example for they suffered not the above mentioned Letter to be upon their Establishment, where *C* could do duty.

There have been several Debates in the House of Commons. The greatest Numbers that have divided in Opposition have amounted to 138. Col. Lyttelton spoke very well the other day against the intended Articles of War, which seemed to contradict the Mutiny Bill, and were capable of being made instruments of Opposition, but it is agreed I do believe, that the Articles for the future shall be worded more cautiously.

Make our Compliments, we pray, to Mrs. Miller. Where is Talbot? from what classic Flower is He sipping Honey? from what Repository is he drawing out the Tradition of the three first Centuries? What is the Entertainment of his vacant Hours? I insist upon it that when you see Mrs. Talbot, you commend my Service to her. The Vileness of my Pen (tho' I think it is somewhat better for the Correction of the Knife) distracts me and makes me take my leave of you sooner (it's growing bad again) than is agreeable to the Inclination of Your Affectionate Servant

EDWARD TURNER.

*From Robert Nugent.*

*Gosfield, June 16th, 1748.*

DEAR SIR,— . . . I wish heartily to see you here; the place is greatly altered, the Lawns are greater, the water is greater, the Plantations are much greater and the House indoors is hardly to be known again. Why may you not come some time before the middle of August, and after having seen all these great Things here, we will go with you into Warwickshire where you shall show us your little wife and your little child and every little thing that belongs to you. I mention your little wife only on the supposition that she is big and unfit to travel, because otherwise we should hope that you will bring her with you here.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Addlestrop, August 20th, 1748.*

DEAR SIR,—Croomb hath been my Residence the last week, and Oxford will be, from the morrow Ev'ning till Thursday Morning. It is heretical, you know, to miss the County Races. If Mrs. Barret should have a Relish for these Entertainments (they are attended by Concerts and Balls) Barret wou'd naturally come with her, and then I know how I wou'd dispose of Them when the Diversions shou'd be over.

Lady Turner heard somewhere or other that we shall certainly see your Guests at Ambrosden; I wou'd certainly see them first at Radway were I not oblig'd to be at home after the Races. I apprehend I shall be called to London for a couple of days some time in the Week after next. What do our Friends say of the Interval between the races and my Journey?

Are you still in a Humour to undertake the Excursion I propos'd to you? if so, what do you think of the Fifth, or the Fourth of September as the Day of Starting? I shall hardly set out by myself, tho' I long to call upon Lord Strange? Intimate only to me your Resolution.

As I shall be at Ambrosden on Thursday morning, I hope Hitchcox will not fail to meet me there, (I should have said I *wish* he may not, for He is so very impunctual that his Promises are no Ground of Hope) and meet me there at the Head of a Company of Masons.—*pendent opera interrupta!*—Is it you or his wife who distracts his Counsels? My wife and I recommend our Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Barret and Mrs. Miller. Lord Deerhurst has conducted his River well—I am (but Jimmy,<sup>1</sup> in the name of the Family desires I will first insert their Services) Dear Sir Faithfully yours

— EDWD. TURNER.

P.S. If Hitchcox wou'd detach his Masons on Monday, so much the better.

Hitchcock or Hitchcox (the name is spelt indifferently in either way) was generally employed to

<sup>1</sup> James Leigh, Lady Turner's brother.

carry out Miller's building operations. From the frequent mention of him in letters we gather that however satisfactory to Mr. Miller he was a thorn in the flesh of Miller's friends.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Ambrosden, October, 1748.*

DEAR SIR,—We have at present Company at Ambrosden who will not leave us before Tuesday ; it will not therefore be practicable to meet you on Sunday, if I can contrive it I will wait upon you for a night next Week, but desire you will not absolutely depend on seeing me. It is impossible that the work shou'd be carried on if Hitchcox will not attend at least once a week. If the Gate is to be built by Hitchcox at a distance, it is possible that he may be oblig'd to demolish it when he arrives. I am infinitely oblig'd to you for your Remarks, and am become a Convert to a flat Ceiling. The Workmen had made some progress in an arched One, but will this day begin afresh. If your Mason *à Latere* will vouchsafe Us his Presence (and I must beg your Holiness to grant him that Indulgence) I shall probably conform to other Orthodox Articles you propose to my Assent. I shall however expect that your Legate will not insist upon any new Propositions without supporting them by Reasons.

Are Heberden and Lucina entirely our Enemies ? or will they manage Matters so as that we may see the Lord and Lady of Radway in December ? Hagley is our adversary in Summer, but why should Mudge be so in October ? He would not continue so if you would set him on horseback and point with him to Ambrosden. Congratulate him for me and commend my Services to him. After what scent is my Friend Talbot at present ? Guernsey hath been at Ambrosden, which he survey'd approved and Applauded.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*London, March 18th, 1748-49.*

Summon, dear Sir, all your Resolution, for I have no welcome news to communicate ! I am just returned from poor Barret who talks of going with Mrs. Barret

to Italy. England has at present no Attraction for them, for that charming little girl (who had not one jarring atom in her composition) was on Sunday last snatched from her inconsolable Parents by a Stroke so sudden that it scarce allowed them time even to hope for her Recovery. The Subject affects me so deeply that I am confident I shall have your pardon if I conclude immediately.

In his family history Barrett writes the following note on his daughter Barbara's death :

"This Anne Barbara (Ah bitter day) was snatched away by a violent fever on the 14th of March 1749, just as she was entering into the 10th year of her age. Her person was such as gained her favour at first sight, and was an earnest of her mind. It was not possible to find a fault in her shape; her shoulders fell from her neck with a peculiar grace, her hair was of the darkest brown, her complexion the finest white and red, and her skin so delicate that every vein was perfectly discovered through it, the form of her face was round tho' inclining to an oval; her mouth of a middle size, and her nose rather small than large; her eyebrows were narrow and most exactly arched; her eyes were of the finest blue and had a mixture of softness and Liveliness in them—inexpressible, and (which gave them a peculiar beauty) her Eyelashes were most remarkably long; and as dark as her hair. The picture that remains of her when eight years old by no means does her justice. As to the perfections of her mind, they are not so easy to be described, let it then suffice to say that she was all sweetness and goodness, at the same time that she was most remarkably sprightly, and of an understanding and quickness of apprehension, so superior and uncommon, that she surprised and delighted everyone that talked with her—This may be thought a flattering representation of her, But in truth it is not, and therefore (though at the hazard of being thought partial by those who have not known her) I could not resist the desire I had to pay this tribute, and this justice, to her memory."

When in Rome, where Barrett and his wife went for change of scene shortly after their loss, he had

a very beautiful portrait painted of him and his wife looking at their lost child. This picture is by Pompeo Battoni, who had a considerable vogue at that date; there is a tradition that Battoni copied Barbara's figure from her portrait by Hudson, which had been sent out on purpose; and admiring Hudson's painting so much, he insisted on leaving the face blank, so that the latter might insert it after the picture arrived in England.

*From William Lyttelton.*

*Argyle Street, March 21st, 1748-49.*

DEAR SIR,—It is with great concern I take the first opportunity to acquaint you that our poor friend Barret has lost his pretty little prattler; she has been dead these five days and I have not seen either him or his lady, but am extremely affraid they will both long continue to feel the shock this severe blow has given 'em: I most heartily congratulate you and your good little woman upon the escape you have had, and particularly her upon the great fortitude she showed upon such an allarming accident. Mr. Lyttelton and I both expect to see her in town, and are resolved to escort her to the fireworks, which I daresay she will easily summon courage to see with pleasure, as she has lately shewn such a gallant contempt for danger. Your letter to the Dean shall be sent by this post; he was pretty well when we last heard. I wish I had time to write more but am forced to conclude with assuring you how sincerely I am, Dear Sir Your much obliged humble servt.

W. LYTTELTON.

The "Ceremony" referred to in the following letter is the dedication of the Radcliffe Library. Dr. King made a Latin oration on the occasion, which caused him to be accused of inciting the members of the University to rebellion; but the speech in reality was much less seditious than rumour represented it to be.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Ambrosden, April 10th, 1749.*

DEAR MILLER,—I am entreated to be at Oxford on Tuesday Evening in order to attend the Ceremony on Wednesday Morning; but intend to set out early on Wednesday. I imagine the Library will be opened that Morning about eleven o'clock. There will be an Oratorio on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Why will not Guernsey accept of a Degree? I have gave him a Hint, but received no Answer. The Navy Bill hath been reported this day in the House of Commons, where I hope some Spirit hath appeared.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Ambrosden, April 23rd, 1749.*

DEAR SIR,—Hitchcox had begun rusticking, but such a Specimen did he form! as much resembling a Ship as a Rock! He quotes the Pillars at the Physic Garden, and says he has exactly imitated the Original, but why should not we improve upon it?—I should be much obliged to you if you could procure me a model in wood of stone that is rusticked at D. of Queenberry's or Lord Burlington's as a Pattern for Hitchcox to follow. If you could find out James the Joiner<sup>1</sup> whom you saw here, he would, I believe do me that service. He inhabits somewhere near Golden Square. You must blame yourself for the continual trouble I give you, since you have always encouraged my application. If you have a Mind to get rid of an importunate Correspondent take no notice of his request. Hitchcox is gone from me and desired you wou'd direct to him at Hagley next week, intimating on what day you will probably be at Ambrosden and (the Lawns are fine) what Stay you will make among us. Neither He nor myself are willing to proceed till by your Assistance we can [hope] for a Triumvirate. He tells me he can attend at Ambrosden to finish the Rustick (a work of only a Fortnight) and not retard the Operations at Hagley. I shall shew away bravely when you furnish me a brood of Lions! Nothing shall

<sup>1</sup> The Millers were now in London.



Amore, Ubaldo, M. de

Amé Dore

Amore, Ubaldo, M. de

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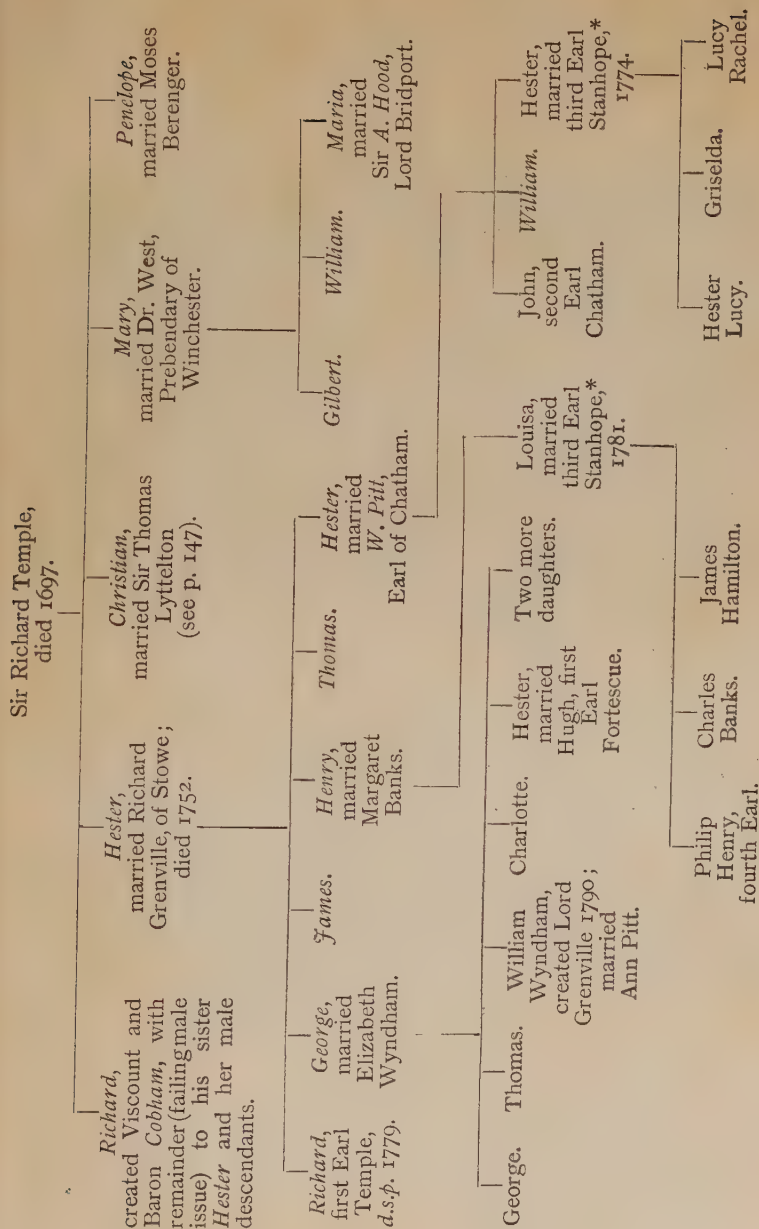
be done in Regard to the Gate of the Lodge, till I receive your directions. Tell me something more about the House of Commons. How doth poor Barret? You did not so much as mention Him in your last. How doth Mrs. Barret? Tell them I enquire after them earnestly, and inform me of their situation and whither they are destined this summer. Lady Turner's Compliments and mine attend Mrs. Miller. Commend mine to Mr. Lyttelton.

## CHAPTER X

### THE COUSINHOOD

It is time to say something of the remarkable group of men, commonly known as the "Cobham Cousinhood," with several of whom Miller was on terms of close friendship. Their respective relationships can be best mastered by a study of their family trees on pp. 145-147; it is sufficient here to say that they were the children of the sisters of Richard Temple, first Viscount Cobham. On his death his eldest sister, Mrs. Grenville, became Viscountess Cobham and Countess Temple, and was succeeded by her eldest son Richard in 1753. Her other children were—George, to whom England mainly owes the loss of her American colonies; Thomas, killed in action off Cape Finisterre; James, Henry, and Hester who married William Pitt.

Christian Temple, the second sister, married Sir Thomas Lyttelton of Hagley in Worcestershire, and had a large family. Between her children and the Grenvilles and their other cousins the Wests there was always great intimacy, and to this Pitt was admitted before his own marriage with Lady Hester Grenville by the marriage of his elder brother with Christian Lyttelton. Sometimes the friendship was sorely strained, and one or another member of the family would break away for a time, but on the whole the many-stranded cord held firm. How they first came to make a friend of Miller we do not know; but already, in 1745, we have seen that he was corresponding with George Grenville;



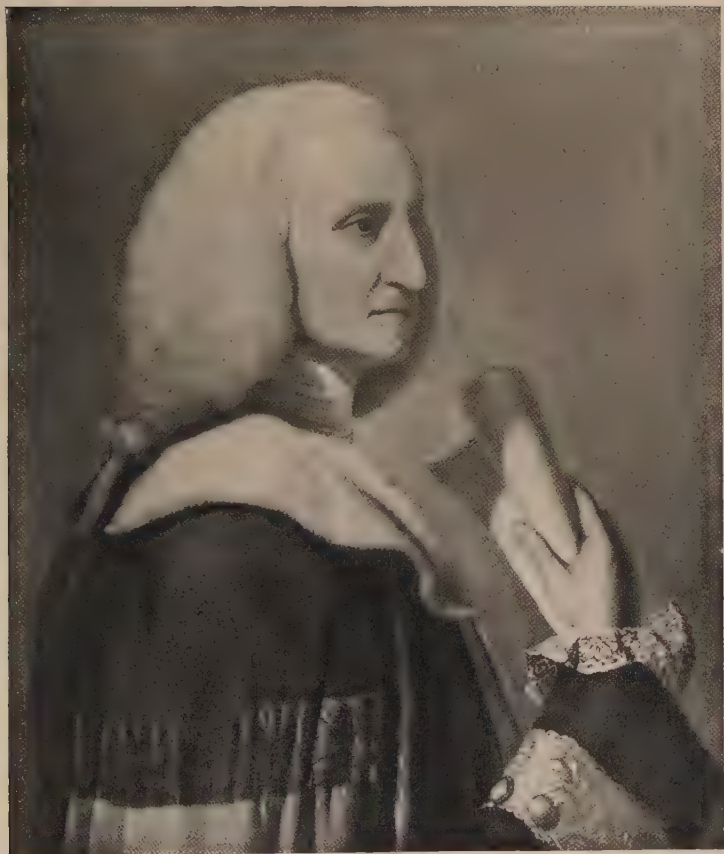
while the note from Sir Thomas Lyttelton in the same year, and still more the congratulatory letter from William, show that he was regarded as the general friend of the family.

At this time George Lyttelton, the eldest son, had already been some years before the public, being only second to Pitt among the band of young men who opposed Sir Robert Walpole and ultimately brought about his fall. He continued to be a prominent member of the Opposition until the formation of the Broad-bottom Administration in 1744; Pelham then made him a Lord of the Treasury, and on this account he had to resign the post of secretary to the Prince of Wales, which he had held for some years. His early political reputation was hardly maintained through later life, although he rose to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was esteemed for his soberness and integrity rather than for any great brilliance. In Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs we find him described thus:

"Sir George Lyttelton was an enthusiast born in religion and politics: absent in business, not ready in a debate, and totally ignorant of the world: on the other hand his studied orations were excellent, he was a man of parts, a scholar, no indifferent writer, and by far the honestest man of the whole society."

He is, indeed, the only member of Pitt's party for whom Lord Waldegrave has a good word. Pitt's own remark that "Sir George Lyttelton has great abilities for set debates and solemn questions" gives much the same impression, and several of Lyttelton's letters to Miller betray a certain slowness of apprehension and incapacity for dealing with men which show that he could never have been a leader.

As a young man he was considered a great author; but in this field, as well as in that of politics, his powers seem to have been overrated. Though doubtless very useful to his party at the time of their

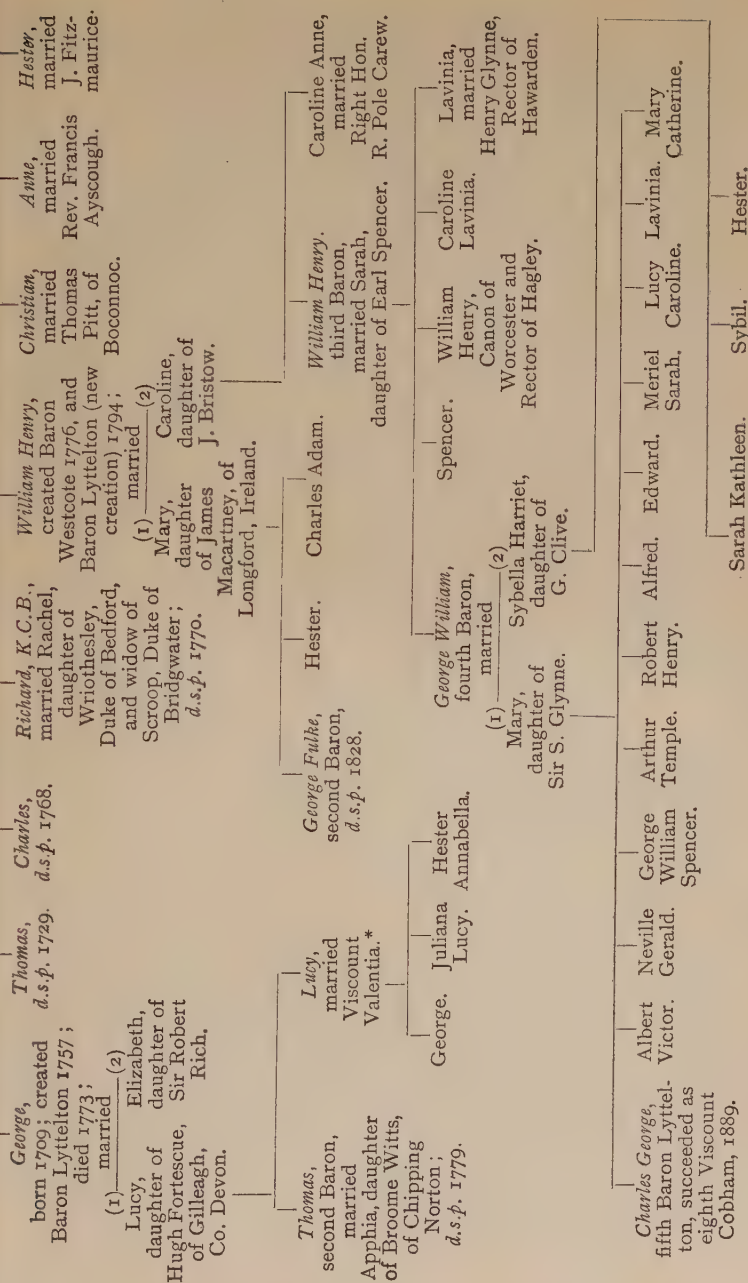


GEORGE, FIRST BARON LYTTELTON.

From the portrait by Benjamin West, P.R.A., at Hagley.

To face page 146.





\* Richard, sixth Earl of Anglesey, was succeeded by his son *Arthur* in the *Viscounty of Valentia* and his other Irish honours. His Lordship, on coming of age and taking his seat in the Irish House of Lords in 1765, applied for a writ as *Earl Anglesey* to the English Parliament; but there the decision was against him, and the writ was denied. He continued to sit as Viscount Valentia (his claim being again investigated and confirmed in Ireland), and in 1793 was created Earl Mountnorris (Burke's "Peerage, Baronetage, and Knighthood").

appearance, his political writings are not literature, and can no longer be read with any pleasure. His poems are, for the most part, very conventional, and his "Persian Letters" and "Dialogues of the Dead" form but dreary reading. The former work was indeed considered very daring when it was first published, and Graves, in his "Reminiscences of Shenstone," attributes Lyttelton's failure as a candidate for Worcestershire to the offence that it had given to the clergy. At this time he had many religious doubts; but a few years later he set himself seriously to examine them, and this resulted in the firm establishment of his faith. Intercourse with his cousin, Gilbert West, greatly helped in this settling of his mind. In 1747 he published his "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul"—"a treatise," says Dr. Johnson, "to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer."

Though little of his own literary work rises above mediocrity, we have good evidence that George Lyttelton was loved and esteemed by the immortals. It may be remembered that Deane Swift mentions a request of Pope's to the Dean of St. Patrick's on behalf of a protégé of Lyttelton's,<sup>1</sup> and the letter in which it is made is such a testimony to the poet's feeling for him that we give it here:

*Pope to Jonathan Swift.*

*October 12th, 1739.*

"... I am unable to refuse the request of a very particular and deserving friend, one of those whom his own merit has forced me to contract an intimacy with, after I had sworn never to love a man more, since the sorrow it caused me to love so many now dead, perished, or unfortunate,—I mean Mr. Lyttelton, one of the worthiest of the rising generation. His nurse has a son whom I beg you to promote to the next vacancy in your choir; I loved my own nurse,

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 26.

and so does Lyttelton; He loves and is loved through a whole chain of relations, dependants, and acquaintances; he is one who would apply to any person to please him or to serve him. I owe it to him to apply to you for this young man whose name is William Lamb, and who is the bearer of this letter, I presume he is qualified for what he desires, and I doubt not, if it be consistent with justice, you will gratify me in him."

George Lyttelton's friendship for Thomson and Shenstone was the begetter of some well-known stanzas in the "Castle of Indolence," and of several of Shenstone's shorter poems; while Fielding was led by true affection and gratitude to immortalize his name in the dedication of "Tom Jones." There is a tradition in the Miller family that Fielding once at least paid a visit to Radway, and that he read his great novel, then in manuscript, to Pitt and other members of the cousinhood—a tradition which has been handed down from father to son, and the truth of which there seems no reason to doubt. A Mr. Wills, writing in 1756, speaks of Radway as the original of Mr. Alworthy's seat, but this honour is more generally claimed for Prior Park, near Bath.

Lyttelton married Lucy, daughter of Hugh Fortescue, of Gilleagh, County Devon, by whom he had one son, Thomas (known to posterity as the "bad Lord Lyttelton"), and one daughter. He was deeply in love with her, and the poems which he wrote to her and to her memory have a true ring in them in spite of their superficial conventionality. Her early death in 1747 was a terrible grief to him, and though he married again, two years later, his second wife does not seem to have been capable of inspiring him with much affection, and the marriage brought him little happiness. He was devoted to his children, but during the whole of his second married life they were kept away from Hagley under the care of their grandmother at Ebring-

ton. There he would visit them in the course of his journeys between London and Hagley, and sometimes he would arrange for his little girl to spend a few days with him at Radway. On these occasions her stepmother was never of the party, a fact which is the more significant in the light of that lady's evident liking for the Millers and fondness for accompanying her husband on his visits to them.

The first extant letters from George Lyttelton to Sanderson Miller are written just before the marriage with Miss Rich; but the "happy times at old Hagley," to which Miller subsequently looked back "with pleasing melancholy reflections," are probably the days of the first marriage, when the old trees put forth all their beauty to welcome the sweet young bride, when the large family circle was unbroken, and all the brothers and sisters and cousins enjoyed life together. Even then we have the evidence of Thomson's "Spring" that George Lyttelton loved to withdraw himself—with or without his "Lucinda"—into sequestered corners of the Park, and there, "abstracted," to "wander through the philosophic world." His letters to Miller show him to have been an essentially sober-minded man, whose outlook on life had neither the apprehensiveness of Barrett's nor the gay zest of Sir Edward Turner's, and whose affections were deep, though unexpressed. As far as we can see, Miller was his most intimate friend outside his own family, and in his constant messages to Mrs. Miller and remembrances of her children we read a wistful appreciation of the domestic happiness that reigned supreme at Radway, but was denied to himself.

Charles Lyttelton, Rector of Alvechurch, Dean of Exeter, and Bishop of Carlisle, has left a number of letters addressed to Sanderson Miller and others, containing little except the history of his travels about England. He went from one place to another, carefully

noting and observing every object of interest, but his descriptions are dry, and his letters to one person are exactly like those to another. A letter from his executor, Thomas Pitt, to Miller shows that he intended them for publication, and this may in part account for their lack of individuality. The "Dictionary of National Biography" tells us that he "was elected F.R.S. in 1742, F.S.A. in 1746, and in 1765 he was promoted to be President of the Society of Antiquaries. His manners were genial" (though he could be quite alarming when really annoyed), "he was very hospitable to his friends, and he is lauded by Dean Milles for his knowledge of antiquities and his retentive memory. The manuscripts which he bequeathed to the Society of Antiquaries form the basis of Nash's "History of Worcestershire." One of his most important papers was that on "The Antiquity of Brick Building in England."

All these antiquarian pursuits left him very little time for the performance of any clerical duties; but it probably never occurred to him to regard either Deanery or Bishopric as anything but a sinecure. He was undisguisedly anxious for preferment in the Church, and determined to lose nothing for want of asking. It was not, however, until Bute was in power and in close alliance with George Grenville that he obtained the See of Carlisle.

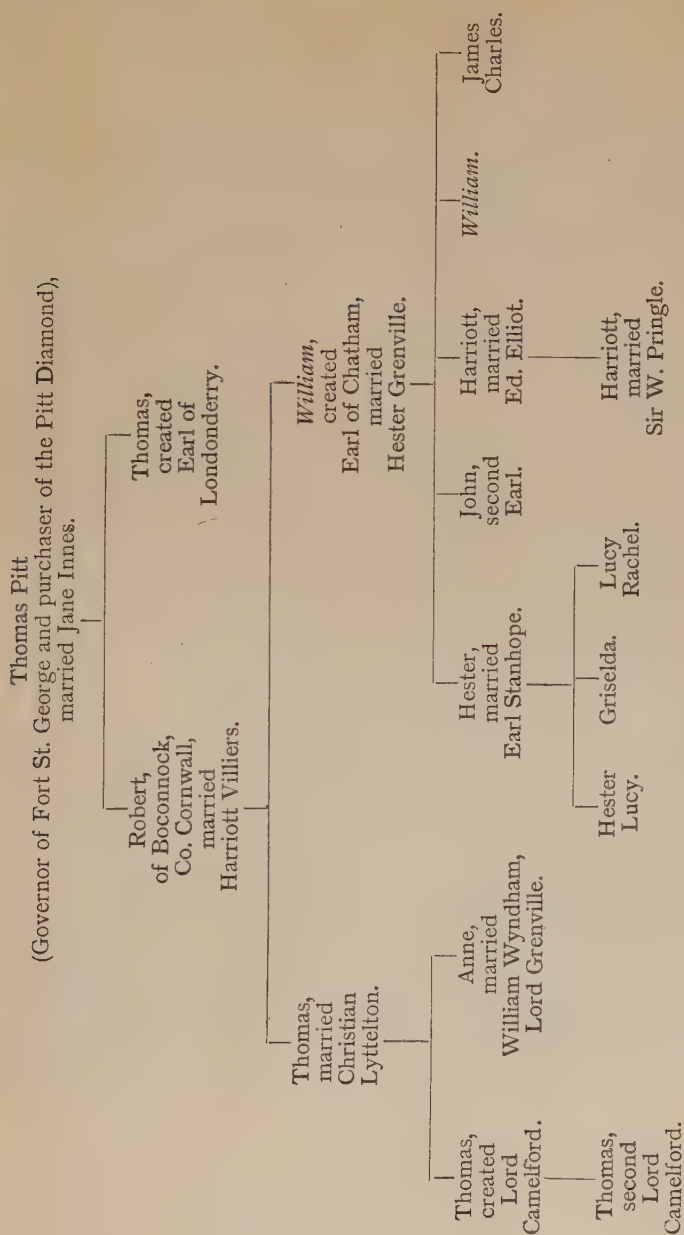
Richard, the third brother, was undoubtedly the jolliest of the family. He entered the Marines, served in two campaigns against Spain, and rose to the rank of Captain. In 1742 he left the Marines, became a kind of aide-de-camp extraordinary to Lord Stair, and fought in the Battle of Dettingen. In 1744, through the favour of Carteret, he was appointed Deputy Quarter-Master-General in the South of England, and in the autumn of that year served in his fourth campaign in Flanders. After this his father thought he had seen enough service, and advised him to give up

the career of "volunteer errant," but the desire to "divert the disagreeable thoughts" of an abortive love affair caused him to volunteer again the next year. He was always in debt, and his letters to his father are full of requests for money and promises not to play any more; and Sir Thomas helped him many times, having evidently a very soft spot in his heart for the one son in whom there was nothing of the prig. Richard's various campaigns were frankly undertaken with the object of gaining money, but he bore himself very gallantly in them all. Fontenoy was his last battle; in the following December he found an easier way of providing for himself. Horace Walpole, writing to Mann, says :

"In the midst of our political distresses, which, I assure you, have reduced the town to a state of Presbyterian dulness, we have been entertained by the marriage of the Duchess of Bridgewater and Dick Lyttleton; she forty, plain, very rich, and with four children; he six and twenty, handsome, poor, and proper to get her six more."

This strange marriage turned out better than might have been expected, and Dick and his Duchess lived together in placid happiness until his death in 1770. He entered Parliament, was made a Knight of the Bath in 1753, and held various offices to which little or no duty was attached. For some time he was Governor of Minorca, but it does not appear that he ever went there. At a comparatively early age he became a martyr to gout, and for many years he was quite crippled by it; his cheerfulness, however, was unabated.

We have already seen a letter from Billy, the youngest son and the special favourite of all his brothers. He was elected member for Bewdley in 1748, and appointed sub-cofferer under Sir George in 1754; soon after that he went out as Governor to South Carolina.



The West family form a less famous branch of the cousinhood, though both the brothers were well known in their day. Gilbert, having tried first the army and then politics, married and retired to private life at West Wickham in Kent. Here he was often visited by George Lyttelton and by Pitt, the latter eventually settling in his neighbourhood at Hayes. William the Admiral (or Commodore of the earlier letters) was a special friend of Billy's. He was destined to win honour in the disastrous affair of Minorca. Their sister, Molly, was frequently at Hagley; it was there, indeed, that she met her romance in the shape of William Pitt, between whom and herself there was a strong mutual attachment. Want of means, however, prevented their marriage, and eventually she became the wife of Admiral Hood, while he found a helpmeet in her cousin, Lady Hester Grenville.

It was probably through the Lytteltons that Miller became intimate with the Grenvilles, and with the greatest of the cousinhood—William Pitt. There are only six letters from Pitt, but they are of no small interest. Most writers on him—both historians and his own contemporaries—agree in representing him as an unapproachable man, one who might be admired, disliked, mistrusted, worshipped, or feared, but who admitted no one to friendship on equal terms. "He mixes little in company," says the frankly hostile Lord Waldegrave, "confining his company to a small junto of his relations, with a few obsequious friends who consult him as an oracle, admire his supreme understanding, and never presume to have an opinion of their own"; while the adoring Francis Thackeray ventures so far to criticize his hero as to tell us that, "admirable as he was as a husband, father, and relation, and delightful as a companion, his nature was too haughty and imperious to qualify him as a friend." It is unnecessary to point out how different an im-



WILLIAM PITT, LORD CHATHAM.

From the portrait by William Hoare, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

To face page 154.



pression is given by his letters to Sanderson Miller, or by Mrs. Hood's description of her visit to Burton Pynsent.<sup>1</sup> He visited Radway on at least one occasion, and planted a group of trees there; one of these is still standing and known by his name.

Among the Grenvilles, Miller's chief friend was the youngest son, Henry, though he was intimate both with Lord Temple and George Grenville, and frequently visited at Stowe. Henry Grenville was Governor of Barbadoes from 1746-1756; on his return he entered Parliament as Member for Bishopscastle, and married the celebrated beauty, Miss Margaret Banks. We get glimpses of this lady in letters, wherein Horace Walpole describes her civility to his impossible sister-in-law at the opera, and tells how (in August, 1746) the Duke of Cumberland "was to have given Peggy Banks a ball last night, but was persuaded to defer it, as it would have looked like an insult to the prisoners the very day their sentence was passed." It was only deferred for three days, for on August 5th Horace says :

"The Duke gave his ball to Peggy Banks at Vauxhall. . . . I saw the company get into the barge at Whitehall stairs as I was going myself, and just then passed by two City Companies in their great barges. . . . They laid by and played 'God save our noble King,' and altogether it was a mighty pretty show. When they came to Vauxhall there were assembled five and twenty hundred people besides crowds without. They huzzaed and surrounded him so that he was forced to retreat into the ball room."

Peggy must have needed entertainment, for it was in this year that she had to part from her lover. We gather from the Grenville papers that it was necessary for him to hold some lucrative post for a time before he could think of marriage, and during his ten years' absence she seems to have practically made her home

<sup>1</sup> See p. 432.

with his family at Stowe. Horace Walpole generally mentions her in conjunction with the Grenvilles, and nearly all Pitt's letters to Lord Temple contain his "compliments to Miss Banks." Miller cherished a romantic admiration for her—or it pleased his friends to impute one to him—an admiration which may possibly have alarmed Lord Coventry, but which assuredly caused no tittle of anxiety to "the little woman."

## CHAPTER XI

LETTERS 1749—1750

THE first letters from George Lyttelton are mainly about a projected castle, in the same style as that at Hagley, which the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke wished to have erected at Wimpole. Lyttelton had suggested that Miller, with whom Hardwicke was not yet acquainted, should be asked to design it, and the introduction thus given to the Chancellor proved to be of substantial value later on.

*From George Lyttelton.*

*London, June 1st, 1749.*

DEAR SIR,—I have consulted Mr. Pitt about cutting down the trees behind the Rotunda, or planting ever-greens as you propose, but he dont think it adviseable to enter upon either unless upon very mature consideration. I shall see how it looks when I go down in August, and it will be time enough to decide. I have at last got a plan of my seat from his cousin, but cant yet obtain the elevation ; however I hope I shall have it soon, for I wont let him rest till I have. You great genius's in Architecture must expect to be importuned by your friends, of which I am going to give you a proof. My Ld. Chancellor told me, in a conversation I had with him lately, that he wanted to see the plan of my castle, having a mind to build one at Wimple<sup>1</sup> himself. . . .

My poor father's bad state of health made it quite necessary to lay aside the great party that I proposed for Hagley this year. Miss Rich and I are much obliged to you for your kind invitation. I think it will be such a pleasure to her to know Mrs. Miller and

<sup>1</sup> Thus spelt throughout the correspondence.

you, that I shall bring her to Radway some time this year, but I rather believe in returning from Hagley than going down. The post is just going out, so I have time for no more than to assure you that I am with the truest esteem and affection, Dear Sir, your most faithful and obliged humble servt.

G. LYTTTELTON.

Billy desires his compliments.

*From George Lyttelton.*

*June ye 13th, 1749.*

. . . My poor father being so ill that he doubts whether he shall live to see me in August has desired me to come down for a week to him now, which I shall do, and propose to set out next Thursday. As I must make all the haste I can to come to him, I cant have the pleasure at calling at Radway, but shall be very glad to see you at Hagley, if it suits your convenience to make us a visit. Billy and Charles and Commodore West will also be there about the middle of the following week.

Miss Rich desires me to tell you that she is extremely obliged to you for your kind invitation, and proposes great pleasure in the sight of your place, but much more in that of two persons who deserve so much to be happy and are so. That your happiness may continue and increase is the sincere wish of Dear Miller your most affecte humble servt.

G. LYTTTELTON.

Sir Thomas Lyttelton lingered on in a very suffering condition until September, 1751. The management of everything at Hagley had for some time devolved upon his son.

*From William Lyttelton.*

*Argyle Street, June ye 27th.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—When I returned this morning from Windsor, I was agreeably surprized with receiving a letter from you which I communicated to Commodore West as soon as I got to Chelsea, where I

was engaged to dine with him ; He bids me return his thanks to you in the best manner I am able for your kind invitation to Radway, which both he and I would not have failed to accept with great pleasure, if we had not fixed upon another route into Worcestershire in order to take advantage of Post-Chaises, We propose setting out on Thursday morning very early and shall reach Hagley in less than a day and a half; what makes us both choose to go with so much Expedition, is, that my poor Father who has been of late, as you know, so much worse than usual, has expressed no small Impatience at our delay already, so you must forgive me, if I defer till another year the great satisfaction it would be to me to see Radway again and its worthy Inhabitants. I am glad you have had Nugent with you, a more chearful agreeable Companion and a man more likely to taste Edgehill and Lord North's as they deserve, I believe you could not have met with. I beg my best Compliments to the little Lady and am with great truth most affectio<sup>n</sup>ly.  
Yours

W. LYTTELTON.

*From George Lyttelton.*

. . . I am very proud that so good a judge as Mr. Nugent approves of Hagley, but I ascribe it in part to his being shewn it by you. He is certainly much in the right to like nothing there better than Wichbury, which is really an admirable thing in its kind. If I could set up a tent there for 4 or 5 pounds I would certainly do it; but I doubt it must not be left in the wood for fear of being stolen, and there would be a good deal of trouble in carrying it thither and back again as often as we go there. Let me hear whether you think this difficulty can be got over. As you say the Rotunda now looks very well without painting, do you think it should be painted? Hitchcock seemed to think that it should, both because of the different colours of the stone, and to preserve it. I forget now how many chairs are wanting for the castle; but how can I bespeak them without the model you drew for them? You know they are not to be common chairs but in a Gothic form. I am glad you have begun the

ruinous wall at your castle, which was all that it wanted to make it compleat. I am sure Miss Rich will see it with admiration and pleasure, and if you meet us at Cornbury she will have that pleasure in her way to Hagley. You shall hear from me before that time to fix the day. I cant yet certainly tell you the day of our marriage, but hope it will be in the first week in August at farthest. The writers of the newspapers have been much kinder than the lawyers, for they have married us already. In what forwardness did you leave the new building at Hagley? I should be much vexed if it were not finished before we come thither. There is no manner of need for my seeing the painted glass, you have been so good to send for the castle before it is put up; but I should be sorry not to have the room appear with all its decorations when it is first seen by Miss Rich. Adieu, dear Miller, my best compliments to your little woman.

*From Lord North.*

*Wroxton, Thursday, July, 1749.*

DEAR SIR,—If you think we shall escape a wet day to-morrow, I hope we shall have the pleasure of your company to cold meat and Iced cream at the Chinese House. I am so engaged & my time so mortgaged, that I am unwilling to defer so pleasant a party any longer. Our Compliments wait on the good woman &c, &c. My Chinese House is so warm she will not get cold.

*From George Lyttelton.*

*August, 1749.*

. . . I have but a moment's time to tell you that after infinite vexations and plagues I hope to be paid for them all by being married to Miss Rich next Thursday, and coming with her to Radway on Frydaysennight. . . . We hope to meet you at Cornbury. . . . If you can bring harness for six Horses we will putt our two shaise Horses to your four and leave the Shaise at Enstone to be brought back to Town by the Postillion. . . .

As Miss Rich don't care to go with four horses, if

you have no harness of your own for two more, I wish you would borrow it of my Lord North.<sup>1</sup>

The following letter, among others, testifies to Miller's taste for music.

*From Lord North.*

*Sunday, October ye 8th, 1749.*

Lord Lewisham tells me you are inclined to be so obliging as to bring your flute when Mr. Barham comes here on Tuesday, and pass the evening with us. I wish I could be so happy as to enjoy the pleasure of your company; but being obliged to dine that day in Banbury, I must employ the evening in business as I am to set out early the next morning. If you will visit my young people and take no notice of me at all I daresay they will be glad of your company and Mrs. Miller's. We are very sorry to hear by Lord Brooke she was ill yesterday. I hope she is now quite recovered. Our best compliments wait on her, & I am—Very sincerely yours

NORTH &C.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*London, January 20th, 1749-50.*

DEAR SIR,—Whether I or V will carry his Point there is no certain Rule by which to form a Judgement. Each Party is sanguine and Each will probably sweat in the Vestry at Midsummer. Very good Debates upon (but before I proceed any further I am desired by Lord Strange to apply to you for a Plan of a Gothic Cock-Pit) the Mutiny Bill. Cornbury (it is confidently reported) is sold to the Duke of Marlbro'. Mrs. Miller and you are charming Friends! continue to us the annual Gratitude of your Company at Christmas—we shall always express the sense we entertain of the Obligation. Guernsey grumbles because he had no opportunity of hearing your Lecture during the Holidays, upon intended Stables at Packington. His con-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lyttelton's bride evidently had a strong sense of her own dignity.

jugal Negotiation proceeds.<sup>1</sup> Melancholy News! 1400 Sailors belonging to Boscawen's Squadron gone to the bottom of the Monstrous Deep! One Question relating to a Clause in the Mutiny Bill was given us by the Court, the Attorney and Solicitor General, and (if you will not be astonished) Lord Cobham having spoken against it. It was the Oath of Secrecy. It is now to be dispensed with whenever it is necessary that Evidence be given in Westminster by any Officer.—The Point of a Revision of a Cause decided by a Court Martial, was strenuously debated; the Opposition were honoured with the Company of 30 Courtiers, upon that Division, among which Corp there figured (to use Lord Bolingbroke's Expression) the Lords of the Treasury. Cawdor and Deerhurst likewise attended them. A Revision is, when, in time of war, the Captain General peruses the Sentence, and judges that the Sentence is not adapted to the Evidence, and sends it back to the Court to be reconsidered. In Time of Peace, His Majesty, I think, signs the Sentence or returns it. Mentieth (who is now superior to Agues) dined with us this day and will probably introduce again a Roman nose at Supper. He meditates a Journey into Warwickshire. Hoskyns<sup>2</sup> is demolishing the Garrison at RATTAN and substituting a Civil Government in Favour of Cheshire Cheese.

Bring Mrs. Miller to Town, I charge you. Lady Turner orders me to assure Mrs. Miller that she will acknowledge the Favour of her Letter speedily.

*From Lord Deerhurst.*

*February, 1750.*

DEAR MILLER,—The objections you start to my proposed Lodge are by no means new, yet I flatter myself they will not weigh when the peculiarity of my Situation comes to be considered. The Hospitality my Ancestors exercised for some generations at Croomb makes it impossible for me to effect any

<sup>1</sup> Lord Guernsey married Charlotte, daughter of the Duke of Somerset.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Sir Hungerford Hoskyns, of Harwood, Co. Hereford, who married Mary, fourth daughter of Theophilus Leigh, of Adlestrop. Anne, the younger daughter, married the Rev. John Hoskyns.

privacy or retirement there. It has always been an Inn and always must remain so. Shall I therefore live at the Inn or meet my friends there once a Week or otherwise as I think fit. At all events as this scheme is not going to be executed in a hurry I would wish to have the Ground Plan in my possession for when plans are before one it is easier to converse than by mere description. . . .<sup>1</sup>

DEERHURST.

An earthquake shock was felt in London on February 10th, followed by a much severer one on March 10th. Great fear took possession of many minds that on April 10th London would be totally destroyed by a third.

*From William Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, March 10th, 1749-50.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—This morning exactly at six o Clock another earthquake much more violent than the former was felt here. It was attended with a very loud noise that waked me from a very deep sleep, and made me rise much earlier than I have done any time these six months before. I do not hear of any mischief it has done except throwing down one house I suppose in very bad repair in Southwark, but I will not warrant the fact to be true. Bower was exceedingly alarmed by it and told me it was equal to any he had ever felt in Italy but that instead of one shock they had usually three or four repeated ones. I told him you complained that he had not answered your letter for which he made a thousand apologies. The worthy Dean is well at Exeter, and since his arrival there has presented our Cousin Jo Amphlett to the living of Alternon in Cornwall, worth above 2,000 lb. (*sic*) pr. An. I wish I had time to say more but the last bell is just coming and I must conclude with my sincerest good wishes and kind Compliments to the Fairy Queen, who is happy to be sheltered in the bosom of the Man she loves from all the perils that the Fair ones in this Town are daily exposed to, not to mention Earthquakes.

<sup>1</sup> This scheme was never carried out.

As will be seen, a quincy sore throat at this period called for some sympathy—almost more on account of the heroic remedies applied than for the complaint itself.

*From William Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, Saturday Evening.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—It is now so long since I receiv'd a very kind Letter from you, which I neglected to answer, that I ought to say a good deal to induce you to forgive me, but I will only tell you what misery I have undergone during great part of the time and If you can find in your heart to write me any thing but a Letter full of Pity and Compassion in return I shall say you are no longer one of those Cream-eating, milky-minded, Good-natured long liv'd Men that Homer describes but have got the Soul of the unrelenting Bumstead or a Nogayan Tartar in you, and I hope will very soon die of a Quincy. You must know then that for a fortnight last past, I have been confin'd with an exceeding bad sore throat and have endured all the Discipline that has been invented upon those occasions by Physicians and Apothecaries and a much more cruel one it is than that which a certain salutary Law, very much cried out against call'd an Act for the punishment of Mutiny and Desertion, &c. Sir, I have been blooded, purg'd, blister'd in different places, Sweated, had the Vein under my Tongue open'd and had the lance put into my mouth in order to have my Throat scarified when upon pressing some part of it with some force, to my infinite satisfaction it broke, discharged a great deal of poison and has been very well ever since; this happen'd yesterday Morning, but I shall not go about the World again till I have had some time to recover my Strength.

As I take it for granted you are curious to know how the vacant Bishopricks will be disposed of I would not omit telling you what I have heard because my Authority happens to be exceeding good, the whole Competition lies been Dr. Fanshaw and Cornwallis Prebend of Windsor, who has all the old Walpolian Class to support him. I believe there is no saying yet with any certainty who will be Master of the Rolls. 'Tis thought either the Attorney General or Sir John Strange.

Say a thousand fine things for me to Parthenia; I am sure she would not admire me now, If she was to see me with a pale haggard face and a beard like a savage of nine days growth, but I admire her, and with such perfect innocence that even you might read my most secret thoughts and not be jealous. Adieu!

Mr. and Mrs. Lyttelton desire their compliments. they are both very well, the poor Dean is much your's, his villainous indigestion still torments him.

The following letter was written by Sir Edward Turner from Garrawaye's coffee-house. The latter part probably refers to the company there.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*London, March 14th, 1750.*

DEAR SIR,—Down is fallen, fallen, fallen the Gothick! too convincing a proof that the Church was lately in danger! Will your Toryism advise whether to rebuild, or substitute something in its stead. I shall be down in Passion Week and stay some Days. If you are not deeply engaged, come and deplore the ruin of my Ruins. Mother Gin is in some danger, being at present dead drunk. I shall be glad to attend her Obsequies. Nugent riots in the Success of his Bill for Naturalization, but the Lords, it is thought, will turn it into a Bill of Exclusion. Noble Handel hath lost an eye, but I have the Rapture to say that St. Cecilia makes no complaint of any Defect in his Fingers. As to Mrs. Miller, is she in health and spirits? my best Respects attend her. I write from Garrawaye. Fifty per Cent faces frequently draw off Attention, one with a Red Cloke carelessly huddled over his discreet shoulders. This Moment another exhibits the Fraction of a Countenance, which seems to have kept pace with the Reduction of Interest from the first five Per Cents in Queen Anne's Reign down to the present meagre three and an half! But why doth that Gentleman by the Fire look so plump, Drawer? During the last War, an't please your Honour, He made an Hundred thousand Pounds. Lottery Tickets at present sell for £1 7. 6. premium. And now I take my leave.

*From T. Lennard Barrett.*

*Rome, April, 1750.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I received two or three posts agoe your kind and obliging Letter and can assure you that no distance of place can ever make me forgetfull of your many kindnesses, and tho' I have not actually wrote to you (having so little time in this hurrying way we live that it is impossible to write to all one's friends), I have nevertheless in my Letters to Lord Guernsey constantly enquired after you and Talbot and desired to be remembered to you both. I spent the winter at Naples and came to Rome about six weeks agoe and don't think I have had an hour's leisure since my being here, so much have we been taken up in running up and down to see the curiosities and antiquities here; as we are shortened in time intending to be at Venice by Ascension day. I shall not pretend to give you any description of places or people reserving all that till I have the pleasure of seeing you again. As to my health it is, thank God, a good deal better than when I left England tho' I am still but stiff and lameish in my legs. My spirits are sometimes better, sometimes worse; you must imagine that it requires a longer time than has already intervned to recover them so as to have one's mind well settled again after the cruel stroke my wife and I have received and upon which I will not enlarge for 'tis a subject I cannot bear to touch upon; (tho' I with all humility submit to God's will; but still SUMUS HOMINI). As to my return into England it is as yet uncertain, sometimes I think of being there by the winter and at other times not till the middle of next summer. In a word I long to get home again and yet Dread it: (for my health however the most prudent way will be to spend another winter in these warmer climates). One thing however take for granted, my dear Miller that there is no country like England nor no people comparable to the English; content yourself therefore and enjoy your own comfortable place at Edgehill, happier than the greatest Princes and Dukes of these countries who sacrifice all true content to Vanity and outside Show. . . . We have had

swarms of English here at Rome, but none of them of your acquaintance tho' really extreamly worthy people and such as do honour to our Country. . . .

*From Lord North.*

*London, February ye 20th, 1749-50.*

DEAR SIR,—I did not return thanks for the favour of your Letter last post, because I hoped by this to have given you my opinion of the model;<sup>1</sup> but I am surprised that I have not received it, & suppose Mr. Banister was overtaken in liquor & forgot to send it to the Carrier. I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have given yourself about it, & shall be infinitely more so if you will continue your goodness in settling the whole affair with Banister. I am ashamed to think what I ask and nothing could excuse it but the pleasure I know you have in being useful to your friends, & the sincere desire I have of being serviceable to you whenever I have an opportunity. I dont remember that you had settled what kind of chairs you would like for your new roome; if I knew your sentiments and could be of any use in bespeaking them here, I hope you will command me. Tho' there may be some little matters in the model that want correcting, I dont believe anything would answer the purpose so well as the building you have projected. People who have taste enough to be struck with the whole scene, will (I dare say) see no faults in the Building. And the opinion of those who only search for faults to set off their own judgement, never gives me the least disquiet. Now the storms are over, you may rather rejoice that they have been so violent: as they are a strong proof of the stability of the Tower. It is rather creditable to my little Chinese Edifice to have stood them. My young people join with me in Compliments, & sincere good wishes to you and yours; & I am ever your obliged and very humble servant

NORTH & GUILFORD.

<sup>1</sup> "The model" is probably that of an open Gothic Rotunda, made by Miller's design.

*From George Lyttelton.*

*Church Cobham, May ye 22nd, 1750.*

DEAR MILLER,—That I may have the pleasure of seeing my little girl on my way to Hagley this Whitsuntide I have made her an assignation at Radway, and must beg the favour of you to send your coach for her to Stratford upon Avon Monday morning the 4th of June, that it may bring her to Radway from thence that afternoon to meet your humble servant. If Lord North will be in the country I propose to dine that day with him, if not I shall come to you by dinner, that is by three o'clock or a little after. Tuesday afternoon I shall go to Stratford with my little girl, I lie there that night, from whence Mrs. Fortescue's coach will carry her back Wednesday morning, and I shall go on to Hagley if you hold your intention of favouring me with your company. If it should be inconvenient to you to send your coach to Stratford for Lucy, I must desire you to send over your servant to Ebrington to let Mrs. Fortescue know it, and shew her coachman the way to Radway, otherwise the child will be left at Stratford waiting for your coach. Be so good to send me an answer to this by the first post directed to my house in Hill Street. Adieu till I have the pleasure of seeing you.

P.S. Mrs. Lyttelton sends her best compliments to you and your little woman. I beg mine to her. Pray let me know if you also have another spare bed in your house besides one for me and one for my girl? I think you have not.

*From George Lyttelton.*

*London, Thursday night, June, 1750.*

DEAR MILLER,—Being detained in town longer than I expected I cant come to Radway till Tuesday next instead of Monday. Mrs. Fortescue writes me word that she thinks it will be less fatigue to the girl to go the strait way thither from Ebrington than to come round by Stratford, and will therefore send her directly in her own coach. I am glad of this as it will save you

the trouble of sending yours to fetch her from Stratford, but beg the favour of you to send a servant both to show her the way and to hinder her coming on Monday. I have not time to write to-night to Mrs. Fort : the post being just going out I will not call at Lord North's but come directly to Radway, I hope to be there by dinner. On Thursday we will go on together to Hagley as you propose, but I fear we shall have a melancholy party poor Mrs. Pitt<sup>1</sup> being, as it is thought, at the point of death. I have no time for more. Adieu.

*From Mrs. Fortescue.*

*Ebrington, June ye 3rd.*

SIR,—I Received yours and will be sure to send my little Girl to Radway next Tuesday time enough to meet her Papa there by Dinner time and as my Coachman has examined the Roads to your House I will not give you the trouble of sending your Coach any part of the way. I am extremely obliged to you and Mrs. Miller for the kind assurance you give me of a welcome at Radway but at present my health and Spirits are such as will not enable me to indulge in so agreeable an excursion. My Compliments wait on Mrs. Miller and I am Your most humble servt.

LU : FORTESCUE.

I beg I may know whether my Coach is to come for the Child to Stratford on Thursday or Friday.

*From Commodore West.*

*Hagley, June ye 1st.*

SIR,—Sir Thomas Lyttelton and the rest of your friends here are extremely glad to hear that they shall have the pleasure of your company and Mrs. Miller's, if her good father and Mrs. Bower can be of the party they may be sure of a kind welcome. Admiral Smith has bought Cardel's house and estate, and as he proposes to lay out three or four hundred pounds upon the buildings and that as soon as possible Sir Thomas is extremely desirous that he should have your advice

<sup>1</sup> Probably his sister, Mrs. Thomas Pitt.

'before he sets about it. Prattleton has sent the cyder you bespoke directed to be left at the Shoulder of Mutton in Stratford. It went about a fortnight ago. I therefore hope by this time you have received it. The park is in all its glory. Our best compliments to your good little woman &c.—I am, sir, with true regard, your most obedient humble sert.

W. WEST.

*From Lord North.*

*June ye 23rd, 1750.*

DEAR SIR,—I very sincerely interest myself in whatever relates to you or your family, & am extremely concerned for loss of poor Mrs. Newsham,<sup>1</sup> of which I am entirely ignorant till your last letter. You give a very tempting account of your tower and we expect with impatience the pleasure of passing an agreeable evening there. Our best compliments to Mrs. Miller & I am, dear Sir, Very sincerely Yours

NORTH &C.

P.S. You give a better account of the Building than I expected. I bring down cloath and Tarpaulin.

*From Lord North.*

*Sunday Afternoon.*

DEAR SIR,—I beg the favour of you to be so good as to let a Servant open the little gate on the top of the hill, & have the key of the thatched house, to show it to some company I am bringing thither.<sup>2</sup> We are so large a posse that we dont mean to be so unreasonable as to trouble you, therefore hope you will use no ceremony, nor take any notice of us.

*From Lord North.*

*Saturday Morning.*

DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry we could not have the pleasure of Sir Edward and Lady Turner's company at dinner. I will order the gates to be open, & if it

<sup>1</sup> Miller's sister.

<sup>2</sup> This is a sample of countless notes from Wroxton making the same request.

would not take up too much of their time, we should be glad to give them their tea at the Chinese House en passant.

*From George Lyttelton.*

[Hagley.]

MY DEAR MILLER,—I propose staying here till the 27th of this month and then going by Warwick to Radway agreeably to your kind invitation, or to speak more accurately I shall go only as far as Warwick, send Mrs. L. on to Radway and go myself to Ebrington to see my dear little girl, who made me promise her a second visit when I called on her on my way hither. But Mrs. Lyttelton says she will not go from Warwick alone; so I must beg the favour of you either to meet us at Warwick with your coach, or which we shall like much better, to stay with us here till we go. You will come as soon as suits your convenience the sooner the better in our opinion. I intend being at Radway from Ebrington the Monday following, and staying with you at least another day to see and enjoy your new works. My father bids me tell you that Hitchcock delaying so long to send the man he promised we have got the octagon stuccoed by Stokes and another workman here, who have done it seemingly very well.

We propose adding another pair of horses and postilion to yours at Warwick, and my boy shall come down with a pair to carry us to Stowe.

*From George Lyttelton.*

*London, Saturday, August ye 4th.*

DEAR MILLER,—Mrs. Lyttelton and I propose to have the pleasure of dining with you at Banbury together with Col. Conway and his fair Lady on this day sennight the 11th of the month, I proceeding from thence in our coach to Lord North's and Radway according to the plan we settled when I saw you last. The great rains that have fallen will make your hill appear in perfect beauty, and as we are a week later than was intended I hope your bridge and other works will be so far completed as to shew very well what you design. Nothing will be wanting but fair weather to see it in, and as we have had so much bad of late I

flatter myself it will change to good about the time of our coming to Radway: I must also pray that it may continue good while my guests are at Hagley, but I hear the violent showers have already discoloured the water there, which is doing me no little mischief, I hope however that it may clear again before we get thither.

Mrs. Lyttelton joins with me in compliments to your pretty little wife and sweet little children, and is so much your humble servant that I think both I and Mrs. Miller ought to be jealous. But I suppose since Peggy Banks's visit to Radway you will be quite insensible to any other woman.

Adieu, be so good to bespeak us a dinner at Banbury, that we may the sooner get away to Lord North's.

*From R. Nugent.*

*Gosfield, August 14th, 1750.*

DEAR MILLER,—I hate melancholy subjects, so will say nothing more of your dead sister but that she was a good woman and I sincerely believe that you will do everything in your power for the advantage of her children. I have but one fear about your niece, lest some of your led-Apostles should marry her, or in a frail fit attempt to do something *worse*, for I know you devout men think there is something worse than marriage. But bring her here and I will endeavour to arm her with arguments sufficient to demonstrate the Flimsiness and Futility of any they can produce to tempt her unexperienced Inclinations.

Will it not be better when you have done with your Halls and your Angels to come with your little wife and your brown niece hither? Mrs. Nugent expects them both and I will send to meet you wherever you appoint. Admire my modesty, I only desire your wife and niece, although your liberality offered me your two naked daughters and assured me they were at my service. Ten years hence, if you please. In the meantime, dear Miller, I am, with a sincere friendship  
Your faithful and obedient servant

R. NUGENT.

*From Lord Hardwicke.*

*Powis House, August 18th, 1750.*

SIR,—I remember with so much pleasure the Promise which you did me the honour to make me, of letting me have the favour to see you at Wimple, that I cannot help giving you this trouble to put you in mind of it. As I have no pretence for taking this liberty but your own goodness and the kind interposition of Mr. Lyttelton, I must entreat you to suffer those to plead my excuse. My Seals have unfortunately lasted so long, that I shall not be able to get to my Recess till about Tuesday or Wednesday next; and, if any time in the week following, or between that and the middle of September, will suit your convenience, I have reason to hope that I shall not be call'd away; and the pleasure of your good Compny will be esteemed a great Obligation upon, Sir, Your most obedient humble servant

HARDWICKE.

The Millers were making preparations for a great gathering of their friends to celebrate the opening of their "Castle" on Edge Hill.

*From Lord Guernsey.*

*New Bond Street, August 25th, 1750.*

DEAR MILLER,—You give me great pleasure in making use of anything that Packington affords at the opening of your Castle, & I have given orders that whatever you send for shall be at your service, so that you have nothing to do but to send your orders. For myself, I do not expect to be one of your Compny as I think I shall be otherwise engaged, but I don't yet know whether I may not make a trip into Warwickshire about that time, if I do I shall certainly attend the ceremony. I beg my Compliments to Mrs. Miller whom I suppose already busied in this great affair.

I am glad of your surprize at what Deerhurst has done at Croomb, as I wish him success in his undertakings, but as to Packington you will hardly see it in the light you represent. You need not make an Apology for any Liberty (as you are pleased to call

it) that you take with me, as I shall be glad on all occasions to do you what little service I can & to take every occasion of shewing you that I am Your very affectionate Humble Servant

GUERNSEY.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Ambrosden, August 30th, 1750.*

DEAR MILLER,—As we can stay but one night with you we hope Talbot will excuse us and not expect us at Kinton. I wish you would recommend to us some convenient Place of Lodging on the Road homeward. I do not recollect any Place nearer than Banbury. Be pleased therefore if you cannot suggest any Place nearer to direct my Servant to the best Inn in that Town and to bespeak stalls for 6 Coach Horses and two Saddle Horses.

Mother Frenchie's will be too noisy, I fear, to admit of Repose. You must settle a Dispute between Jemmy and me. He says Tuesday is the day, I say Monday, but having lost your letter cannot be positive. We will reach you by dinner. Ladies Vandeput and Turner (with Jemmy in as Parenthesis) join in complimenting all at Radway.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Although you have not invited me among the List of your friends, I shall probably find myself at your castle on Monday. The Cause of your taking this gay leave of your friends gives me, I own, some uneasiness. But cou'd you find no other person as a Purchaser of Radway than Mr. Bumstead? I little thought his prophecy wou'd so soon have been compleated! But, to lay aside all melancholy Reflections as you intend we shou'd—Remember the third of September; on that day Cromwell gloriously carried his two most important victories,<sup>1</sup> and did his country the pleasure to quit this Life in a Storm. And this very day you pick out to celebrate as an anniversary

<sup>1</sup> Of Dunbar Drove and Worcester, fought in successive years on September 3rd. Cromwell died on September 3rd, 1658.

on the top of Edge Hill! May there be no repetition of the storm which attended Cromwell's departure, lest that noble Gothic Structure shou'd share the same fate with the celebrated Tower built by the same Architect. I find you've a mind to make friends of all parties. I shall certainly attend if poor Molly shou'd get a little better, being likewise desirous to please both the Cavaliers and the Roundheads by commemorating on that famous spot of ground, the two greatest Victories and the auspicious exit of the infamously glorious Protector of England—I am, my dear friend,  
Totally Yours,

E. T.

The praises of Miller's Tower were sung by Jago in his poem of "Edgehill":

' Like a tall Rampart ! here the Mountain rears  
Its verdant Edge ; and, if thy tuneful Maids  
Their Presence deign, shall with Parnassus vie.  
Level and smooth the Track that leads to thee !  
Its adverse side a Precipice presents  
Abrupt and steep ! Thanks, Miller ! for thy Paths  
That ease our winding steps ! Thanks to the Rill,  
The Banks, the Trees, the Shrubs, th' enraptured Sense  
Regaling, or with Fragrance, Shape, or Sound,  
And stilling every Tumult in the Breast !  
And oft the stately Tow'rs, that overtop  
The rising Wood, and oft the broken Arch,  
Or mould'ring wall, well taught to counterfeit  
The Waste of Time, to solemn Thought excite  
And crown with graceful Pomp the shaggy Hill."

To Charles Lyttelton this seemed very inadequate praise. He wrote to Miller :

" I have just finished the reading of Jago's poem ; it contains many pretty lines, but is diluted too much and sometimes he is very obscure. I can't forgive his saying so little in praise of Radway and its excellent tenants. He owes many subscriptions to your recommendations solely ; it is astonishing a poet could mention your hill and say little more of it than that you had made the ascent easy."

*From Lord Hardwicke.*

*Powis House, September 1st, 1750.*

SIR,—On my being called up from Wimple, I found the favour of your letter, and cannot return thither, which I propose to do this day, without giving you my sincere Thanks for it. Tho' I am liable to be summoned on a sudden to Town, I do not foresee anything that will call me away at the time you are pleased to mention, when I promise myself much pleasure in having the honour of seeing you at my House, where you must not expect to find anything to entertain you, but a most hearty welcome from, Sir,—Your most obedient humble Servant

HARDWICKE.

The treatment for diphtheria would seem to have been as heroic as that for quinsy.

*From Lord North.*

*Sunday Morn.*

DEAR SIR,—We are very much concerned to hear of Miss Newsam's illness, which I wish may not prove what it is apprehended, tho' 'tis too probable. I hope she has been let Blood, & that she takes Dr. Willmot's Aporum (?) of Manna, Mr. Abraham has the receipt, & knows the whole management of my son Brownlowe, who was as near Death as anybody who ever recovered. He was attended by Dr. Alcock, and Dr. MacAulay. I sent a pot of black Currant Jelly, of which if she takes a tea spoonfull often, I know it will cool, & open her, & tend to lessen the inflammation. Mr. Ranby who has succeeded better than anybody, always scarifys these throats, & keeps the sloughs rubbed clean off with such a thing as I send you: he uses it several times a day, & frequently rubbs it hard enough to make the throat bleed. You must not hesitate at frequent repetitions of bleeding and blistering till the inflammation abates. You will not forget that this distemper is very infectious, & therefore I hope you will not put yourselves much in the way of it. Dr. Wilmot advised me to gargle my throat every night with barley and lemon by way of prevention. I did it, & escaped the distemper, but I can't tell I owed

it to that. I have so sincere a regard for you and your family, & such a Horrour of this distemper, that you must forgive my troubling you so much upon the subject.

*From Lord North*

*Tuesday Noon.*

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Montagu & the Col. are here and thirst for Bragg.<sup>1</sup> I hope you will be so good as to settle with Mr. Talbot when he will answer the Challenge. I think 'tis proper your ladies should come at least to appear in the lists, if they are not willing to engage in the Combat. We shall expect your commands with impatience & if it will be of use to send my servant with any proposal to Mr. Talbot, I desire you will send him on thither. Many compliments from here attend all under your roof, & I am, Dear Sir,—Very sincerely yours

NORTH & C.

*From George Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, November, 1750.*

. . . I could not answer your Letter till I had an opportunity to see my Lord Chancellour. He seemed extreamly desirous of having the Glass, if they are the Arms of his Family, viz. a Salter azure in an Argent Field, but there are Yorkes to whom he is not related and who have a different bearing. He desired me to return many thanks to you and expressed so much esteem and regard for you, that I am quite happy in having brought you acquainted with him, as it may not only be a Pleasure but an Advantage to you hereafter.

*From Lord Guernsey.*

*Packington, December 2nd, 1750.*

DEAR MILLER,—Tomorrow and Thursday We are obliged to return some of our visits that we may not lose the benefit of the moon. On Saturday Lord and Lady Andover leave us which may possibly prevent my seeing you at Arbury, for which reason I have said nothing of any intention of going there this week, & indeed I think I shall be hardly able to do it but if I

<sup>1</sup> A game of cards.

can I have some intention of riding over on Wednesday to breakfast, as I shall be glad to see the cascade and Bow window whilst you are there. Sir Roger and Lady Newdigate having promised us a visit for 3 or 4 days, I hope they will come with you, & as we shall return it soon after, I shall then have an opportunity of considering Sir Roger's Improvements more fully than in a short visit. I want sadly the joynt opinion of yourself and Sir Roger for placing the Cascade here, as my plantations depend upon it.

Lady Andover desires your acceptance of the little parcel which the Gardiner will deliver to you, and all here desire Compliments to you.

## CHAPTER XII

LETTERS : 1751 TO OCTOBER, 1752

*From Lord North.*

*London, February, 1750-51.*

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Henry Talbot my neighbour wishes extreamly to obtain a favour of you, & does not know how to ask it but thro' me. He is to build a Greenhouse, & wishes to have the front Gothick if he could have the sanction of your taste, without which he dares not venture upon it. The experience I have had of your goodness has engaged me to undertake being his advocate, & send you the dimensions of the building he proposes ; which if you will be so good as to take under your consideration, & make your report by way of plan, you will oblige us both extreamly. Mr. Talbot proposes to make the front of wood, & desires to set about the building as soon as he may. Mr. Talbot of Kington [Kineton] has flattered us with some hopes of seeing you soon in Town. A little London will refresh you after the retired state to which you must have been reduced by the very dirty weather we have had for a great while. My best compliments & wishes at. Mrs. Miller & your little girls, & I am with great sincerity, Dear Sir,—Your obliged and very Humble Servant,

NORTH & GUILFORD.

*From Lord North.*

*London, March ye 9th, 1750-51.*

DEAR SIR,—I fear you will imagine me dilatory in not having sooner acknowledged the receipt of your letter & the plan but Mrs. Talbot desired I would not write till she had talked upon the subject with Mr. Keene lest anything should occur which required

a farther explanation; I find he has advised them to do the ornaments in Lead; for he says wood must be cut against the grain, & would not stand the weather for any time. I enclose you the Letter in which Mrs. Talbot desires me to return you her thanks, which I think better than repeating them. I doubt when you see her farther views, you will think Ladys are a little craving; but that will happen to men whose abilities for satisfying them are so well known. All I can say of her is that she has a generous heart, & is well disposed to return the pleasure which is given her. If you will let me know what commands you have for her I will report them faithfully. . . .

*From William Lyttelton.*

*March, 1751.*

. . . I can't help mentioning some circumstances relating to that great event, the consequences of which must be so very important to the Publick; the time and manner of His Royal Highness's Death<sup>1</sup> you are without Doubt acquainted with, but as there were several things mentioned by the Physicians who attended the Council last Fryday to give an account of his Illness which the world in general is a stranger to, I would not omit to relate them to you, especially as they prove that no human means could have prevented what has happened. They declared that upon opening the body they found that, beside that Impos-thume the breaking of which caused his death, there was another on the same side which from the great thickness of the skin which contained the matter, must they were confident have been a long time in forming. There was also another on the other side which appeared to be a recent one, but added to all this, there was an adhesion of the lungs to the right side and a defect in the pericardium. Is it not amazing that with such an inside there should have been an appearance of such vigorous health and such a constant flow of spirits! Her R.H. thank God, is surprizingly well notwithstanding the cruel shock she received and the fatigue and anxiety she went through during the eight or nine days that preceeded it. She is six months gone with child. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Frederick Prince of Wales, died March 20th.

*From Miss Hester Lyttelton.*

*Hagley, April ye 20th, 1751.*

SIR,—My father had the favour of yours with the agreeable news of Mrs. Miller's safe delivery of a son,<sup>1</sup> he and all his friends here sincerely congratulate you both upon this happy event and humbly wish the good lady in the straw the most speedy recovery. My father embraces with great pleasure the opportunity of fulfilling his promise and wishes he were able to do it in person. He desires the favour of you to give him credit for five guineas and dispose of 'em as you think proper upon the occasion. I am sorry I cannot tell you his cruel pains are mitigated since you saw him, I think they are rather encreased which makes him quite unable to write or he would not have employed my pen to answer your obliging letter and to assure you his best and kindest wishes will ever attend you and yours. I hope Mrs. Miller will not forget her promise of giving us the pleasure of her company at Hagley this summer, the park will now soon be in beauty, you must expect but little improvement this year as the whole business of the men has been repairing and making drains, thank God the poor sick gardiner has departed and we have got a most excellent one in his room who I hope will soon enable us to feast you with pines.

*From Lord North.*

*April ye 20th, 1751.*

DEAR SIR,—As I feel myself very sincerely interested in whatever relates to you and Mrs. Miller, I can't omit assuring you that the news of a weighty heir to Radway having made his appearance, & Mrs. Miller being in a good way, give me a particular satisfaction. I shall always continue my warmest wishes for the prosperity of your House, & remain with great friendship and regard, Dear Sir—Your obliged & very humble Servant

NORTH &C.

<sup>1</sup> This eldest son of the Millers only lived a short time.

*From Lord Guernsey.*

*Isleworth, July 20th, 1751.*

DEAR MILLER,—The last post brought me your kind letter, for which I am much obliged to you and am very sensible of your good wishes to me; Lady Charlotte joins with me in Compliments and thanks to you and Mrs. Miller for your Congratulations on the birth of our little boy, & your enquiries after him. Both He and his Mother are very well, & I hope you will make an early acquaintance with him and form him to a good taste. We shall hardly call upon you on our way to Packington as we propose to go the direct Road, but after a short stay we intend to make a visit at Wotton & Ambrosden, when without the Ceremony of a first visit we shall pay our respects to you and Mrs. Miller and the Castle.

*From Lord Hardwicke.*

*Powis House, August 10th, 1751.*

SIR,—Mr. Lyttelton has been so good as to let me know your intentions to give me the favour of seeing you at Wimple about Michaelmass next. I think myself extreamly obliged for your goodness, and shall take much pleasure in seeing you there whenever it will suit your convenience. You know our Countrey is apt to grow a little wet about the Michaelmas Season, tho' we have had so much rain already that possibly, for this year, the dry weather may be reserved for that time.

*From George Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, August ye 6th, 1751.*

DEAR MILLER,—I have writt to my father to send his Coach and Horses to Warwick, so I shall have no occasion to take yours any further. I am sorry to hear you cant go with us to Hagley, which I am sure is owing to your having been there with Bower, and for which I wish him anywhere but in the Inquisition again. My Father is so pressing for our coming to Hagley that we must leave you on Monday. Mrs.

Lyttelton will like to dine at the house better than at the Castle, and my stomach prefers hott meat to cold, though not my taste ; so, if you please, we will dine at the foot of the hill and have the pleasure of looking up at your Castle *Old* and *New*. I am heartily glad that Mrs. Miller has profited so much by her journeys. Our best compliments attend her and her little ones.

We shall be very glad to see you at Banbury if you can conveniently do us that favour.

*From Lord North.*

*Waldershare, November 10th, 1751.*

DEAR SIR,—When we last met I forgot to tell you that I approved extreamly of the model of the Ancient Briton who I suppose by this time begins to make a figure in his proper dimensions. I hope the man while he stays with you will call at Wroxton and make a draught of the ceiling ; that we may settle in time what is to be done ; because I have a scheme of being at Wroxton very early next year, & should be glad to have the ceiling finished by the time I come there.

I can't say I feel sorry for the death of Sir Thomas Lyttleton, who is delivered from a life of great misery. I imagine Sir George begins to be busy in the thoughts of executing his great schemes ; & 'tis possible that may have postponed your entering into your winter's retirement.

I will not give you any particular description of Waldershare because I would keep up your curiosity for seeing it. I will only say I think it a pleasanter place to be in at this time of year than Wroxton, & persons who are not arrived at some degree of modern taste, would, I believe, give it the preference at all times. We have a good many workmen about at present about several little alterations, which will, I think, considerably improve it. The whim<sup>1</sup> I am about at Wroxton will, I believe be an embellishment. . . .

—Your obliged and very humble servant

NORTH &C.

<sup>1</sup> Presumably the Ancient Briton, destined to ornament the drawing-room.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*London, November 28th, 1751.*

DEAR SIR,—It will be convenient to me to be informed by the next Post whether you will receive the Money at Christmas. It will be pleasant to hear that we may expect to see you, etc., in a Confederacy with Diana (perhaps Williams) Bertie, to crowd our fireside. Do not imagine that the Land tax will be reduced. Three shillings must remain. Lord Coventry moved for the address and was applauded. He is furnishing his house with elegance. He complains of its amplitude. Borrow, send for, purchase, Lord Orrery's Letters to his Son at Christchurch.<sup>1</sup> Ring for your servant, let him saddle, gallop, fly. Read first the last letter, and then begin with his account of Swift. They talk of discharging the Navy debt by granting Annuities for three lives. In what depth is my friend Talbot immersed? What Author is he devouring? Don't imagine I am ignorant that you were obliged to take Shelter at Mr. Travels' in your precipitate, obstinate flight from Addlestrop. May such difficulties always attend such retreat! I retract—for I have bestowed a good wish when I meant an execration! for to be drove into such an House as that at Swerford is an Happiness. A Down or a Common for the future be your lot! Notwithstanding this profession of virulence I cannot help feeling that I am your affectionate servant

EDWD TURNER.

*From T. Lennard Barrett.*

*Belhouse, December, 1751.*

. . . I long to see you and live in hopes of meeting you as soon as Xmas is past, in London where I hope you'll make a little excursion after your old and laudable custom; and the Bed and Armson (who is fatter than ever and will keep you pure warm) are as much at your service as formerly. Except a week that we spent at Kingston with the Hardings we have been

<sup>1</sup> Lord Orrery's "Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift."

here ever since we came to England and shall not leave the place till the end of the Hollidays. . . . My Health, thank God is greatly mended since my coming home and much more in proportion to the time than in the whole course of my travells in those fine Climates so much cryed up for their salutiferous influences. . . . I met Sir Roger Newdigate t'other day at Epping and began an acquaintance with him which extreemly pleases me as I have taken a great liking to him; I remember you always used to say that he was a very agreeable ingenious man and so I found him.

*From the Earl of Guilford.*<sup>1</sup>

*London, February ye 7th, 1752.*

DEAR SIR,—I hear Mr. Edge is measuring the roads through Wroxton field, & seems to conclude there will be a new Turnpike. Many doubts and difficulties occur here which I hope may be obviated when the affair has been well considered in the country. We are very diffident about the state of the road from Stratford to Edgehill, & whether it is likely to be soon made passable for a coach. My coachman gave a most terrible account of it this summer. It does not occur to me where we can fix a gate to be effectual. If it was to be at the top of Drayton Lane persons going through my Park ground would avoid it, & I cannot submit to any clause that would put me under difficulties about coming the handsomest, & most convenient way to my house. It must be considered whether we may hope for a toll that will produce a better revenue than that miserable gate at Warming-ton, & whether the road to Stratford from London this way, will pay less to Turnpikes than by Chipping Norton. If it should pay more we shall scarce bring any body our way. I don't make these objections for want of good will to the Turnpike: I heartily wish for one that may be effectual, and therefore would have it thoroughly considered before it is undertaken. I hope I shall have your sentiments upon these matters.

I have had a very civil letter from Mr. Denton, & find you as able a Negotiator as you are an Architect.

<sup>1</sup> Lord North, created Earl of Guilford 1752.

I hear the affairs of the New Interest go on very well, & that there will soon be a meeting at Oxford. I am at present confined with a cold, but shall go to it if I am tolerably well. Shall you come there?

I have seen Lord Brooke and subscribed my £20 for the love I bear him and you,<sup>1</sup> & not for my poor estate in Warwickshire. Sir Charles Mordaunt came in whilst I was writing and bid me tell you you are wanted sadly in town to forward the affair, & he hopes you will come soon for a week. Lord Temple says you must come to Oxford that Dr. King may weep over you. He hopes you will be prepared to talk to him about the road scheme, which at present he does not understand. I fancy Lord Temple and I shall come to the General Meeting together. I hear 'tis advertised (in a paper I have not been able to get) for thursday the 15th. Lady Guilford & Louisa send many compliments to you and Mrs. Miller, to whom I beg mine, & that you will believe me always Dear Sir,—  
Very sincerely yours

GUILFORD.

Forgive my having thrown the ink upon my paper.

*From Sir George Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, February, 1752.*

. . . As they are now cieling the Church, it will be proper to make the alterations in the Chancel Window, and to erect the new Gallery as we agreed. I must beg you to think of fixing a Plan for my poor Father's Monument. Any plain piece of Marble that will contain the Inscription and not look very clumsy will answer the purpose. I don't approve of the Dean's scheme of a Sarcophagus, unless it had . . . a Canopy over it, which would be too expensive.

I congratulate you and condole with Mrs. Miller on her being with child again. I know you think an Encrease of your Family an Encrease of your Blessings, but the poor little Woman who brings you those blessings has a great deal of trouble and pain to

<sup>1</sup> Subscriptions were being collected for the new County Hall at Warwick, which was designed by Miller.

confer them on you, and you are bound in Return, to read to her every night. My Wife is well and not a breeding.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*London, March 24th, 1752.*

DEAR SIR,—After someone or other had finished powdering the Hair of Miss Banks, the other Morning, and made her Curtesy; “Did you see Mr. Miller frequently?” asked a great deal of sweetness. “No, Madam,” answered I, “You fine women engrossed Him too much to allow of his bestowing much time on his Acquaintance of our Sex; in short—from the Seraglio among whom he divides his Visits, he hath acquired the title of Grand Seigneur—and—” “He deserves it” replied she (who judges well of merit) with genuine, unaffected Sincerity. I told her, since we agreed in opinion as to your character, I hoped I might expect her name at the head of a number of fine Women who wou’d subscribe a Certificate already drawn up in your honour. She smiled “that she would do anything to serve the Turk.”

Lord Bolingbroke’s Letters are published with Margin sufficient for double the number. They contain very good advice to be preserved in reading History. Upon Exile he is rather a Stoic Philosopher, despising Pain while he feels it sensibly (or rather pretending to despise it) than an improving experienced Preacher of Political Wisdom. I am too hasty perhaps in my Observations, having only skim’d the Letters superficially. Next time I will dive and attempt to bring up from the Bottom something of Consequence. What doth Talbot say to his remarks on the Chronology of the Bible? they are new to me, I should be glad to hear our Friend’s opinion. Mrs. Wentworth,<sup>1</sup> yes—she was at Grosvenor Square this evening. Her Tapestry Feaver seems to be intermittent, at least by proper application (I think) it may be cured. Hitchcox is in high disgrace, and indeed he hath too much neglected (don’t break off now to treat Mrs. Miller with a Dissertation on the Impeccability of your Mason) his Attendance at Adlestrop. What kind of

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Eliza Wentworth, aunt to Lady Turner.

an Orator is Isocrates in the Original? I have laid down his Translation to scrawl, not with improved Eloquence, I fear! (or rather hope) because I think the Translator's time might have been better employed in scrawling, and yet I must see what he says to the General Assembly of Greece,—therefore Good Night.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Grosvenor Square, April 18th, 1752.*

DEAR SIR,—The Horses are at the door which are to convey me to Ambrosden. And yet—have at you. We congratulate you on the Accession of a third daughter, and on Mrs. Miller's Dispatch, and her welfare.—Could not you contrive to see me at Ambrosden on Wednesday? The Lawns will smile. I want to speak with you about Buckwell. I find I am to have a Conference with the Proprietor of that place, but wish I could talk with you first. I am, dear Sir, in my travelling garb most sincerely Yours  
EDWD. TURNER.

*From Sir George Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, April, 1752.*

. . . As to the Monument, I believe such a stone as you putt up for your Father, with perhaps the addition of some little embellishments will answer the purpose. There is no need of any great Delicacy of Taste in it; I only desire that it should not be ugly and contain the inscription.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Ambrosden, June 6th, 1752.*

DEAR SIR,—If Tuesday next will suit you and Mrs. Miller, expect my wife and me in the Evening. Mrs. Wentworth likewise desires to be admitted a guest. She means (I believe) to give you a Lecture upon Styles, Plaister, Indian Paper, Tapestry, the Inconvenience of low Ceilings, the Impropriety of Hitchcox acting as your Valet-de-chambre and an hundred other Articles. Jemmy (who, by the bye presents Compliments) once thought of being one of

our Company, but he recollects, that if Mrs. Wentworth is to repose in the Batchelor's Bed, you have no auxiliary Boulsters to call in. We all desire to be well with Mrs. Miller, will you intimate our wish to her in the best Compliments you [can] make in our Name?

*From Sir George Lyttelton.*

*London, June the 2nd, 1752.*

DEAR MILLER,—A very unfortunate accident obliges me to put off my journey to Hagley. Poor Major Rich has broke his leg by a fall out of a one horse Chaise in such a dangerous manner that we are afraid it must be cut off; nor are we even secure of his life, though the surgeons have now much better hopes than they had at first. The accident happened through the horse running away down a steep Hill, and the wheel flying off. Another officer who was with him has broke his leg too, but not in so bad a way. We are told it must be near a fortnight before he can be pronounced out of danger of losing his Leg, if not his Life, during which time it is impossible for me to think of leaving my wife who is in the greatest anxiety and affliction, as indeed she has reason. If her Brother be safe I will then come to you, and we will go for a week to Hagley, which I shall still have it in my power to do.—Adieu, dear Miller, pray for the poor Major, and believe me ever most affectly. yrs.

G. LYTTELTON.

*From T. Lennard Barrett.*

*Belhouse, June, 1752.*

. . . I am ashamed that I have not writ to you before; not that I think myself to blame in not having wished you joy of the Girl you sent me word was arrived; Had it been a Boy my zeal to congratulate you upon it would not have suffered me to delay a single post. It gave me great pleasure however to hear that your little good woman was safe and well and I hope she will bring you a lad next time. . . . Send me word what you intend or rather when you intend coming.—And now a word about my House. Having heard

nothing from you about the man who was to carve the Coats of Arms, I have e'en finished my ceiling without them and am very well contented with the manner I have done it. The Room is now almost quite compleated and will look extreemly well; and as I intend to paint it only with size for the present, I hope it will not be long before we shall dine in it together. The Chimney is according to your Plan. . . .

*From T. Lennard Barrett.*

*Belhouse, July, 1752.*

. . . I am in a very Grum mood, and consequently unfit for writing, the Damp changeable weather we have at present disagreeing with me extremely as it must certainly do with all nervous people.

. . . You must contrive to come to us for the last place in your Tour and make it the end of September unless you can persuade Mrs. Miller to anticipate her expedition and set out the beginning of next month instead of that which follows it. By this means taking us first and the rest of your friends on your way back you will show Mrs. Miller our Place when it is still in Beauty; whereas about the end of September everything is upon the decay and growing brown. I speak this against my own interest for company is certainly more wanted when the Evenings grow long than now, and the beginning of next month when one can walk abroad till supper time. Be this as it may, come to us, both of you, sooner or later and chuse your own time for before and after my Norfolk Journey I am wholly yours.

*From Sir George Lyttelton.*

*Sevenoak, July ye 21st, 1752.*

DEAR MILLER,—This is only to confirm to you our former intentions of dining with you at Radway next Saturday sennight the first of March. We shall come to you from Lady Dalkeith's and propose going from your house to Stratford Sunday afternoon. As we have so little time to give to Radway this year (for we are to return by another road) we must desire you

to make our excuses to Lord and Lady Guilford for not accepting their kind invitation to dine at Wroxton in our way, which we rather decline as Lady Lyttelton's concern for her brother who still continues between life and death makes her spirits very low and unfitt for company. We must beg his Lordship's leave to go through his park as we used to do, and trouble you to desire his orders that we may find the gates open. Perhaps you will ride and meet us at Banbury according to custom, which we shall be glad of that we may see your sweet face a little the sooner, for I assure you there is not a face in the kingdom that my wife is more impatient to see, and yet I am not jealous of her and I hope Mrs. Miller will be as philosophical about it as I. In return I wish no less to see hers, and hope I shall see it look well and plump, and that she will be in good travelling spirits, for we are determined to carry her with us to Hagley alive or dead.

I wish you joy of your new Vicar, but cannot take to myself any merit in any favours Ld. Chancellors does you. He has seen enough of you to judge for himself, and you owe his regard for you to his own observation not my report.

I long to see my new dairy and so does Lady Lyttelton. The Dean has sent down a great many bitts of very fine coloured red and blue glass which will contribute much to the ornament of it. I hope the glazier won't fail to go down with us.

Miss West will come with us to Radway. We have just heard from Billy that Hetty and he instead of going to Spa chose to see all the banks of the Rhine, and from thence took a trip to Geneva, from whence they propose to return by way of Paris and be in England about the beginning of August. Is not my sister a spirited lass for an *Invalid*?

Adieu, my dear Miller, our best compliments to your little woman and little girls and little boy that's a coming.—Yrs. most affectionately

G. LYTTELTON.

By carrying Mrs. Miller to Hagley I mean helping her into her own coach which must convey her thither as ours is full.

The next letter refers to Sir Edward's intended candidature for the county of Oxford.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*July 20th, 1752.*

DEAR MILLER,—Be so kind as to lose no time in finding Mr. Quartley and intimating to Mr. Denton that the D.<sup>1</sup> will enter *totis viribus* into the Cause, if other Gentlemen should approve of the Measure at a Meeting; He hath already consulted with several, who give the greatest encouragement. Nothing is proposed to be done by way of Junto.—as the Duke's Intentions are probably known by Persons who do not wish well to the Measure, I wish you would befriend me in being expeditious in regard to Mr. Denton. You have near you Mr. Wickham, Mr. Doyley, Mr. Wardle, Mr. Aspling. Could you, somehow or other intimate to them in GENERAL that an Opposition is rumoured, that my name is mentioned for one, and that it is thought the Duke and his Friends will support? Canvassing must be avoided as there hath been no regular Meeting. The Design however should be understood, least Præ-engagements should be taken. What do you think of Lord Say? Several others, no doubt, will occur to your friendly recollection. If one will not be readily come into, it is probable an Attempt will be made to carry two. Some persons flatter themselves that the D. will not stir till his son is at Age; but this Notion is erroneous. I am well persuaded that Activity hath been and will be employed. I am this day called from home and shall not return till Thursday. I am at Mrs. Miller's service, being in all Shapes much and truly—Yours

E. T.

*From Lord Hardwicke.*

*Powis House, June 16th, 1752.*

SIR,—I received your Letter relating to the Vacancy of the Vicarages of Radway and Ratley, and desiring leave to recommend to them. My great Regard for You, and real Inclination to serve you, make me

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Marlborough.

very desirous to comply with your request and at the same time extreamly sorry that you should think it necessary to make any apology for it. I have several applications for Livings in Warwickshire; but, if you will let me know the name and character of the Friend you would recommend, I shall, with great pleasure, grant him the Presentation, unless some objection or difficulty should intervene, which your Candour would allow to be a just Impediment. I am so much obliged to you for the trouble, which you have been so good as to give yourself on my account, that I shall esteem myself very happy to be able to contribute to the agreeableness of your Situation.

The pleasure which I have already received by your good Company at Wimple makes me rejoice extreamly to hear of your kind intentions to favour me with it again. I hope then to be able to show you some improvements, and to profit by your good Tast; for I am now actually putting in execution the Scheme you have heard me talk of by opening the west side of the garden to the Park Hill. The Walls are already pulling down and the sunk fence digging.

HARDWICKE.

*From Thomas Harris.*

*Lincoln's Inn, June 25th, 1752.*

SIR,—My Lord Chancellor has asked me, with His compliments, to acknowledge the favour of your last obliging letter; and desires you would inform Mr. Hughes that His Lordship has given orders for his presentations to the Vicarages of Radway and Ratley to pass the Great Seal. . . .—Your humble servant

THO. HARRIS.

*From Sir George Lyttelton.*

*Hagley, Saturday Morning, October, 1752.*

DEAR MILLER,—I have sent you Mr. Chute's drawing. . . . Mr. Pitt writes me word that he is got well by the Bath waters, but must confirm his health by drinking them all this month, so can't come to Hagley this year. Indeed, I did not expect that he would. Lady Temple is dead at Bath. Ld. Cobham

will now be the richest man in England, so you may expect to see new beauties at Stowe, for I daresay her thousand a year will all go that way. I beg his pardon; I should have called him Earl Temple.

I hope you are come back from your peregrinations in perfect health, and found your little ones, under which name I include Mrs. Miller, so too. My best compliments and those of our whole fireside attend you all.

It appears from the following letter that Miss Banks was not Mr. Miller's only flame!

*From William Pitt.*

*Stow, August [probably 1752].*

DEAR MILLER,—The party you propose is in all respects the most agreeable that can be; and it should naturally follow that we are putting on our boots to come to you; but the fates will have it otherwise and you are only to enjoy the certain knowledge that Miss Banks wishes to be with you instead of seeing her actually present at Radway. That we all wish ourselves there is of small moment after what I have said, but extremely true. Wotton and the Aylesbury Races have prevail'd over Lord Cobham's desire to see Radway and Hagley, and your humble servant is at present an appendage to his Lordship's motions. I am not yet able to determine, whether I may not see Hagley for two or three days before Sir George goes to Lord Powis

My most humble compliments to the most injured. The widow's stay was so short that one may charitably conclude that it was excessively sweet.

Adieu, my dear Miller,—Your faithful friend and most humble servant

W. PITT.

*From the Same.*

[Undated] *Thursday, 2 o'clock.*

A thousand thanks to my dear Miller for the use of his Horse, who, I hope, will arrive safe. My own are now in condition, and will wait in readiness at seven, Saturday morning to bear you to the Fairest of the

Fair, the Great Beautiful, as you sublime Platonists term it. May you every hour more and more burn like a Seraph! not forgetting the sublunary amusement of a little mortal Packing-up.

My best compliments to the best and most injured of women.—Affectionately yours,

W. PITT.

*From Lord Hardwicke.*

*Wimble, September 1st, 1752.*

SIR,—I am extreamly obliged to you for the favour of your letter of the 26th of August, and for your kind intention of letting me have the pleasure of your good company here. . . . I shall be able to show you that I have made some progress in altering my Garden, and make no doubt to profit by the Lights which your superior skill and good Tast will afford me. My wife desires to join with me in our Compliments and that you will be so good as to convey them to Sir George and my Lady Lyttelton, if this shall find you at Hagley. —I am with great esteem your most obedient humble servant

HARDWICKE

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE OXFORDSHIRE ELECTION

"ALL England is gone all over England electioneering. I think the spirit is as great now they are all on one side as when parties ran highest." So wrote Horace Walpole in 1753, and the history of the Oxfordshire election certainly bears out his words. It is necessary to say a few words about that history in order to explain the allusions to it in Miller's correspondence.

The candidates were, on the one side, our friend Sir Edward Turner and Lord Parker, son of the Earl of Macclesfield; on the other, Lord Wenman and Sir James Dashwood. All four were residents in the county, and men of property and position. The two first represented the New or Whig Interest; the others the Old or Tory Interest, which, for electioneering purposes at any rate, was generally confounded with Jacobitism, and party feeling burnt fiercely and was diligently fanned. The friends of the candidates rallied round them, labouring vigorously by pamphlets, by persuasion, by abuse, and by bribery, to influence the voters. At that time bribery at an election was indeed illegal, any person proved to have either given or received a bribe being liable to a fine of £500 and to lifelong disfranchisement; but as he might escape these or any other penalties by proving someone on the other side to have been guilty of the same offence,<sup>1</sup> it is not very surprising that bribery

<sup>1</sup> See Blackstone's "Commentaries," vol. i., p. 179, and 2 George II. c. 24, s. 8.

should have been practised by both parties with impunity. But though a Parliamentary candidate was almost obliged to pay in some form for a good many of his votes, the amount of money that was spent on this Oxfordshire election seems to have been generally regarded as abnormal. "A knowing lawyer" told Horace Walpole that £55,000 would not cover the expenses, and Smollett declares that "the revenue of many an independent Prince on the Continent would not have been sufficient to afford such sums of money as were expended in the course of this dispute."

The word "dispute" may seem a trivial one to apply to a great parliamentary contest, but the more we read about it, the more we are struck by the disproportion between the vehement hostility of the parties and the smallness of the issues involved. The questions raised were nearly all personal, and the contest between the Old and New Interests soon degenerated into a war of candidate against candidate, of pamphleteer against pamphleteer. Neither side, apparently, had any definite programme, and the appeal of every canvasser to the electors was made solely through personal reflections on his opponents. Nor were these reflections always apposite. When Dr. King plunged into the fray in warm support of the Old Interest, the other side retorted by asserting that he was the author of a work published in Queen Anne's reign in which there was false English, and that he had collected subscriptions from all his acquaintances for books that were never written—accusations which, however galling to the doctor, seem hardly calculated to dissuade a Tory from voting for Sir James Dashwood.

One of Sir Edward Turner's helpers was Lady Susan Keck, whose zeal for the New Interest made her the object of many more or less scurrilous lampoons. It became a favourite jest with the Old Interest party

to represent her as the composer of Sir Edward's speeches, and to hold her responsible for any Whig utterance which specially displeased them. It is probable that her assistance was less effectual than that of the masculine canvassers, chief among whom was Mr. Charles Jenkinson of Burford, who is said to have influenced many voters by the composition of a clever electioneering song. He was himself anxious to enter political life, and it was probably in recognition of his exertions in Oxfordshire that Lord Parker afterwards introduced him to Lord Hardwicke. From this time, too, we may venture to date his friendship with Sanderson Miller.

Miller, as a Warwickshire man, was not personally interested in the contest ; but he warmly espoused his friend's cause, and worked for it with a heartiness which attracted some Old Interest gibes. There is a pamphlet entitled :

" A comedy called  
*The Canvassing Couple* or  
*A Trip to the House of Commons . . .*  
 With scenes, machines, and other decorations.  
 Particularly a new scene in the Gothick Taste  
 designed by Mr. *M-l-l-r*."

On the whole, however, he gets off with much less real abuse than Jenkinson, or than Sir Edward's brothers-in-law, the Leighs.

As we shall see in the following letters, Miller's powers of diplomacy were called into play when the relations between Lord Guilford and Sir Edward Turner became a little strained ; but he succeeded in escaping the proverbial fate of the mediator. The principal supporters of the New Interest in Banbury and the neighbourhood wished Lord Guilford to join with them in giving an entertainment to the voters, and his lordship requested Miller to explain his reasons for not falling in with their proposal. Sir

Edward, on his side, called upon his friend to explain *his* reasons for pressing Lord Guilford in the matter—namely, that it would be very impolitic to slight Banbury by not doing there what had been done in other towns in the constituency, and that for a man in Lord Guilford's position to withhold his active support would be interpreted as a sign of hostility. It may be doubted whether either party was quite satisfied with the compromise at which they eventually arrived, but they both appreciated Miller's good offices. Lord Guilford was perfectly willing to subscribe to the entertainment, but not to attend it himself, nor to be considered as one of the givers of it; his reluctance to appear in the matter being partly due to his friendliness for Sir James Dashwood in his private capacity, partly to his fear of compromising his dignity by publicly taking part in an entertainment which he felt sure would be poorly attended, and partly, let it be added, to the fact that he was honestly unwilling either to bribe or to coerce the voters. Sir Edward had gained an honourable unpopularity in Banbury by the zeal with which he had laboured to stamp out cattle disease. This had led him to interfere with the markets, and had produced an ill-feeling in the town which, as Lord Guilford rightly judged, was too strong to be overcome by entertainments.

In other parts of the county Turner was assailed on different grounds. When Lord Wenman and Sir James Dashwood were first nominated he had declared that he did not intend to oppose them, but he changed his mind some months later when he found that Lord Parker was willing to stand with him. This was represented by the Tories as a piece of rather crooked policy, deliberately calculated to prevent them from making preparations for the contest. Sir Edward asserted that the announcement of his withdrawal had been made in all good faith, as he had then no reason to

think that Lord Parker would come forward ; but the possibility of his having acted craftily offered an irresistible weapon to the other side, and it was used again and again.

He was also accused with great bitterness of having supported the Act for enabling Jews to be naturalized which was passed in 1753. This Act found favour with the Ministry less from any such liberal ideas as eventually led to the removal of all the civil disabilities of the Jews than from an expectation that their naturalization would greatly increase the wealth of England ; but it roused such a frenzy of opposition all through the country that the Pelhams began to tremble at its possible effect on the coming General Election, and Newcastle himself hastily presented a Bill to repeal it. This was opposed by a very few lords (Earl Temple being one) ; and in the Commons members of both parties were eager for repeal. It is not clear that Sir Edward Turner evinced any desire to uphold the Act, but he took a less prominent part in the agitation against it than did Sir James Dashwood, who also seconded a motion brought by Lord Harley for the repeal of the existing Plantation Act. By this Act any Jew might become entitled to the privileges of a British subject after seven years' residence in one of His Majesty's American Colonies. Both Pitt and Pelham spoke against Harley's motion, and it was accordingly rejected. The Old Interest party found it very easy to magnify Turner's support of his chief into strong personal Jewish sympathies, and as these alleged Jewish sympathies gave a handle for much more or less obscene wit, they were found very useful. The cry of " Jew ! " was raised at the same time against Nugent at Bristol.

It was also the custom to call Sir Edward a turn-coat [though, as far as we can make out, this was only suggested by his name], to represent him as being entirely ruled by his brother-in-law, the Rev. Thomas

Leigh, and to twit him with being the son of a brewer and posing as an aristocrat. The Old Interest pamphlets are full of bitter reflections on the impropriety of peers taking part in elections, and of such pieces of sarcasm as the following extract from *Cheer, Boys, cheer; or, The Electioneering Journal*:

"We can assure the public that there is no foundation for that *scandalous* Report which prevailed lately, of Sir E-T-r's entertaining a great number of freeholders at his *own table* at *Am-den*. It is well known that the Gentlemen of the *New Interest* have long distinguished that set of men by the Stile and Title of *Brutes of the County*, and would therefore hold it an abomination to eat with them. Accordingly the few freeholders who attended that Entertainment were dismissed to an alehouse in the Parish, whilst the Nobility, and the two worthy Candidates feasted themselves with great composure, and without any molestation from the obstreperous Voices of that rough Race of Mortals."

Personal abuse of Sir Edward, and to a less extent of Lord Parker, does indeed seem to have been the main weapon of the Old Interest party. Nor, we must own, can the points raised by the Whigs be considered much more practical. They reminded the freeholders that the gentlemen of the Old Interest had wanted to tax the whole county in order to build the Oxford Town Hall, and that they had put an affront on the greater part by only summoning a few people to nominate the candidates. They also declared on every possible occasion that all Tories were Jacobites, and talked much of the past iniquities of the Stuarts and of the days of Bloody Mary. It seems to us now that all this was merely killing the slain; but we must remember that in Oxford the fires of Jacobitism smouldered on for a very long time, and, though it is hard to think that they could have become a serious danger to the country when the rebellion of '45 had

failed to kindle them into flame, there is no doubt that they were regarded with uneasiness by many. It was constantly thrown in the teeth of the gentlemen of the Old Interest party that they had held aloof from the Association to resist the Pretender which had been formed by the loyal gentlemen of Oxfordshire at the time of his advance into England. The Whigs also took pleasure in pointing out a possible reason for the Tories' objection to peers taking part in the election in the fact that only one peer was working on the Tory side; as a matter of principle, they asserted, the Old Interest party should have declined the assistance of that one.

Over these irrelevant questions the battle raged with great fierceness, and the issue of the election was that the Sheriff made a double return of all four candidates, so that not one of them could sit. Both sides immediately flooded the House with petitions, and demanded a scrutiny, which resulted in the disqualification of a large number of the votes of either party. At this time the power of determining a controverted election rested with a Committee of the whole House of Commons, therefore a final decision in favour of the Government candidate was almost a foregone conclusion;<sup>1</sup> but in this case there was so much to be said on both sides that the question dragged on for a very long time. The scrutiny brought to light many irregularities. The votes of two insane persons had been recorded, as well as those of several paupers; and eighteen men (one from Ambrosden) declared themselves to have been compelled to vote by threats. It further appeared that a great many copyholders had voted, and the question

<sup>1</sup> George Grenville's Act, passed in 1770, transferred the power of deciding contested elections from the whole House to a small committee, chosen equally from both sides and sworn to impartiality. This put an end to the scandal of such decisions lying practically in the hands of the Ministry.

whether the Sheriff was right in allowing them to do so was raised, but not finally settled.<sup>1</sup> The riots that had taken place in Oxford on the polling day were the occasion of much recrimination, the blame for them being generally attached to the Tories, who had insisted on the polling-booths being erected at the back of Exeter College, instead of in St. Giles's Fields, as usual. The Whigs also accused them of having arranged that the votes should be miscounted in order that there might be a scrutiny. Why they should have done this is not very clear, and if they did it they defeated their own ends; for after so many months that it seemed as if the Oxfordshire election was becoming to the House of Commons what Jarndyce and Jarndyce was to the Court of Chancery, it was at last decided that Lord Parker and Sir Edward Turner was duly elected.

It is impossible to read the letter in which Sir Edward announces the result to the Millers without being infected by his triumph, even though we may feel a secret misgiving that one side was no more deserving than the other. The literature evoked by this election is sordid reading, but at least we can rise from it with the comforting reflection that, with all our faults, we have improved a little since then. The entire absence, not only of patriotism, but of any political ideals whatever, the wholesale bribery, the shameless abuse levelled at everybody concerned, the violent passions indulged in gratuitously, since there were no party questions to call them forth—all combine to make us realize something of the deadness and corruption from which Pitt saved our country, and to check our inclination to murmur that "the former days were better than these."

<sup>1</sup> Blackstone, in his "Commentaries on the Laws of England," published in 1765, distinctly states that "No tenant by copy of court roll shall be entitled to vote as a freeholder."

## CHAPTER XIV

LETTERS : OCTOBER, 1752 TO MARCH, 1753

*From the Earl of Guilford.*

*Waldershare, October ye 10th, 1752.*

DEAR SIR,—I had so much to say in my last about County Affairs, that I had no time to congratulate you upon the production of Sir George's new House, both to the satisfaction of him and my Lady. Sir George has been so anxious, & uncertain what he should like, that, I believe this incident will contribute greatly to his future health. I have always had a great partiality for your children, & expect with impatience to see this. I daresay it will be worthy of the new character of Hagley. We were sadly disappointed by missing the pleasure of seeing you here, & were for a considerable time in daily expectation of your arrival. We have had the climate of Naples ever since we came hither, & I don't think you would have found a tour into this country unpleasant. I regret a little we had not some of the fine weather before we left Wroxton, for Lady Guilford has never seen any weather there in which we could enjoy it.

I think the County of Warwick has done very wisely in agreeing to ask the favour of you to rebuild their Hall. The character of a moderate man has been always very amiable in my eyes; & I am heartily glad to find it in esteem in Warwickshire. I have been sadly fretted about the business of the County Election. You can't imagine what resentment and prejudice against Sir Edward Turner reigns in the Corporation of Banbury. Had I expressed a zeal for his Interest, I should have hurt myself there & done him very little more good than I have as it is. I have a personal

regard for him & sincerely wished him success ; but by the Letter to you, he seems out of humour with me, & writes as if he thought I either wished to hurt him, or grudged a little meat & drink to the few freeholders I had engaged. The Party has taken a fancy that I have a great interest in y<sup>e</sup> County, & have had an inclination to treat me like Molière's woodcutter, who by force of beating is made to own himself a physician. Watson will attend you whenever he has your commands, & you will be so good as to explain to him whether he is to speak to any of the freeholders out of Banbury to go to the Entertainment, that there may be no mistake ; & you will be so good as to let him know afterwards what he is to pay and to whom. You will I hope give me farther information of what is settled with regard to this Entertainment. I live in an entire state of ignorance of the schemes & proceedings of the great men of our County & dont expect any Intelligence from them ; but I should like very well to hear sometimes a little of what is doing from some of their friends. I cannot think myself to blame for having some little tenderness for Sir James Dashwood, who from his concerns in & about Banbury, might certainly have found opportunity to have done me ill offices there.

I want to know the purport of some of My Lord Macclesfield's Pathetick speeches, of which I read in the Newspaper.

*From Sir E. Turner.*

*Ambrosden, November 3rd, 1752.*

DEAR SIR,—Take our thanks for your friendly Congratulations and select a proper Portion of them for Mrs. Miller. How could Guernsey leave his Lake in these golden Days? Hagley for ever, nothing but Hagley, and poor Mrs. Miller dispatched to the Nursery!

My Friends are a good deal embarrassed and must apply to you for assistance, not in planning, or repairing (and yet it may be called a Repair too) but in sounding with an Epistolary plummet the Sentiments of Lord Guilford. *Viri molles aditus et tempora noras.* Lord Macclesfield and other Gentlemen are

doing on the Chiltern side what hath been done very liberally at Burford, Witney &c. but Banbury and its Neighbourhood hath been neglected! it surely doth not deserve so ungrateful a Distinction! Sir Jonathan will, I believe, have an hint given him. Now if these two great Men wil not in some shape suffer their Stewards to countenance an Entertainment, what can be done by those willing gentlemen who are not so nearly allied to Banbury? If His Lordship doth not care to treat his particular Voters, will He suffer his Steward to advance anything towards a Confederate Entertainment? Several are ready to enter into an Association (if it would not offend him) and are eager to have a jolly day at Banbury. It is much to be desired that a Concert, an Uniformity at least in THANKING our Friends should be observed. Be so kind as to hint to his Lordship that the Promoters of the NEW INTEREST in GENERAL are uneasy at not being at Liberty to take Notice of Banbury, etc. In short, there hath been a Dilapidation of Interest. Supply therefore, my dear Architect, one Hod of Cement, at least; if you cannot procure us other Materials of Reparation. An Hogs-head of wine and more drank at Watlington. Jemmy and myself figured at the Blanket Feast at Witney. Do not defer writing (and immediately) I entreat you. —I am most faithfully Yours—

E. T.

*From the Earl of Guilford.*

*November, 1752 (?).*

DEAR SIR,—I am extreamly glad you approve of my conduct with regard to County matters. I have no title to much interest of that kind. I never wished for it nor endeavoured to cultivate it, lest it should occasion me any embarassment in my Banbury affairs, and as I have many worthy neighbours who think differently from me in politicks, with whom I have a great deal of satisfaction in living upon good terms, if prudence would allow me to affect taking a leading part in this dispute, I should feel very little inclination for it. Some service I hope I shall do the New Interest if they will allow me to know my own affairs, & be content with my taking my own way. As to

the affair of the Treat, Watson is to implicitly follow your directions. I shall be extremely ready to concur & give my assistance, to any scheme for making the road good from Banbury to Stratford, (being very sensible of the inconvenience Banbury suffers) either by bringing about the junction of the roads, by contributing to a subscription, or by such methods as shall appear most eligible, & when you have further consulted Mr. Welchman, & wise people upon it, & had the sentiments of my Lord Temple; I shall be very glad to hear your scheme and coöperate with my neighbours & the friends of Banbury & Buckingham, towards promoting the good work proposed. I was always of opinion that the junction of the roads was the only effectual way of securing a good way to Warwick & Stratford. I was endeavouring to bring it about some years ago, but desisted upon the strenuous opposition made to it by my Lord Northampton: & it rather flatters me to find he is now convinced I was in the right.

I thank you for letting me know your new door is put up, as I interest myself greatly in whatever concerns the beauty of Radway. I can't forgive Mr. Southcote's calling it a cottage. But I believe either the bad weather had blunted his imagination, or his taste begins to wear out; for I think he gave me some very indifferent advice for alterations at Wroxton. George Montagu joins with the family in many compliments to you and Mrs. Miller, & I remain always—  
Very sincerely Yours

GUILFORD.

*From the Earl of Guilford.*

*Waldershare, November 8th, 1752.*

DEAR SIR,—What you say from Sir Edward Turner rather embarasses me. I wished extreamly well to his interest and should have done him some service, but as I never thought of cultivating an interest in the County, I have done very little.

My principal attention must always be to the Corporation of Banbury. Those Sir Edward has greatly disgusted, by putting down the markets, & I think threatening their Mayor. Who was in the right I

can't tell; but they call him their greatest enemy; & many of them have a personal regard, & some, great obligations to Sir James Dashwood, who has an estate in & near the town, & has not attempted to do me any ill office there.

This being the case, could I be expected to press my Friends at Banbury to act entirely contrary to their inclination? or do less than say I would not take it amiss of any of them who should give one vote to Sir James Dashwood? & having said this, I think I cannot properly give a treat at Banbury against Sir James.

An Entertainment cannot be given in my name without inviting the Corporation.

Their not coming to my invitation would have an odd appearance, & how could I expect them? when few of them would have given Sir Edward above one vote, some have been neuter and some have given both votes against him.

Clubbing for an Entertainment has not an appearance that I think becomes me, & therefore I don't chuse to be shewn in that light. But if the Gentlemen who desire to have this jolly day at Banbury will bespeak an Entertainment, Watson shall pay towards it whatever Sir Edward Turner shall think proper, & he shall wait on you for information.

Tho' I don't like to have it declared that I am a Contributor to the entertainment, I have no objection to its being thought to have my approbation, & my Steward shall tell those who had made me promises that I wish them to go to it.

I believe about seven or eight of the Corporation would either have given Sir Edward one vote, or been Neuter (perhaps two or three of that number would have been entirely for him). I believe I had made about nine or ten other votes in the town for him, & about sixteen or seventeen in Wroxton, Balscot, Shotswell, Drayton, Thetford & Warden. If the entertainment is to extend to Freeholders in the neighbourhood, I desire Watson may know, that he may speak also to these people to come: if not, he shall take opportunities of thanking them for me without *éclat*; for my single interest will not bear being seen together in a full light.

I know nothing of the particulars of the entertainments at Burford or Witney, or the View in making

them ; & your letter was the first I ever received of any scheme of thanking our friends.

I am of little consequence in the County, & at a great distance, & it is natural that I should hear things late ; but then it must not be expected from me to act as if I was at the Fountain head.

Nobody wishes better than I do to the promotors of the New Interest ; & I may do them some service if they will allow me to do it in my own way ; but if that does not satisfy them, I shall be very glad to find they have no occasion for me.

I beg the favour of you to make my compliments to Sir Edward & let him know my sentiments upon the subject of the entertainment, & if you will let anybody call at Wroxtton when you want Watson, he shall attend you & obey your commands as to the people to whom he is to speak.

I should be glad to know when the entertainment is to be, & what Gentlemen do the Honour of it. Burford refused to promise Sir James, & I believe meant to have given Sir Edward one vote ; therefore I should think it would not be improper to oblige him by having the entertainment at Edges'. If there is to be entertaining at more houses, perhaps letting young Charson have his share might fix him. Sir Edward will take care that some attention is shewn to the Dissenters in Banbury of whom I believe there are a good many, & well inclined to him.

The post waits ; & I can only desire our compliments to our friends at Radway, & say we were much disappointed in not having the pleasure of your visit here. . . .

Mr. Twistleton & Mr. Bumpsted had promised me their interest should go as I should desire.

*From the Earl of Guilford.*

*Waldershare, November 24th, 1752.*

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for the history you have given me of Oxfordshire affairs. I own I was quite ignorant and did not understand them : & am not much surprised at it, as I find the proceedings have been rather founded upon resentment than any

particular scheme. I thank you for endeavouring to make warm people expect no more from me than they ought. I wish well to their cause, but can by no means risque prejudicing a substance to swell a shadow. If there is an Entertainment, Watson will obey your commands as to who he should speak to to come, & as to being present, or not, himself. I rejoice in the improvement of the ancient Briton. Will you be so good as to put Mr. Lovel in mind he was to put another rose to my ceiling? All here join in compliments to you and to the little woman.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

Upon the consideration

That my Team is at present compleat.

That in the present scarcity of Grass your Meadows must be better covered than mine.

That you are as proper a person as any in England to maintain the Horse your Carter hath so much improved.

I have sent him back and desire you will accept my thanks for the civil visit He has under your directions made to Your very much obliged

E. T.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*1 past 4.*

DEAR MILLER,—I am apprehensive his Lordship thinks I am promoting my own interest. But the real state of the case is, that it was mentioned to me at Witney that it was pity the Neighbourhood of Banbury should not be taken notice of as well as other parts. Gentlemen at a distance were fearful of giving Disgust by interfering, and I really believe that if His Lordship will intimate to his Steward that it would not be disagreeable that his Voters should attend, it would be sufficient, and therefore as you have a kind of Commission from His Lordship to speak to Watson, I will let you know when the Entertainment is fixed. I believe (but am not sure) that it will be given next Week. I will see Mr. Keck on Thursday and endeavour to see you on Friday. Say nothing till then. I assure

you I am very far from wishing to see My Lord put under difficulties and am much obliged to Him. You will, I suppose, write to Him immediately and tell Him, I hope, how sensible I am of favours. As to the Corporation of Banbury, I never shewed any ill will towards it. When the Mayor acted in Defiance of the Session for the County and the Lord Chancellor had given his opinion that all Corporations were, with regard to the *Horned Cattle Bill*, within the County Jurisdiction, and the Distemper was brought into our Neighbourhood by means of our Orders being condemned at Banbury, I own I did express my Disapprobation of the Mayor's Conduct and made my complaint to Lord Guilford. So far have I avoided Partiality, that the Town of Bister (with which I have a very near Connection) hath suffered more than any other in the County by the Prohibition of Markets. So much for that. I am told it is now very doubtful who will represent the County in the ensuing Parliament. Don't send my Nonsense to Lord G. but be so good as to express my meaning in better terms. I have this moment dined, your Servant is in an hurry and I am, Yours faithfully

E. T.

P.S. Be cautious how you name me in this Affair, because it is a *General Measure*, you will be entreated to appear. I did not mean you should mention my Name to His Lordship and hope you will explain to Him that the Friends of the New Interest did not care to move at Banbury till they knew that they should give him no disgust.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

DEAR MILLER,—For fear you should take a fruitless Journey to Ambrosden, suffer it to be notify'd that we shall not reach home before Tuesday Noon. My Wife stays to cherish and dispatch a Cold. The Speaker frequently made curious Inquisition into the Views and designs of a Man who wore an unalterable Countenance and Bob in the Gallery.—I am your faithful servt.

EDWARD TURNER.

Your servant, Mrs. Miller !

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

DEAR MILLER,—I am Secretary to Lady Susan [Keck], and her sentiments are, that a great deal depends upon a proper management of Affairs at Banbury. The Duke is resolved to be there and Lord Harcourt will attend. All the circumjacent Freeholders will be invited. Will you therefore (who are intimate of them all) write immediately to Lord Say, Mr. Denton and your brother Trotman, desiring them to dignify the meeting? Nothing, you are sensible, can retrieve the Situation of Affairs in that Part of the County.

The Reason why I am commanded to write immediately is, that if Mr. Ryves be returned from London, the Entertainment will be given on Tuesday; at all Events, however, will be given so soon as Mr. Ryves returns. I beg you will immediately employ your Pen. I saw Mr. Chauncey in London, who purposes his representative shall appear on the Occasion. It is thought it would be of Consequence if the Gentlemen would in the name of the Lord Lieutenant invite their respective Freeholders to meet Him. The Duke intends to send to all the Gentlemen to desire the favour. Mr. Keck (although he hath no Property near Banbury) will be glad to lend his Assistance. I wish you would send me a list of the Gentlemen to whom you think the Duke should write, it is meant to conduct this measure with *éclat*. Be pleased to dispatch the Ambassador I send, immediately to Addlestep. What do you think of Mr. Doyleys?—Yours faithfully

E. T.

Lady Susan adds, that as you are such an Admirer of Gothic Structures, she wishes you are not a Supporter of the Old Interest.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

I expect a Succession of Company next week, otherwise I would meet my Friends at Edge-Hill. Tell Barret that the Road from Radway to Ambrosden will vie at present with those of Essex, and present Lady Turner's compliments and mine to Mrs. Barret, intimating at the same time that we have reserved a

warm room for them if they wish to lie at [our] House a few Nights, or many, if they like it better. The Company I expect consists of our sex.

*From Lord Guernsey.*

*Packington, December 3rd, 1752.*

DEAR MILLER,—It was no small disappointment to Lady Charlotte as well as myself, that your intended visit to Us should be stop'd by our absence from Packington. If Mrs. Miller is under no violent apprehensions of Warwickshire Roads, why should we not have the pleasure we so much desire of seeing you and Mrs. Miller this Christmas? Upon notice of your coming we will send our Coachman part of the way to conduct you so as to avoid some of the worst part of the road, & I can assure you Lady Charlotte is not less impatient than myself for the pleasure of seeing you and Mrs. Miller at this place.

I am glad to hear the Subscription for the Hall fills, [the Warwick County Hall]. We have not had it yet in this part of the County as I hear, and I am a little apprehensive we shall not give so good an account of the public spirit of the Gentlemen near me as Mr. Wise has done of those of his Acquaintance. The death of Lord Digby may be some loss, tho' I should think his grandson would hardly refuse his assistance to this scheme.

Musick is now banished from Packington, Mudge has been here but once since we came from London to stay above a night, & only once in that way, so that I have now no opportunity of that sort of Entertainment.

I have sent you half a Havier, which I think better than Doe Venison, as you were absent from Radway in the Buck Season, and hope it will come to you at an agreeable time. I had some hopes of seeing Talbot, but I suppose our Cambridgeshire visit prevented his visit as well as yours. We have now no engagement till we go to London, except for one week which we mean to spend in Staffordshire, which we can do at any time.

*From Lord Coventry.*

DEAR MILLER,— . . . Whatever merits it [Croome]<sup>1</sup> may in future time boast it will be ungrateful not to acknowledge you the primary Author. . . . It was owing to your assurances that Nature had been more liberal to me than I apprehended. . . . Nothing can be more kind than your congratulations on the subject of the Bedchamber. . . . Great as the honour is I should not have accepted it without the best Opinion of my Royal Master which I assure you is not lessened by acquaintance. I have not been long enough a Courtier to flatter and yet I declare that in Private Life I never saw a greater assemblage of Virtue than in the Person I have the Happiness to serve. Did the Multitude know him as well I am persuaded every good man would of course be a Loyal one.

*From the Earl of Guilford.*

*Waldershare, December 27th, 1752.*

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for both your kind and entertaining letters, & making me master of Election transactions in our part of the country. I think things seem to have been very well managed where you have advised, and had you been earlier of the Cabinet Council, many false steps would have been avoided. Your application to the Recorder was extreamly right, & I am much obliged to him for the part he has taken ; it obviates the chief inconveniences which might be supposed to happen from my not appearing personally, & saves to my friends of the Corporation the distress my appearing would have put them under. So few coming to the Entertainment, shows how improper it would have been for me to have been there. I must either have forced them thither entirely against their inclination, or had the appearance of being neglected by them. The first would have been impolitick, the latter very disagree-

<sup>1</sup> Croome Court in Worcestershire. It was rebuilt and the beautiful grounds laid out by Capability Browne for Lord Coventry. In the eighteenth century it was spelt 'Croomb.'

able to me. I am not surprised some warm people are not satisfied with my conduct. Their only business is to attend to the interest of the County, & they don't remember that I have one to cultivate that is of infinitely more consequence to me. If reasonable people are satisfied with my proceedings (as I think they ought to be) I am content. I fancy I shall be able to furnish about forty double votes, if people keep their words; and that is far more than my property in that part of the County entitles me to; & I don't despair of getting some votes among the Corporation jointly for Sir Edward and Sir James, tho' they did not appear at the Entertainment. I dare say Burford will give Sir Edward a vote; He seem'd inclined to it when I spoke to him, & perhaps this visit of the Duke of Marlborough may bring him still farther, this was my reason for advising an entertainment at Edges'; & I think if one had not been given there, it would have thrown him entirely into the other party. Poor Wardle wishes as well as anybody to the cause, but the truth is the Medcalfes are zealously on the other side; & one cannot in conscience desire him to risque disobliging them. He is one of the Honestest best men in the world; & it would have gone to his heart to have had me been at the entertainment, without being able to be with me. I am extreamly glad Lord Say was there. I said a great deal to him very early and hoped he was fixed; & am very much pleased to hear nobody has stagger'd him. It will assist me in endeavouring to contribute to do him a piece of service which I heartily wish to effect. I rejoice also that you had Sir Jonathan Cope and Mr. Denton, & think things have a better face than I expected. But Sir Edward Turner's desisting certainly did a great deal of mischief in our neighbourhood. Mr. Twistleton complained of it some-time ago in answer to a letter I wrote him to desire he would renew his endeavours for the New Interest. Your visit to him was certainly right. The Duke of Marlborough's behaviour was very obliging with regard to me, & I am extreamly pleased to hear there was no reflections nor calling Jacobite. That is a proceeding I hate: & I think it a reproach to a cause, when it wants the assistance of abuse to support it. I have more letters to write this post, & must stop here with

assuring you our best wishes and compliments always attend you, and your family, & that I am—Dear Sir,  
Very sincerely Yours

GUILFORD.

If the Entertainment was at joint expense, I shall be ready to pay my share when I know what it is.

George Montague joins in compliments, etc.

The sergeant who went round the town engaged himself to me very early and has stuck firm.

*From Mr. Pitt.*

*January 14th, 1753.*

DEAR MILLER,—I am always very obliged to you for every mark of your friendly remembrance; this concerning the horse you mention is most welcome as my stable is in want of a recruit and my health stands much in need of the help of riding. I have an entire confidence in your skill in horse flesh, and believe no man a better judge in either of those Capital articles of life, which is, in a word, to be well mounted. I would ask but one question; is the horse gentle and steady? if you find he is, I shall be much obliged if you will buy him for me and send him to me by my groom, who will deliver this letter to you. I think there is nothing unreasonable in the price if he comes six years old. I send you enclosed a draught on my Banker for six and twenty pounds five shillings, payable to you or order, and desire you will be so good as to lay down the money for the horse. I am happy to hear Mrs. Miller already enjoys the laurels; I make no doubt the myrtle still blooms at Radway and that all the laurels there are not sufficient to bind your victorious brow. I saw your widow at Bath looking very thin and with the charming air of a lady who had tasted largely of the myrtle. Poor little Molly Cobby is delightful; I desire Mrs. Miller will not suffer her precious babes to be thus exposed, as the Ancients used to do their children, for this cold weather it is enough to kill her, or rather to be offered up to the Idol, Taste, as in the manner of oblations to Moloch. After showing my humanity, I applaud your noble zeal for the Arts; go on and prosper, making Angels in bas relief and alto relief as

fast as you can.—I am in great truth, my dear Miller,  
Your faithful and affectionate Humble Servant  
W. PITT.

The dear Dean (Bishop that should be) is just returned from Wickham and has secured yours, which he will answer when he has seen the Bishop of Durham.

I desire my compliments to Sir Edward Turner.

*From the Earl of Guilford.*

*London, January 22nd, 1753.*

DEAR SIR,—I am extreamly sorry for the disagreeable affair which has happened with relation to Mr. Denton. I dare say Watson meant well, but he has been guilty of such a breach of good manners as I cannot expect should be forgiven upon easier terms than his asking Mr. Denton's pardon. Mr. Denton has wrote me a letter of complaint; in my answer I have expressed my disapprobation of Watson's conduct, & said I should send him to ask his pardon. In this my word is in a manner engaged, & therefore I cannot revoke the order I have given in consequence of it. I cannot propose Mr. Denton's being satisfied with less: if you can contrive to get it done upon easier terms, I shall be very well pleased; but till Mr. Denton is satisfied, I am not. It seems to me a plain proposition that when the Duke of Marlborough's agent had to ask leave before he treated, every other agent ought to have done the same, but more particularly mine who am related to Mr. Denton, and have always lived upon such a friendly foot with him. I own treating against a gentleman in his town where he is residing, appears to me as great an incivility as treating in his parlour, & I should be very sorry to have either party think I approve of such a conduct. I should behave exactly in the same manner upon this point was my own son the Candidate; & therefore I should be very sorry to have it looked upon as a want of zeal for the New Interest. It is not Watson's zeal I disapprove, but the incivility of which he has been guilty to a Gentleman and my friend; & for that he must make his submission. Putting myself in Mr. Denton's place, I can't conceive anything more provoking, Than that

when I had let one side treat so entirely unmolested, & meant to grant the same privilege to the other, that the agent of a friend of mine should come at the same time, & treat against my will, under my Nose, & draw eighteen out of the three and twenty of my own Town from me. I have as much zeal for the New Interest in Oxfordshire as I shall ever have in any election dispute, but I think upon such occasions that good breeding towards adversaries should always be preserved; & whenever my agents transgress that, I shall not support them in it. Sure Watson was guilty of a great imprudence, in going to treat Mr. Denton worse than he should have done a declared enemy, upon an idle report only that he was entirely in Sir James Dashwood & Lord Wenman's interest. I would not have anybody think I disapprove of Watson's Activity, I would have everybody think I disapprove of his ill breeding. This I hope will do no prejudice to the cause. You see how I am bound in honour towards Mr. Denton. If he sends me word he is appeased upon easier terms, I shall be pleased to hear it. I am extremely glad to hear Sir Edward's affairs go so well, but I wish people who are gained by treats so long before the Election, may be safely to be depended upon. I beg my best compliments to Sir Edward & his family, Mrs. Miller & your cousin. Lady Guilford joins with me, & I remain—Your obliged humble servant

GUILFORD.

I shall mention the affair of the road to Lord Temple & Mr. Willis; but we expect some scheme from the country.

*From the Earl of Guilford.*

*London, January ye 30th, 1753.*

DEAR SIR,—It pleases me extremely to hear Mr. Denton's affair is so well terminated. His behaviour has been very handsome. He was angry when we had done wrong; when we made an apology & acknowledged it, he was satisfied. Now he is appeased I have no further quarrel with Watson if he keeps the promise he has made to Mr. Denton. I think my conduct is uniform and reasonable, & I am glad to hear warm people grow a little better satisfied with it. I con-

gratulate you upon having got leisure to return to the milder labour of reconciling the Old & New Interest for Sir George Lyttleton.<sup>1</sup> It is certainly a more pleasant employment than what you have been lately engaged in. Your success distinguishes your abilities in both.  
—Most sincerely Yours

GUILFORD.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*London, February 3rd, 1753.*

DEAR SIR,—Least your Cousin's Post Town should be different from yours, I put both Letters under the same cover. To Morrow the Duke will fix the day and Tuesday evening will inform the World more fully. Lady Coventry produced a girl on Wednesday Evening. Mrs. Diana Williams looks healthy (and) is good humoured, (as usual) and our friend. After I had told Guernsey that you were sanguine he asked whether you were or no. I eat Cheese with him the evening I arrived. Lady Charlotte and Lord Aylesford sipped a Glass at the same time. His Lordship imagines he is coeval with the King, and intended to peruse the Royal Face yesterday in order to form a judgement of the Stability of his own Constitution. Guernsey was to attend him. Barret— no, that won't do either, for then I must name forty other Persons. But I have not seen — A Person told me in Confidence this morning that Peggy Banks never thinks of you without tenderness. Hoskyns? I think he looks in high order. Mrs. Hoskyns spreads, but not parturiently.—I am, dear Sir, Your sincere, immoderate Friend

E. T.

*From Lord Guernsey.*

*Grosvenor Square, February 9th, 1753.*

DEAR MILLER,—It is thought necessary by several Gentlemen here that some person or Banker in London should be appointed by you to receive the subscription money for the County Hall & I have been desired to write to you on this Occasion. The same

<sup>1</sup> This probably refers to Miller's plans for the new house at Hagley.

thing may be necessary to be done in the Country, & a public advertisement may be probably the easiest method of doing it. I have yet been able to speak to few of my acquaintance, indeed most of the Gentlemen in my neighbourhood have been spoke to, but I very much fear in that part of the County they are not so zealous in the affair as in some others, but I yet hope the money may be rais'd, however in a short time it may be seen what can be done.

I have seen your friend Sir Edward, & understand by him that a meeting is advertised at Oxford on Monday next at which it will be determined whether He is to engage for the County or not. Both sides seem sure so that the Contest will in all probability be very smart.

*From Sir George Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, February, 1753.*

Enclosed I return you an Epitaph for my Father which I have composed out of that which you sent me and my own, with some alterations in both. My Brothers, Miss West and others to whom I have shown it think it better than either and I think it will do very well. Was not Mr. Talbot the author of that you sent? Whoever it was I think myself very much obliged to him and return him my hearty thanks, but hope he will forgive the Liberty I have taken to take only some Parts and reject the rest. It would have been much too long if I had not as all whom I consulted thought proper to retain some part of the other. . . . I can't yet get the dimensions of the Tapestry, but there will be barely enough for the Best Drawing Room.

We give below the epitaph on Sir Thomas Lyttelton which was inscribed on a plain tablet in Hagley Church. The personal note—unusual in such compositions—is probably largely due to its composite authorship. We may well believe that the parts which the members of his own family “thought proper to retain” were those relating to that patience under suffering which they had so often witnessed.

To the Memory of SIR THOMAS LYTTTELTON, Bart.

Whose sound Judgement, and inflexible Integrity, and universal  
Candour

Recommended him to the Esteem of all Parties.

He was Knight of the Shire for the County of Worcester in three  
successive Parliaments,

And one of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty for 14 years

Where he behaved with Impartiality, Prudence, and Honour,

But his ill Health obliging him to withdraw from Business

He resigned that Employment

And Lived retired

In the continual Exercise of all the Virtues

Which can Enoble a private Life,

Hospitality, Charity, unbounded Benevolence

But more especially that most Difficult and truly Heroical Virtue

Fortitude in bearing bodily Pain,

With which it pleased God to Try him in an extraordinary Manner,

And which instead of Diminishing the Vigour of his Mind

Gave it additional Strength.

He felt every public and private Calamity

More than the Intenseness of his own Sufferings

Which he seemed to forget

Whilst he was meditating the Relief

Or advancing the Felicity of others.

To the great Author of All Good His Heart overflowed with Gratitude

And his Tongue with Praise

Even amidst the Severest Agonies

Especially for that Divine Grace

Which enabled him to support them

And for that unimpaired Understanding

Of which he made the Noblest Use to his last Moments

Dying as he had Lived

With unaffected greatness of Mind

With modest Dignity

With calm Resignation.

And humble and Confident Hopes in the Mercy of God

Through the merits of Jesus Christ his Redeemer,

In the 66th year of his Age

Sept. 14th. An : Dom : 1751.

## CHAPTER XV

LETTERS: MARCH, 1753, TO DECEMBER, 1754.

*From T. Lennard Barrett.*

*Bruton Street, March, 1753.*

. . . I am tired with expecting you and so are all your Friends in London, who are in an uproar at your not coming; the Warwickshire people particularly; Lord Guilford told me you'd certainly come up with Lord Temple, but it seems you changed your mind, very much to my disappointment who much long to see you. Pray then draw on your boots and come away unless you chuse to be brought up by a Messenger. What better time of the year can you chuse than this? A month hence you'll regret every day you give from the Country when everything is coming out; on the other hand the days are so much lengthened and Mrs. Miller can better spare your company than in the long winter evenings; so that on the whole this is the very time you should take your trip to Town if you think of doing it all. Your bed is well aired and your room cleaned and Armson (but don't show this to your wife) ready to receive you. 'Tis true she's grown older and is uglier than ever, but I know this signifies little to a man of your spirit.

At all adventures come away and be assured that you will meet with a hearty welcome here. . . .

*From Sir G. Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, March ye 8th, 1753.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—I am much concerned at poor Hitchcock's continuing so ill, not only on account of the prejudice it will be to my business, but because

I have a sincere kindness for him. I hear that James's Powder has done great things in rheumatism, especially such as come on with fevers: why should not he try it. Aigus's Pill is also a remedy of approved virtue, but I am told, less efficacious than the other. This is fine weather for building, and I should hope his under workmen might go on well enough with the common business under the inspection of Blomfield. Indeed we have no time to lose. I should think the church window might now be done, as that is an easy piece of work; but if there is any other in which Hitchcock's will be less wanted it is equal to me: only let not the masons be idle in this fine season. Hitchcock's son may take his orders, and direct them accordingly. Forty pounds seems to me a great price for the pedestal of the Urn,<sup>1</sup> but you are a better judge of that matter than I.

Sir Charles Mordaunt desired me to tell you he wants much to have you come to town. Poor Pitt is still in a dangerous state. My health is I hope pretty firmly established again. My wife and brother desire their best compliments.

*From Lady Lyttelton.*

*May, 1753.*

DEAR SIR,—I have taken upon me to answer your letter to Sir George, in order to give him time to Breathe, which he is at present in great want of, for the great men with wise heads have cleverly and agreeably contrived in this hot weather to bring business into the House of Commons that keep them sitting every day til nine or ten at night and as Satterday is a Hollyday I begged Sir George would dine out of Town and go early that he might breathe as much sweet air as he could, in order to enable him to bear the air of another sort that he must swallow again on Monday at Westminster. . . .

We beg our best Compliments to Mrs. Miller, Sir George will take care of her Lottery ticket but (if she approve of the alteration) I had rather any body's paw but mine pointed out the number, for I never won in my life at a Lottery or any other kind of gaming. . . .

<sup>1</sup> The monument to Lucy, his first wife.

*From Sir George Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, July ye 7th, 1753.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—I heartily wish Mrs. Miller and you much joy upon her happy and speedy delivery. We had rather she had produced you a boy, but your thoughts are so full of the fair sex that you can get none but girls; and they are so good and so pretty that if you had a dozen of them one could not wish one away.

I have been at Tunbridge where I left the Dean confirming himself in good health, and Hetty endeavouring to restore hers, which has been shattered of late by a return of bilious complaints. Mr. Pitt wants nothing of being quite well but to think himself so, and to sleep soundly all night. He has recovered his flesh, rides 15 miles a day, eats like a horse, and has as much wit as ever he had in his life. I hope another month's use of the Tunbridge waters will quite remove all his complaints real or imaginary. Miss West and her brother and his wife are still with him, and I suppose will stay as long as he does which may be till the end of September. He talks of a visit to Hagley after that time. Miss West is much out of order, but her brother is better than he has been for some years. Dr. Ayscough is also at Tunbridge, but proposes to leave it before the end of this month. Billy is here, and will return to Mr. Pitt as soon as a very troublesome boil upon his posteriors (saving your reverence) will give him leave. My wife is well and joins with me in compliments and congratulations, and so does Billy.

We intend being at Stowe on Tuesday next, this day sennight and with you on Saturday the 4th of next month in the evening. I cant get any birds or other animals upon painted glass for love or money to putt in her dairy windows, which is very vexatious. Adieu.

*From the Earl of Hardwicke.*

*Wimble, September 9th, 1753.*

SIR,—I should have acknowledged your very kind letter sooner if I had not received it at Sir John Heathcote's in Rutlandshire, from which place I did not return till Friday Night.

I take the first opportunity to thank you for your obliging Intentions, and desire you will be so good, as to convey them into execution as soon as you possibly can. I expect Mr. Yorke and Lady Grey here this week, who will be vastly glad of your good company, as well as myself; and towards October we shall be more interrupted by Election Affairs. Besides, I want to show you my Alterations; to have the advantage of your Judgement upon them, and how to improve them; and you know long days and fine weather are considerable ingredients in such Business. On the 26th I shall be obliged to go to London, in order to prorogue the Parliament on the 27th, but hope to return to this place in a few days afterwards. Pray let me have the pleasure of your company before that if you can.

My Wife returns you her best Compliments, and I am, with great esteem, Dear Sir—Your most obedient humble Servant

HARDWICKE.

*From Mr. Nugent.*

*Gosfield, October 1st, 1753.*

You have long promised to bring Mrs. Miller to us, and you promised to stay a long while with us, and now you mean to *job* us off with a few days, if the weather be tolerable. Let me add another *If*; If Sir George Lyttleton be not at home. For shame! you who pray with Saints, sing Psalms with Methodists, and talk law with Chancellors, thus to sport with Faith and pay your debts like a bankrupt, with sixpence in the Pound. No wonder that Mr. and Mrs. Barret, keeping such company as you are, forget their promise and do not say one word of coming with you. However, my dear Miller, Mrs. Miller, the Princess of Abyssinia and yourself will be heartily welcome to Mrs. Nugent and to your obedient humble servant

R. NUGENT.

*From T. Lennard Barrett.*

*Belhouse, October, 1753.*

. . . Browne<sup>1</sup> has been here and by what I find has really been very ill; he made me a great many very serious Professions how ready he was to serve me and while he stayed here slaved at setting out the road and the rest of the Shrubby all day and drew Plans all evening and was in the best humour imaginable; and of his own accord promised to come again next month. Upon the whole I begin now to think that he has not grown too great to Despise my little Businesses. He attributed to many different hindrances his being so long absent, and says I ought to remember that for two months in summer I myself was not here. . . . What did you see at Mr. Lethulier's?<sup>2</sup> How did he entertain you or rather the Ladies? . . . As an Herald and Antiquarian he must have been more than ordinarily civil to Mrs. Miller for her Discent from Pharnes of Boloigna and William of Wickham. . . .

*From the Earl of Guilford.*

*Wroxton, October 19th, 1753.*

DEAR SIR,—I am returned from my melancholly Visit, you may imagine in very indifferent spirits, having left poor Lord Halifax<sup>3</sup> in the utmost affliction, & distress; & I think nobody ever underwent a more severe trial. The Funeral will not be till Sunday Night, & I must excuse myself from waiting on the Mayor of Banbury tomorrow. The same reason prevents us from being able to see the good company from Radway before Monday. That day we shall receive the visit with great pleasure, if it will be agreeable to them; & I will be ready to attend

<sup>1</sup> Capability Browne (see p. 312).

<sup>2</sup> Smart Lethulier of Aldersbrook, Little Ilford (1701-1760), a well-known collector and antiquary. Some of his collections are in the British Museum.

<sup>3</sup> George Montagu, second Earl of Halifax. Married Anne, daughter of William Richards, Esq. The reference is probably to her death.

Mrs. Delany about the garden by twelve o'clock, when I hope we may again have some fine weather. Lady Guilford, & my daughters join with me in compliments to the good Company at Radway, & in wishing my proposal may be agreeable to them. I beg you to believe me always—Dear Sir, Very sincerely  
Yours

GUILFORD.

It was a great mortification to us to have lost the pleasure intended us yesterday.

*From Sir Richard Lyttelton.*

November, 1753.

DEAR SIR,—I received the pleasure of yours yesterday since my return from Norfolk. I am again confined and believe I got cold at the House where I went to hear our young Zealot and must confess I think his performance manly and able and his language excellent. Sir George too made yesterday upon the motion for repealing the Jew Bill the best speech he ever made in parliament, and Lord Tempie has upon three different occasions upon the same point done great honour to himself in the House of Lords. I should be ashamed to say these things of people so near and dear to me to many persons but not to the honest and lauded Miller of his friends. . . .

If you know any Warwickshire Esquire of a gentleman's family that is desirous to escape being made Sheriff or other duties by being Esquire to a Knight of the Bath, I have still a vacancy, but must know it in a few days, the installation being next month and his Arms being to be engraved on a copper plate. . . .

*From Sir Richard Lyttelton.*

December, 1753.

. . . It will be no expence to you to be my Esquire. I have sent your Arms to the Heralds' office to be engraven on the copper plate. . . . The Installation is fixed for the 27th, if anything should happen to put it off I will acquaint you with it that you may not come to Town sooner than is necessary. You do me great pleasure in taking my hint so kindly, it will save

you from being Sheriff or being upon any Juries and other exemptions of that kind, I believe it also gives other priviledges of more sound than utility. You need be at no extraordinary expence for cloathes, a Bag wig and plain dress I believe is all that is necessary, the Wardrobe supplies you with a surcoat of white Lustring lined with crimson Sarcenet and three Crowns embroidered on the shoulder, a Girdle covered with white silk and a Black [word illegible] Bonnet. . . . Your arms are by this time engraved on the Plate to be hung up in the chappel. . . .

*From Sir E. Turner.*

*London, February 20th, 1754.*

. . . You are kind in contradicting Reports. Keep up the Spirits of your Neighbours. Never was the World more unanimous in Opinion upon a Subject than on that of our Election. Princep is just arrived, and is hopping after Subscriptions. Be very respectful in my name (not without a Buss) to Mrs. Miller. Lord Temple headed our Club last night. Lord Say<sup>1</sup> will dine here to-morrow and honour the Chair in Chancery lane on Wednesday night. Guernsey talks a great deal about Maidstone and shakes his sides when he hears of something else shaking in Oxfordshire. He kept up Loyd and me till two o'clock in the Morning, letting us into the Integrity of the Corporation and sketching out the various Characters of the Commonalty. When insinuations are thrown out that he is suspected of being a Friend to Somebody, He replies (to their great astonishment) that He received more real Service from him, than from the whole Corps, when he had Surry in his view. I have not time to write. If your Tenant ventures again without taking a Licence (you have one for the instant year) He will not avoid an Action.

*From Sir E. Turner.*

*London, March 24th, 1754.*

DEAR SIR,—If you are at home, be so good as to secure some Naggs among your Tenants for the use

<sup>1</sup> Of Broughton Castle, near Banbury.



SIR RICHARD LYTTTELTON.

From the portrait by Pompeo Battoni at Hagley.

To face page 228



of our Freeholders in your Neighbourhood. It is a shame that you should quit Mrs. Miller so frequently, I would otherwise ask the Assistance of your contriving head at Ambrosden, where I shall be visible from Saturday to Saturday at least. What do you think of forming an extempore Voiture out of the *Chaise Marine*? I am not, I fear, Orthographical, but I am Faithfully Yours

EDWD. TURNER.

*From Richard Lyttelton.*

*Cavendish Square, March 29th, 1754.*

Ten thousand thanks to my worthy Esquire for the very best green corn partridges that ever were eat, and thank you for the apples for it is not your fault that they have lost their flavour. Mr. Pitt can't get rid of a cursed cough, but he has been for some days at Wickham and is better. Temple has been pretty bad with a cough also but is pretty well again. West is come back to Portsmouth without seeing a Frenchman, how could he help it? the American Expedition is still cruelly detained by contrary winds, who can help that? The supplies don't fill so fast as L. thought they would do, why did he think so? let him answer that. The D. of C[umberland] has been very ill but is about again, why? thank God, he is going to command a German Army and that a weak one, he can't make it stronger so who can blame him for that? I have nothing more worth telling you but that is not my fault.—Your loving Knight etc,

R. L.

Four paltry Knights are to be installed to-day but the devil of one Esquire.

*From the Earl of Guilford.*

*London, March 4th, 1755.*

DEAR SIR,—Merely by way of message, my family send compliments, etc, & very sincerely are anxious to know how you all do at Radway, & whether Mrs. Miller has pretty well recover'd her Lying in. We are very sorry for your loss.

The Duke of Bedford & Lord Sandwich have opposed Nugent's nightly watch bill for Bristol, but with no effect. Oxfordshire Election goes on the same pace. People begin to talk as if the Parliament would sit after Easter, & the advices from abroad look more like war than peace. Adieu, dear Sir, Believe me always—Very sincerely Yours

GUILFORD.

On the death of Pelham, in March, 1754, there was a general redistribution of places.

*From Sir George Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, April, 1754.*

. . . I have just kissed the King's Hands for the Cofferer's Place which I preferred to being Treasurer of the Navy of which I had likewise an offer. It is a good £2,200 per annum, all Taxes deducted, and, if I hold it three or four years will build my new House with the help of my Falls of Wood without my being obliged to borrow any money. It will also allow me more time to be at Hagley which I think a circumstance of importance. But what pleases me best is that it enables me to give a Place to my Brother Billy of 5 or 6 hundred a year, which he could not have had in any other shape if I had been Treasurer of the Navy. I am therefore much better satisfied with the arrangement, besides the great Article of not having a Publick Account hanging over me for several Years with perpetual Fears of suffering by the Knavery of the Officers under me. . . .

I intend to set out next week for Oakhampton. I hope all will go well there the Duke of Bedford and I having come to a compromise; but some people would fain set up a third man merely to make an Opposition. The best of it is they can't well find one bold enough to engage in a contest with two such Interests joined as the Duke of Bedford's and mine. However I wish it were peaceably over, for though the event is not much to be feared of such an opposition, if one could be raised the expence and the trouble are formidable.

The Newspapers have killed our friend Mr. Pitt, but, God be thankd, he is better than he has been for a long time, having no other complaint but lameness in his feet after a long and severe Fitt of the Gout which I hope will prove the best Physician for him. . . .

Haydn's "Book of Dignities" says that the office of Cofferer which existed from the time of Elizabeth was abolished in 1782, and the duties transferred to the Lord Steward and the Paymaster of the Household. Sir George Lyttelton held the office for one year only. He gave the post of Sub-Cofferer to his brother William, whom Pitt congratulates thus :

. . . "Adieu my dear Sub-Cofferer! May you in no long course of years (with Sir George's leave) come 'to sleep within the chariot that you drive;' for all the cares of office will be yours while the Cofferer reposes in the shades of Hagley, and dispenses his own fat bucks as you will do those of His Majesty's parks and forests; Most affectionately yours

"W. PITT.

"My compliments to Sir George and Sir Richard."

*From Sir Richard Lyttelton.*

*April, 1754.*

MY DEAR AND TRUSTY SQUIRE,—I am much obliged to you for the kind concern you express for my health, my feet are still very tender and I don't go abroad but must sett out in a few days for Poole, where however I have no opposition. The Duchess has had a very severe attack of the Gout but, Thank God, confined to the feet and is much better.

Mr. Pitt is very well only a little tender-footed and will be in Town in eight or ten days or sooner. The Report of his death was a horrid Lye to make the *World* uneasy.

The new Cofferer, Sir George has had a slight fever, his deputy (Billy) is well and happy.

*From Sir George Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, May, 1754.*

DEAR MILLER,—I condole with you on the ill success of your labours in the Oxfordshire Poll, and cannot greatly flatter myself on its being made up by the scrutiny, unless the customary copy holders shall be allowed to be Free holders.

My Toils have been more successfull and I am returned with great glory, some Expence and a bad cold. As to the Expence it was owing to an attempt to raise an Opposition which though it failed obliged me to spend three or four hundred pounds extraordinary, but as Elections go I am mighty well off. My good Borough of Bewdley<sup>1</sup> cost me a little more than a hundred pounds.

*From Lord Guernsey.*

*Grosvenor Square, May 25th, 1754.*

DEAR MILLER,—I received the favour of yours, & am sorry to find by it that your fatigue and trouble will not probably be over before you receive this. I hope everything will come out for the honour and reputation of our friend, as not only his voters but his character will be scrutinized on this occasion, & the opinions here are so various as to his success upon the scrutiny, that I shall be heartily glad to hear it is well over. I am obliged to you for your congratulations on my success at Maidstone, but have no joy in it myself, as I think my being in Parliament of no consequence to the Public, & that I shall find few in it whose opinions will agree with mine, & I could give you instances of oppression and violence countenanced and supported by men in authority that would a little surprise even a man who has attended the Oxfordshire Election from the beginning to the end.

But I am impatient to leave a subject I hate to think of, for one much more agreeable to me, the pleasure of seeing you at Packington this summer, but I must tell you that Lady Charlotte expects that you should bring

<sup>1</sup> W. H. Lyttelton was M.P. for Bewdley in 1754.

the little woman with you, she is now in her bed but has ordered me to make her compliments to Mrs. Miller & to desire the favour of her company when you give us the pleasure of yours. I hope to be at Packington the end of June, as soon as Lady Charlotte goes out, we are to make a visit to Belhouse, from whence we shall go into Warwickshire, where I shall with pleasure attend you to solicit subscriptions for the County Hall. I am no less eager than yourself that it should be completed, but alas! the taste of some of our Countrymen will hardly engage them to contribute much to a work of so much elegance, and so far above their comprehension. I think it by all means necessary to try what can be done at Birmingham where I will willingly attend you, tho' I fear my Interest there is not very great, but that is no reason for not trying what can be done.

I direct this to you at Sir Edward's [Turner] where I suppose it will find you or be sent after you, if with him I beg my sincere respects to him and Lady Turner.

*From Sir E. Turner.*

*Grosvenor Square, June 22nd, 1754.*

DEAR MILLER,—It is impossible for me to execute the whole Plan of Excursion which you propose to me. I am at present in London, and shall remain here at least during the next week. I therefore think that I cannot see Radway sooner than early in August. I rejoice in your Castle-capped Hill; and in your Empress of the Vale. I this moment almost passed by Whites and was saluted by the Nugentian Vibration of my name. "Well," says he—"as to Miller?" I answered that He would, I believed, soon see him at Gosfield. Was I right? Lord Guernsey and Lady departed yesterday. Lord Coventry in the Park this Evening. Sir Gregory's Lawn looked charming this morning. I will attack it again and hope to see Mr. Hamilton's. Even London is pleasant after the Surfeit of a Scrutiny as it is a Contrast to a Crowd. A Thousand Compliments attend all friends. Blackhall<sup>1</sup> sauntered about Oxford on Wednesday, unmolested,

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Blackhall, High Sheriff for County Oxford.

unnoticed, undistinguished. I waited upon the Speaker to apologise for the trouble we shall give him, and was graciously received.

*From Lord Guernsey.*

*Packington, June 25th, 1754.*

DEAR MILLER,—It will give me and Lady Charlotte very sincere pleasure to see you and Mrs. Miller at Packington whenever it is most convenient to you, as we are nowhere engaged at present. We came to this place last Sunday, and have no thought of removing from it very soon, so that the time you propose will in all respects be convenient to us.

I hope we shall have success in our begging scheme, but don't well know how the Birmingham People are disposed at present; some time ago they did not seem much inclined to contribute to the plan of new building the County Hall, nor do I think the repairing of it, if that had been agreed upon would have met with a much better reception from them.

I must not omitt Lady Charlotte's Compliments to Mrs. Miller and repeat her desire of seeing her here; which will contribute much to her pleasure as well as that of—Your most affectionate humble Servant

GUERNSEY.

*From Sir George Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, June ye 6th, 1754.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—I had fully proposed going to Hagley with my wife and son next Monday, But some business I did not expect will keep me in London, or within thirty miles of it, till the 5th or 6th of next month, when I hope to see the dear *Lares* of Hagley. In the meantime I hope you will give a look at them, as your eye may be wanting there, both to see what is done in the Chancel, and to order the putting up of the painted glass in the windows. I suppose you will get Lord Guilford's man to go over on that account. Lady Lyttelton intends to be at Stratford on Avon next Tuesday night the 11th of June. If you meet her there she will have room in the coach to carry you with her to Hagley and it will be

gallant in you to attend her, as she has lost her own man for some time. She brings down with her all the plans of the house. You shall hear from me again before I set out for Hagley. I wish you joy of your glorious fatigues being now at an end. Adieu my dear friend.

*From Sir George Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, July, 1755 [?].*

. . . My Health, I thank God, is much the better for my Norfolk Tour, and I have much discourse for you upon the fine things I saw there. You must take an opportunity of seeing them too; for to a man of your taste no part of England is so well worth a visit, at least none that I have seen. Lord Leicester's alone would pay you the trouble and expence of your journey.<sup>1</sup> The only danger is that it should putt you out of conceit with your Gothick Architecture; but you are a Man of too large Ideas to be confined to one taste. And even Lord Leicester's wants the view of Gothick Castle to make it compleat, of which he himself is so sensible that he has desired me to make interest with you to come and give him a Plan. . . .

*From Mr. Nugent.*

*Gosfield, July 28th.*

DEAR SIR,—We have been wishing and hoping for you so long, that if you do not come soon we shall only wish and not hope for you longer. The fine season is passing away, and the very moment cold Days and long Nights come, adieu to all serious Reflections for I am a Philosopher only in the fields, and never in the Fields but when the sun shines; so prithee come or I shall not be able to keep my word with you. I have two reasons for writing short letters, one is that I hate writing long ones, and the other that if I did write long ones no Body would like to read them, therefore, my dear Miller for your sake and my own—I am Your faithful and assured Servant

R. NUGENT.

<sup>1</sup> Holkham, Lord Leicester's seat, was built entirely in the Classic style.

*From Fiennes Eddowes<sup>1</sup> regarding the Post of Architect to the Office of Ordnance.*

*August, 1754.*

DEAR SIR,—It is with particular pleasure that I have my Father's commands to communicate a piece of intelligence which we think and hope may be improved very much to your advantage, the real regard we have to that will we hope excuse all apology for this intrusion into your domestick concerns.

The Place of Architect to the Office of Ordnance is become vacant by the death of Gibbs; the value £120 per annum, paid quarterly without deduction. The late Possessor found it almost if not merely a *Sinecure*. As no person can have fairer pretensions than yourself, nor we think would be more cheerfully and powerfully supported by Friends who cannot be refused, and the great probability of your success my Father imagines would render him inexcusable if he omitted to give you this opportunity to improve it. Besides the particular encouragement from several Gentlemen who are perfectly acquainted with the Board of Ordnance and are at present with him would not permit him to hesitate a minute to furnish you with this hint of which you are at liberty to make what use you like. . . .—Your affectionate Kinsman and Obedient humble Servant

FIENNES EDDOWES.

*From Sir George Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, August, 1754.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—The Place you mention is in the gift of Sir John Ligonier and if it be not already disposed of, or promised, (as I fear it is) I think my interest with him will procure it for you without any other Assistance. I would therefore reserve my Lord Chancellour and Lord Anson for another occasion. I wish we could have applied to Sir John before Gibbs's death, for there are so many ready to snap at a *Sinecure* that they would hardly stay till the breath was out of his body, and I doubt it is gone. . . .

I thank you for your care to furnish my *Grotto*; all these Materials will make it very fine. . . .

<sup>1</sup> A relation of Mrs. Miller.

*From Sir John Ligonier.*

*Cobham, August, 1754.*

TO LORD LYTTTELTON.

DEAR SIR,—I shall always think it a pleasure to have it in my power to obey any of yours or Lady Lyttelton's commands, and am sorry I can not upon this occasion, the Place being disposed of, before I knew anything of your Friend. . . .—Your most humble and Obedient Servant,

J LEGONIER.

*From Sir George Lyttelton.*

*August, 1754.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—You will see by the enclosed that my Fears were too well grounded, and that Sir J. Ligonier had disposed of the place before my letter came to him. I am heartily sorry that we have met with no better success in this your first application to the Great; but I know you are a Philosopher and can bear a disappointment. It is some pleasure to me that I have had an occasion of showing you my desire to serve you, and I hope you will always command my best interest when there is any prospect of its being of use to you. In the meantime let me advise you not to neglect to send the Duke of Newcastle the Plan and Upright of your Town Hall at Warwick; as he desired you would do; because by making yourself known to His Grace as an Architect, you may more easily hereafter obtain some other Place of the same sort or still better than this in the Ordnance. . . .

Our House is still empty but I soon expect Mr. Horace Walpole Junior. When will you chuse to come to us again?

. . . My compliments to Mrs. Miller and all your Flock.

*From Sir E. Turner.*

*Ambrosden, August 16th, 1754.*

DEAR SIR,—I could not possibly fix our visit to Radway for the time you mention. We purpose to be at Adlestrop on Monday Sevnight, and then will settle a day for waiting upon you. Lord Guernsey passed thro' Bister last night, but no notice taken of us

although our landau stood then at Clarke's Door! I have tried to gratifye Prinsep's<sup>1</sup> lameness by taking Heath to Bister. I have received some hopes from Ld. Chancellor, who honoured me with an immediate and polite answer. I stand on my own Bottom and make use of no Person's Intervention. The Living produces only £40:—after Curate payed and it is in my Neighbourhood. These are my Reasons. I cannot think my Lord will esteem it a very great Favour to confer. Battlesden's<sup>2</sup> Verdure will be glorious, and yet Lawns of Ambrosden cannot easily be excelled. Compliments to Mrs. Miller. Why did you not take your cousin into Wales and treat him with a foretaste of his circuit? Present my services to him and our fair Agent. I am faithfully (I had almost forgot that orange Peach, your Niece)—Yours

EDW<sup>D</sup> TURNER.

*From Mr. Nugent.*

*Gosfield, September, 1754.*

. . . At the end of your letter dated from Addlestrop you are come to Stowe and where this letter is to reach you, dear Mordaunto, God of Heaven knows, I wish the Post Office may. I have some thoughts of directing it to Sanderson Miller in Europe but am not clear whether Sir Isaac Newton received his letter that was so directed. A second thought succeeds—I would direct duplicates to all the Great Men's Houses in England; but, not having time nor Clerks sufficient, I give up that project, and beside, you sometimes, like Death, (N.B. nothing is so like Death as a builder of ruins) visit *Pauperum Tabernas*; and while my letter is conveyed to Wimple, Stowe or Hagley, you may be drawing a gothick Hog-sty for some customary Freeholder in Oxfordshire. I never could shoot flying and therefore waited for your sitting down before I would attempt to reach you. . . . None of your *Honourables*, if you please, on the cover of your letter, I am not at

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. John Prinsep, instituted to Bicester Vicarage, on the presentation of Sir Edward Turner, September 14, 1752.

<sup>2</sup> The family seat in Bedfordshire, inherited from the Page family.

all more Honourable now than I was before ; and it is impossible to be with profounder Humility than I am and always shall be—Your faithful and obedient Servant

R. NUGENT.

P.S. to LORD TEMPLE—I love you, damn me if I do not, and I hate myself for not having been able to tell you so at Stow. If you would be greatly avenged, come here and bring Mr. Pitt with you. Give me Planns, persuade me to execute them and exhaust the treasury of your faithful servant and Treasurer.<sup>1</sup>

*From Mr. Pitt.*

*Kingsutton, September 17th, 1754.*

DEAR MILLER,—I am much honoured by the obliging remembrance of the agreeable company at Radway. It is no small mortification to me to think that they will pass tomorrow morning at Wroxton, and that I shall be confin'd to my Dungeon at Kingsutton, by a little medicine that I am obliged to take. As you say you believe in spirits, it will be the least justice you can do me to imagine mine will be on the delightful Banks of Wroxton Lake. May the grand Landskip Painter, the Sun, spread his highest colouring o'er the sweet scene, and the fairest Naiad of the Lake frisk all her frolick Fancy at the Cascade, and be, what you must ever think a pretty Girl, most charming in her Fall.

I shall be happy if the Chaise can be any Convenience to Mrs. Miller and you next winter ; it is but a sad looking Tub ; I should be quite ashamed to send it, if I did not send with it the truest wishes for everything that can give you pleasure. Farewell, my dear Miller, and amidst all the scenes of Fancy and Composition, remember Yard Lands, Quicks, Gates, Posts, etc.—Your truly affectionate

W. PITT.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Nugent and Lord Temple were great cronies. Their taste in jokes agreed, and on one occasion brought them into serious trouble. In their old age they joined in writing complementary verses to the beautiful Duchess of Gordon.

*From Lord Guernsey.**Birmingham, October 28th, 1754.*

DEAR MILLER,—Through storm and tempest I arrived here about half an hour after the time I appointed to meet you, & if your servant had arrived an hour sooner I would have returned with him to Hagley, but it was then so late and the weather so bad that I durst not venture another excursion, & it is with great concern that I find my Hagley schemes so often prevented.

I hope to see you very early tomorrow morning to settle our Scheme for another Collection here, it is absolutely necessary to do it with prudence and spirit or we shall find our Subscription fail, which upon many accounts I should be sorry for.

Pray make my Compliments and Respects to our friends at Hagley.

*From Sir E. Turner.**London, November 9th, 1754.*

DEAR MILLER,—In answer to your letter—no, I will not answer it, for an Occurrence strikes me which I will impart to you.—

On Thursday Morning a Poet introduced himself to me, with a greater appearance of Opulence in his laced Coat, than generally distinguished the Appollonian Race. He claimed the honour of having assisted Mr. Crisp<sup>1</sup> in his Tragedy. Should not such a man go to Virginia? Lord Coventry knows nothing of him. He pulled out of his Pocket a Bundle of Muses, and was going to torment me with his Recital of Elegies (they had all proved Elegies to me), Sonnets, Comedies, Pastorals, Tragedys (my Situation during his Visit is a good Subject for a Tragedy) and Pindarics! but the Arrival of a Friend rescued me luckily from Poetic Assassination. One symptom of a great Genius he discovered, for had not I reminded Him in his Retreat, he had left me the Legacy of an Hat and a Pair of Gloves! Prinsep hath the Presen-

<sup>1</sup> Fanny Burney's "Daddy," who never got over the failure of his tragedy "Virginia."

tation of Heath. I owe you many thanks for the Intimations in your Letter. I will endeavour to make a proper Use of them. I thank you for thinking of Ambrosden and Christmas. Your little Woman, is, I dare say, disappointed on account of Jemmy's not settling in her neighbourhood. She cannot live without him. He is the thing. As to Sconse. He certainly fits your Parlour well. We hope that if you are summoned, you will repair to London. The Town is empty and little News stirring. You shall soon hear from me again. I am, with compliments to that infinitesimal Instance of Perfection, your Wife (should I not have said, in Propriety, that Instance of infinitesimal Perfection ?)—Your most faithful Servant

EDWD. TURNER.

Won't you write again? Do!

*From Sir E. Turner.*

*London, November 14th, 1754.*

DEAR SIR,—You are desired to send up immediately what extracts you have made relative to the Manors of Bloxham and Adderbury, with the Pages where the Materials are to be found. Webb says you talked of a printed Poll in the time of Lord Godolphin. Where is it? How is it to be procured? We hope you will be in the way when summoned.

*From Sir E. Turner.*

*London, November 19th, 1754.*

DEAR SIR,—I received yours touching Bloxham and Adderbury. You rebuke me on account of no News being sent to Radway. I had none to send. Yesterday however Lord Hillsborough moved that the Merits and Return of our Election should be considered *together*. Col. Conway seconded the Motion. Lord Francis Dashwood moved that the Return should be considered separately whether it was good, that the Sheriff should be sent for & . . . . After a good deal

of Debate upon a Division the Numbers in favour of our Motion were . . . 267.

Against ...	...	...	...	...	97
The Majority	...	...	...	...	170
					<hr/> 267

We are all in good spirits. Many of their Gentlemen will appear to give an account of what happened during the Poll and Scrutiny, if therefore our Friends will not come to London, we shall labour under a Disadvantage not to be balanced. It is therefore to be hoped, your Zeal will at least keep up to its usual mark. Mentieth just arrived in a Vel—— Plu—— Faith! I believe 'tis Velv—— No, it is a Plush Coat! He looks well and talks of Christmas and Ambrosden. Mr. Geo. Grenville takes a considerable Part in our Cause. I was with him this Morning. He is very cordial. Mr. Pitt married on Saturday to Lady Hester. Nugent said yesterday in the Debate "that every Man hath his Partiality, I have my Partiality for my old Friend and Acquaintance, but doth any Man imagine that in a Cause of this Consequence I can be influenced by such Partiality?" Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Chas. Yorke, and Brothers, some Grenvilles, Mr. Fox, Sir G. Lyttelton, Hume Campbell, Dr. Hays of the Commons, Mr. Henley, Mr. Hardinge, Lord Duplin, with Multitudes entertain hitherto a good opinion of our Cause. The 3rd December is fixed for hearing the Merits. Our Opponents open and examine their witnesses first. I have but little time to write. Take the Pittance I can allow you. Salute your philosophical Womanette on my behalf. It hath often been said in a Parliamentary Way that the Alteration of Men without Measures would do no service to the Constitution. You tell me that Mrs. Miller is Philosophical (that is, indifferent) about the thing (that is, the Measure) tho' the *Man* is changed. Why then, she will bring back her Constitution to the *Old Plan* laid down by her First Minister. I am got into such a Vein of Nonsense that I will stop short. Tell Mrs. Miller that I am ashamed of it. 267 against 97 is better Matter and there I should have ended.—I am, Dear Sir, Yrs (I had almost forgot Miss Newsham) faithfully

EDWD. TURNER.

Talbot ?

It is possible that the following verses to Mrs. Miller by Sir E. Turner were written about this time :

“ Assemblage soft of every grace,  
 Angelic Minature of Face,  
 How small her Eye, whose potent ray  
 Darts on Mankind Resistless Day.  
 The Lilliputian coral Lip :  
 That Half a Drop contrives to sip,  
 When Drought afflicts, or Healths go round  
 Among the Elves of Fairy Ground.  
 What soft Epitome of Nose !  
 The tripping set of Pigmy Toes  
 That lightly skim the filmy dew  
 O’ th’ Morn ; the Locks of Glossy Hue  
 As the slight Cobweb’s Texture fine  
 As fatal too !—to Hearts like mine.  
 Hither Divine Abridgment come,  
 Perch on thy gentle Giant’s Thumb,  
 Then great as Marbro shall I stand  
 With Conquest’s Model in his Hand.”

Look at the Pillar at Blenheim.

*From Sir E. Turner.*

*London, November 30th, 1754.*

DEAR SIR,—What the Doctor’s [King ?] Opinion may be as to the Principles of the Game of All Fours, I cannot be sure. But I think they cannot be Whiggish. He must necessarily say that “Give me Highest and Jack, I’ll have the Game and the Devil take the Lowest.” I have great Reason to think, that he hath never been a lover of Cards on Account of the Game called “Beat Knave (or Jack) out of doors,” invented, I suppose, about the year 88, when the Whigs began to have the Cards in their Hands. I have frequently heard that the Doctor hath found Occasion to cry “Pam, be civil,” and hath therefore given his Testimony against Insurrections, but on the other hand I am apt to think that the Disapprobation proceeds from an Inability to support them. You seem to allude to a Pamphlet, when you joke about All Fours. I had not seen it. They

say that it almost breaths disaffection. If so, what Infatuation seizes Mankind when heated with Politicks. On Tuesday the Trenches will be opened. If we want you we shall send a Summons not to be opposed. What says Mrs. Miller? Mr. Aplin just arrived, above 500 Objections! What then? We can perhaps take out their sting; in that situation what is a Wasp? Our Friends are very zealous and much Ability smiles upon us. What says Mrs. Miller again? Guernsey arrived, will look in upon Tuesday and return to Lady Charlotte. Botterel objected to because the Clerk hath initialed his Name with an M. instead of a B. Lady Hester looks well. Mr. Geo. Grenville takes a substantial Part among others in our Affairs. I have not Time to write and yet I try to write, but I do not *write* to my Friend Miller, I scrawl only rhapsodically and nonsensically, but, in faith, sincerely when I assure him that I am, with great Esteem, His Fellow Freeholder

E. T.

The pamphlet to which Miller had referred was probably the following:

“*Serious Reflections on the  
Dangerous Tendency of the Common Practice of Card-playing  
especially of the Game of  
ALL FOURS  
as it hath been publicly played at Oxford  
in this present year of our Lord MDCCLIV.*”

“... I come now, Sir, to the last Game I shall take notice of in which the *Knave* is predominant, and which you will perceive was the chief object I had in View when I first sat down to trouble you with this *Epistolary Dissertation*. I wish *Mr. Hoyle* had obliged us with some Directions and Observations upon it in his ingenious Commentary; because, though I attended closely to a Match, that was played here some time ago, on a *Public Stage* yet I could form to myself no Idea of the *Power of the Cards* or of the *Laws of the Game*.

“The Cards were dealt on both sides and the Trump turned up. Then one of the Parties *begged something*,

on which there was some further Stir with the Cards; and a friend of the same party whispered that he was safe enough for he had got *His Heels*. This it seems is a Cant name for the *Knave*; as being one I suppose that should be laid by *the Heels*. However what he then meant I knew not. But, when the Deal was out, and, on casting up the Whole there appeared a great Inequality, to my unspeakable Surprize, each Side scored up *two*. I was mightily solicitous to know the Reason of this; when a Person who stood near me told me that the Game was called ALL FOURS. That it was true, as I had observed, the *Gentleman in Blue* [the Old Interest colour] had won the *Game* and was the *Highest*, but the Power of the *Knave* was so great that if he took part with the *Lowest* he became equal to *Highest* and *Game*. During the playing of the Cards, another thing fell out that gave me great Offence which was the Attempt, by a half concealed *Lye*, to impose upon the Adversary. For the party which had the *Knave* was heard to swear that he had also the *King*: when it appeared afterwards that the *King* lay by in the Stock and had no share at all in the Play.

“If such things are allowed this Game at least is of *Hellish Extraction*, whatever may be thought of the Cards. To make the *Lowest* equal to the *Highest* is a shameful Defiance of Justice and Common Sense. And the false insinuation about the *King* was an Insult on *Royal Majesty* itself; as if that might be prostituted to suit the vile Purposes of a *Knave*.

“One thing more, which I had like to have omitted, was so extraordinary a Circumstance in the process of this particular Game that I am told it was never practised before or since in any Country. Towards the close of the Play the *Fellow in Green*, who had the *KNAVE* on his side, perceiving himself left behind by his Antagonist, stood up in a Rage, and seizing on a *Heap of Cards* that lay by him, began playing them away, *swearing* and *damning* and *damning* and *swearing*, till he was black in the Face. Thus he went on for a considerable Time by himself, and insisted at last, that every one should be reckoned to his Account.

“The Company now began to shake their Heads, and all agreed that so scandalous a proceeding had never been seen before in this World. This Effort,

however served no manner of Purpose, for, after all, a great Superiority remained on the Side of the *Gentleman in Blue*."

For those unacquainted with the card-game in question it is somewhat difficult to follow all the allusions in this pamphlet; but the Knave, being on the side of the New Interest, doubtless signified Sir Edward Turner.

*From Sir E. Turner.*

*London, December 17th, 1754.*

DEAR SIR,—I hope to be at Ambrosden on Saturday. Your Cousin and Mrs. Miller may recollect that we invited them to Ambrosden. Rub up his Memory and Base Viol. 69 Objections were offered this day. They dodge us as we did at the Scrutiny. Near Eight! News of Dinner! Cherish and cultivate Mrs. Miller and rank me in the line of Friendship just as usual—

E. T.

## CHAPTER XVI

LETTERS : 1755

*From Sir E. Turner.*

*January 9th, 1755.*

DEAR SIR,—As our Opponents have charged our Friends with illegal Practices, and even dragged in Lord Harcourt's name, whom they charge as having obliged a man to vote, it is thought that we need not be very tender in proving how improper the conduct was of Mr. Holbeach<sup>1</sup> and others during the Poll. In short it is thought so necessary that we shall send a Speaker's Warrant to you, which we hope you will obey without dissatisfaction, since by this means you will stand clear of the Imputation of bearing a forward Testimony against your Neighbour. We shall serve you very soon, but I entreat that, in the interim, you send me an Immediate Answer with your Sentiments. We shall proceed on Saturday. This day 61 Objections made.

*From Lady Susan Keck.*

*Great Tew, January ye 9th, 1755.*

SIR,—I send you two informations which Mr. Rainbow will explain, we want as soon as possible to have them well evidenced. Those that are put to them cou'd but won't speak, such sort of things we shall begin with first in the House; therefore the utmost expedition is wanted. Compliments attend Mrs. Miller. I am very ill but much Sir—Yr, most obedient humble Sert.

SUSAN KECK.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Holbeach, of Farnborough, near Banbury.

*From Lord Guernsey.**Packington, January 15th, 1755.*

DEAR MILLER,—I have now a two year old Bull which is a very pretty one, but I cannot be certain whether I can part with him till Spring, before which time I suppose Mr. Dutton will not want him, if he can then be parted with my Steward shall send Mr. Townsend notice of it, that he may come over to see him. There is another of an excellent breed near me that will be two year old next spring but perhaps not entirely equal in beauty to that which I have, but am told is a very fine one. If Mr. Townsend has a mind to see him for Mr. Dutton my steward shall attend him; the Calf belongs to a Tenant of mine in this Parish, & at present my Steward knows of no other that he can recommend.

I have not made a second attempt at Birmingham.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Wyse having been detained at Lichfield till within this fortnight, since which time my own affairs have not permitted me to go from home, we must therefore let that matter rest till summer, tho' I am sorry poor David Hiorn must be kept so long unpaid. Surely with the assistance of Lord Brooke we shall be able to get a great part of the money already subscribed paid in, and we must trust to a little more dilligence and application for the promoting of a farther subscription next summer.

Lady Charlotte desires her compliments to you & Mrs. Miller to whom I hope you will present the respects of—Dear Miller Your very affectionate & obliged humble Servant

GUERNSEY.

*From Sir Edward Turner.**January 16th, 1765.*

DEAR MILLER,—As most of our Gentlemen are come up, it will appear singular that you do not throw yourself in the Way of confirming your former zeal. I beg

<sup>1</sup> Viz., subscriptions for the Warwick County Hall. Mr. Wyse was a local gentleman who had been interesting himself in the matter. The hall had now been begun. Hiorn was the builder and contractor.

therefore that as you are looked upon as my Friend, you will, if Mrs. Miller can spare you for a few days, come up immediately on the Receipt of this. Even Blomberg will be at the Bar. Meet us only and if at such Meeting it should be thought that you are an inefficient Witness, you will have no trouble. You shall have no Warrant as you do not approve of my Proposal but you will be welcome to a Room in the House of—Your sincere Friend

E. T.

*From Sir E. Turner.*

*London, February 11th, 1755.*

DEAR MILLER,—I rejoice at the Accession of a Milleret to your Family. We shall want you much as to Barnacle if you can be spared. I know no Person but yourself and Friend Talbot who can put this Culprit upon his Tryal. And, without a Tryal, he cannot be convicted. We hope two weeks beside the present will evacuate the Town of our Evidencers. I have sent an immediate summons to honest Hitchcox. We must not stop till we stop entirely.

Customarys come on, on Thursday.

Sir E. Turner's election largely depended on the votes of the customary copyholders. Their legality was left to the decision of the sheriff of the county, who, being generally appointed by the Minister for the time being, naturally decided in favour of his own party—in this case that of the New Interest.

*From Sir E. Turner.*

*London, March 18th, 1755.*

DEAR SIR,—The House hath been once adjourned for want of 40 Members. The like Attempt was made a second time, but as the Speaker was pronouncing that the House be adjourned, a Fortieth Member stepped in, and thus Saturday produced forty two Objections.

Jemmy desired I would send him a list of tradesmen belonging to Bister and its environs. I have pricked down many but the Grocer is postponed. What do

you think of feeling the pulse of Cook<sup>1</sup> and recommending him yourself to Caversfield? Many are of Opinion that there will be at least a Naval War. His Majesty will send a Message to the Commons on Thursday; from which, I suppose, more certain Conjectures will be formed. Prinsep hops a Street on being appointed Lord Montfort's Chaplain. Have not you forgot to collect the Subscription money for him from Mr. Pit etc? He is just going to publish. We have gone through 314. We shall finish on Thursday and sum up on Saturday, adjourn for a week, and then they begin and proceed *in die in diem*.

*From the Earl of Guilford.*

*London, March ye 18th, 1755.*

DEAR SIR,—Your good account of Mrs. Miller gave us very sincere pleasure. I wish we may soon have weather to perfect her recovery. We have for a long time had only such as is fit to make people sick. I thank you for your obliging offer of looking a little at what is doing at Wroxton. When the weather is such as will make riding an amusement, I shall be glad if you will be so good as to take it that way, & tell John Strong if you see him doing anything absurd; which is not at all improbable, as he has no regular plan, & has been so long left entirely to himself. I agree with you in great dislike of four shillings in the Pound Land Tax: & tho' war may not be yet quite certain, things seem to have but a gloomy appearance. Our preparations however have gone on with surprising success, & if we should be attacked, I think we shall not make a bad figure. I believe the New Interest Cause improves every day in the judgement of the Members who attend; but I fear their numbers rather diminishes by the long duration of the trial.

*From Sir E. Turner.*

*London, April 24th, 1755.*

DEAR SIR,—At twelve last Night the Election was decided in favour of Lord Wenman, Ninety Eight, Against him two Hundred twenty eight.

<sup>1</sup> Probably the Rev. Samuel Cooke, Vicar of Little Bookham, Surrey, who married Cassandra, daughter of the Rev. Theophilus Leigh, D.D., Master of Baliol.

No other Division, so that we were immediately declared duly elected.—Yours most faithfully (drink a bumper, Mrs. Miller)

EDWD. TURNER.

*From Sir E. Turner.*

*London, April 26th, 1755.*

DEAR MILLER,—Are you satisfyed, is Miss Newsham, is the Radwayan Matron satisfyed? Twelve o'clock was always, I thought, a jolly hour.—The Ladies have no reason to disapprove of it. Countess Harcourt, Virgin Lady Betty, Widow Wentworth, all give testimony in its favour. Sir Charles [Mordaunt?] spoke an Hour very well, but as we differ upon legal points in which twentys and thirtys were concerned, I cannot say he spoke efficiently. Mr. Northey would have induced the House to accept of his Computation, because Sir Charles and he had debated privately the Merit of each Vote objected to. This furnished an Occasion of Wit to Mr. Fox, who had likewise his Computation in his Pocket, but said the Match was unequal because Mr. Northey had been practising with a fencing Master and it was difficult to oppose troops so disciplined. He then, alluding to the *Convention of the Horn*, said that Gentlemen who at the previous Meetings weighed Merits by the Principles of Justice he must certainly come better prepared than others to determine so important a Point.

Laughter ensued. Sometimes the Return, sometimes Customaries, sometimes Bribery were agitated. The Debate proved quite a Protensism. Mr. Ellis spoke nobly on the Customaries. He was quite a Lawyer and Orator. Mr. Geo. Grenville was very argumentative, acute and convincing. Mr. Yorke performed very good service. Old Horace<sup>1</sup> was not unexerted. Sir Rich<sup>d</sup>. Loyd spoke much to the purpose. I should have told you that Lord Hilsborough introduced the motion in our favour with great dignity. Our Friend Nugent gave us very good support. There were three Questions:—one that a separate determination should be made upon the Customary Freeholders.

The Previous Question stopped this.

The Second whether the Question upon Lord

<sup>1</sup> Brother to Sir Robert Walpole.

Wenman should be *then* put (for they wanted to attack the return) was carried in the affirmative—232 against 103. The third upon Lord Wenman, you have received the Numbers.

When we reflect upon the first political speck which appeared in the horizon, by what means it grew into a cloud, how that Cloud seemed dispelled, was afterwards swelled to a great magnitude, was broken in some Degree at the Poll, reunited at the Scrutiny, and involved the whole Hemisphere during the Winter, and upon Wednesday Evening again opened, to display that most glorious Body of New Interest Light, to the gazing, astonished, and unbelieving Multitude, the Pen, perhaps, of Historic Miller, an Evidence of the Rise, an Adviser in the Progress, and Contributor to the Eventual Success, may one day with great Ability relate.

E. TURNER.

P.S. Lord Strange declared on a former Debate, some days since (not on this) that had he been High Sheriff he should have acted as Mr. Blackall acted. Matter of Astonishment to those who monopolize to themselves and Partners the Character of Honesty.

2. P.S. I had forgot to tell you that Mr. Wilbraham declared we were *not* duly elected because of Bribery. It was then asked whether if the fact were granted that we were guilty it would follow therefore that Lord Wenman was duly elected against whom the 3:12, and Man and Entertainment on the road had equally appeared. Nugent managed this well. Sir J. Barnard angry with the Return, Mr. Powney quoted Law Books. Fazakerly grumbled. Lord Strange asked him as a Friend and a Lawyer whether a Freehold might not pass by Surrender. He allowed it but distinguished. Mr. Beckford at eleven moved to adjourn, the House quite contra—then “read all the Minutes” says he, “Read away,” answered our Friends. But the Speaker informed the house that as the previous Question (whether Lord Wenman should be duly declared elected) having been proposed, its fate must be first determined; about 14 hours were saved *sic nos servavit Apollo*.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Horace, Ode IX.

The Oxfordshire election cost £240,000. Great as was Sir Edward Turner's triumph, he could not face another such costly victory, and he declined to come forward at the next election.

*From Sir George Lyttelton.*

*June ye 16th, 1755.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—This is to inform you that I propose being at Ebrington on Thursday next ye 19th of this month where I shall stay Friday and go on to Hagley on Saturday with my boy. I am sorry it will not be in my power to pay my respects to your little woman and great castle, but I am a sincere and constant admirer of both and ever—My dear Miller most affectionate and humble sert.

G. LYTTELTON.

My wife desires her compliments and shall be mighty glad to see Mrs. Miller at Hagley if you can persuade her to come along with you. Mr. Payne will be there *behind the curtain*, and hopes she will meet him. There will be a place in the coach for her if she comes to Stratford on Thursday night. I hope all your girls are well.

*From W. Pitt.*

*Sunning Hill, September 9th, 1755.*

DEAR MILLER,—I should sooner have thanked the Inhabitants of Radway for their obliging remembrance of the Parsonage of Sunninghill, if I had not lived in a Postchaise this last week. My last course was to Stowe from whence I returned yesterday; I went thither in your steps by the delightful Pen Bottom, and I never saw a sweeter country. Now for the fertile Radway, where the sweet and Romantick meet the eye in looking up to your Tower Cap't Edge Hill, and where in looking down the eye enjoys the lively spirit stirring pleasure of ranging at large with liberty uncontrolled. But now let Landskip yield to the usefull but homely ideas of hedging and ditching,

gates, mounds, etc. Are you advanced in your inclosing scheme enough to be sure to come to Parliament at the very beginning of the Session? My advice to you is to lose no time for the Parliament will probably meet early.

You and Mrs. Miller are very obliging to remember us as you do; Lady Hester and I hope, if you do not dislike your Quarters, that you will use them again and give us the satisfaction of contributing to the Restoration of those ideas, which afford your friends so much pleasure. Pray tell Mrs. Miller that Falstaff will probably be acted again another time. I wish you joy of your acquittal at Warwick; you have gloriously hanged your own Court of Justice. How irresistible is virtue! that an Old Interest Jury could not condemn!

I think of being at Bath about the 20th.—I am, my dear Miller, Your truly faithful friend and humble servant

W. PITT.

The above letter shows that in the midst of the enormous demands made by his architectural work Miller yet found time for the development of his property. The most signal improvement to his estate which he effected was the enclosure of the Radway Common Field, to which Pitt alludes. It is impossible here to enter upon the most interesting but vast and complicated subject of the common fields and their enclosure; suffice it to say that such fields must not be confused with the commons or waste lands, but that they were the lands held and cultivated in common on a certain well-defined system which was rigorously enforced. As early as the reign of Henry VIII. it had begun to be realized that this system was no longer consistent with the best methods of agriculture; and from that time onwards the common fields began to be converted into the enclosures of individual ownership. Enclosures were constantly advocated by seventeenth-century writers on agriculture, who by that time were able to cite

successful precedents for the practice. Bills for private enclosures came thick and fast during the reign of George II., but it was not till 1801 that the first Public Enclosure Act was passed. This provided a sort of code to regulate enclosures and facilitate "the mode of proof usually required on the passing of such Acts." The same may be said in general of the later Public Enclosure Acts.

*From W. Pitt.*

*Pay Office, October 30th, 1755.*

DEAR MILLER,—Amidst the various new cares and occupations of the Paternal Character I will find at last a short interval to say a word to my obliging friends at Radway. Lady Hester and I are truly sensible of the kind manner in which we are remembered there. The Mother and Infant are both well as possible and the Father full of more happiness that he had even formed the idea of in his days of Celibacy, when his imaginations were vain and his foolish heart darkened. He rejoices with most true joy to hear so good an account of my dear Miller's Intellectual System, and that the salutary movement impressed on those ideas, which began to loiter, by the vivifying powers of Heliocrene, still continues unchecked and unimpeded by the rising fogs of approaching November. Of all the Powers of that Intellectual System, I particularly rejoice that you are not at present calling much on those of Fancy; but that you are descended from the cloud cap't Tower to the fertile Plains beneath; that is in plain English, that you are up to your knees in the improveable dirt of Radway Field, tracing ditches and mounds and planting gate posts instead of all the vegetable Tribes of America. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you the beginning of the Session, with your Act ready. I shall then have one call upon your Imagination for a very considerable Gothick Object which is to stand in a very fine situation on the Hills near Bath. It is for Mr. Allen, the idea I will explain to you when we meet. The name of that excellent man will render my desires to you to do your best unnecessary. I shall have a particular

pleasure in procuring to him the help of the Great Master of Gothick.

A thousand compliments from Lady Hester and me attend the inhabitants of the verdant Landskip of Radway.—Affectionately yours,

W. PITT.

*From Henry Grenville.*

*Wotton, October, 1755.*

... If Lord Temple should go to Lord Guilford's next week which he talks of doing but which is not a settled measure, and if you should happen to be at home about that time, I may find some means of making my Compliments to you in Person; in my own solitary Person, unattended by the too inexorable Fair who will not allow herself to listen to the voice of the inviting Miller, invite he never so sweetly. I have her commands and those of Lord and Lady Temple to make their best Compliments to you; I don't think any charm will be powerful enough to draw them away from Stowe, as a fortnight more or even less will probably shut the scene there, but ill exchanged in my mind for that of London.

... The success of your Act, I think, cannot fail you now, and Fate is resolved to make a Great Man of you; but were you as great as Falstaff, I am sure I shall ever be—No little humble servant of yours

H. GRENVILLE.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*October 10th, 1755.*

DEAR SIR.—The Week was broken by my necessary Attendance on the Session; and my Wife proposing to proceed with Mrs. Miller to Adlestrop after the Races, I imagined you would dispense with my Visit to Radway this Week. I hope to attend you from Adlestrop and cannot help asking you to submit to the Drudgery of the Races. My best Compliments attend Mrs. Miller. She hath more real Spirit than her husband, and will therefore animate him to support the Cause.

*From Sir Edward Turner.**Ambrosden, October 15th, 1755.*

DEAR SIR,—When I said one Day would suffice I spoke upon the Principle that Beggars cannot be Chusers, wishing at the same time, that you should happen to be disposed to give us more of your Company. You must do as you will and we shall be obliged to you. As to your Horses (if your Landau should figure in the Course) there is a good Inn for them on the top of Adlestrop Hill. Four Geldings, to be sure, would add to the Show. My Wife hath answered for herself. Our Lieutenant will attend at C. Norton.

*From Sir Edward Turner.**December 6th, 1755.*

DEAR SIR,—I have found two Houses which by the Expenditure of twenty Pounds will be rendered worth seven Pounds ten or eight Pounds per ann. The Purchase money required is one Hundred Pounds. Will Hitchcox advance the sum? I hope to see your two nephews at Christmas, but it will be more convenient to us if they do not come before your Arrival.

I was going to close my letter without communicating to you my late Adventures. I made interest the other day, with one of the Muses lately advanced by Apollo's Majesty, that she would appoint me her Secretary, but she replied with a squeeze and a very low Curtesie "that it was not in her power to appoint me, for that someone or other whose tongue had been seized with a Palsy, must be taken care of." I thought it odd because I did not see what service this Paralytic Gentleman could render to Parnassus! You see, however, that I can get at no Rhyme unless I gain Apollo's ear, or He twich mine. If I succeed you shall hear from me. I am dear Sir (Miss Banks was at Morning Visitation when I dropped in upon Lady Dacre) and Dear Madam,—Your faithful servant

EDWD. TURNER.

*From Miss Banks and Henry Grenville.*

*Stowe, December, 1755.*

[Begun by Miss Banks.]

If Lord Temple saw this note to Mr. Miller his Remark would certainly be that Miss Banks was glad of every opportunity of writing to him and [would] even Hazard the troubling him rather than not write at all; but a no less humble motive is the occasion of my sending you this than the fear you have forgot me and consequently the commission I gave you in case you took the Hagley tour and called at Stourbridge to send me word of the price and beauty of the stained Glass. All the family at Stowe are perfectly well and desire their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Miller.

[Continued by H. Grenville.]

Tho' Miss Banks proves inexorable both to your wishes and mine, and will not suffer herself to be prevailed on to be of the Radway Party with me, yet I have obtained from her the charming permission of associating myself to her in this Scrip of paper; and since she most inhumanly refuses to shut herself up in a Postchaise alone with me, I have determined to avail myself of this happy opportunity of folding myself up alone with her in the cover of this letter and travelling with her to Radway in this shape. . . . Falstaff<sup>1</sup> sends his fattest compliments to sweet Mrs. Ford<sup>2</sup> and insists upon cramming himself into my postchaise to have the happiness of coming to Radway. I believe he would be content to be crammed again into a Buck basket, rather than lose so great a pleasure. Adieu,

H. GRENVILLE.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Temple.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Miller.

## CHAPTER XVII

### MILLER AS ARCHITECT: 1744—1750

IF Miller earned the affection and esteem of his friends by his many amiable and social qualities, it was his talent as an architect that won their heartfelt admiration. It is extraordinary that the name of a man whose taste was so much admired, and whose services were in such request by his contemporaries, should be so completely and entirely forgotten. Walpole, indeed, in his summary of "The Architects of the Reign of George II.," accords him the following brief notice: "Sanderson Miller of Radway was skilled in Gothick Architecture and gave several designs for buildings in that style in the reign of George II." And this is, on the whole, a handsome mention; for in several of his letters Horace indulges in digs at Miller, of whom it is possible he may have been a little jealous as a rival expert in his beloved "Gothick," and whose designs for Hagley were preferred to those of Walpole's great friend, Chute. Writing to the latter in August, 1758, he says:

"I saw my Lord Lyttelton and Miller at Ragley [Lord Hertford's]; the latter put me out of all patience. As he has heard me talked of lately, he thought it not below him to consult me on ornaments for my Lord's house. I, who know nothing but what I have purloined from Mr. Bentley and you, and have not forgot how little they tasted your real taste and charming plan was rather lost. To my comfort I have seen the plan of their hall; it is stolen from Houghton, and mangled frightfully; and *both* their eating-room and salon are to be stucco, with pictures."

But whatever may have been Horace's motives for belittling Miller, we are reluctantly compelled to admit that, regarded from what we trust to be the enlightened views of our own day, most of Sanderson's work is much to be deplored and regretted. When he confined himself to the classical style, he could do work—foreign, perhaps, to the real genius of the English nation and unsuitable to its landscape, but still admirable in its way. This is proved by the example of Hagley, which, in spite of Walpole's abuse, is a really fine specimen of the Palladian mansion so much admired during this period. But Miller, unfortunately, was imbued with the romantic spirit, and became one of the earliest exponents of that style which he and his admiring contemporaries delighted to call the "true Gothick," and the mischief he did in adding to and altering his friends' houses is pitiable in the extreme.

The "true Gothick" of the past had been "the familiar language of a people with faith and imagination," and it is interesting to trace how it lingered—as a native instinct one might almost say—in instances where workmen had apparently been left to work out things for themselves. "Almost down to the time of the Restoration, a mason called on to build church windows fell naturally into the late Perpendicular Gothic."<sup>1</sup> The first check received to church building was, of course, the Reformation, which ended the days of that lavish expenditure when men alike insured their hereafter, and did penance for their sins by raising those magnificent buildings which are still the glory and pride of our country. With the decline of church-

<sup>1</sup> Blomfield, "History of Renaissance Architecture," to which admirable work we are much indebted. We are assured by Mr. C. R. Ashbee that to this day in the old Cotswold town of Chipping Campden masons, if left to themselves, instinctively build and restore in debased Gothic.

building came the gradual disappearance of Gothic as a distinct style, though for a long time to come we find that the flood of classical ornament which came with the Renaissance was applied to the older construction and forms. Very beautiful instances of this may be seen in the early Renaissance work at Lacock Abbey, in Wiltshire, where, later on, as we shall see, Miller was to perpetrate one of his worst instances of pseudo-Gothic. Men still clung tenaciously to the style so intimately associated with their earlier faith. It was its dying struggle with that Puritanism to which the mystic beauty of the Gothic churches and cathedrals was but the symbol of a hated and evil doctrine. We find Laud keeping alive the spirit in some of the churches built during his Archbishopric. Mr. Blomfield instances St. John's Church, Leeds, and St. Alban's, Wood Street, rebuilt by Inigo Jones on the old design, and points out the admixture of Gothic in the chapel and cloisters of Peterhouse, Cambridge, the ruined chapel at Burford, and many of the buildings at Oxford and other places; while he gives Charles Church, Plymouth, built in 1657, as the latest example of complete Gothic, the details being copied from St. Andrew's, Plymouth, which was completed in 1460. But the choir-stalls in Durham Abbey—gorgeous Gothic oakwork—are said to have been placed there by Bishop Cosin, of the 1662 Prayer-Book reputation. Was this, then, the last of the Gothic?

On the whole, it may be asserted that Gothic architecture and Charles I. died together.<sup>1</sup> With the Restoration the classic style, in the hands of its mighty exponent, Wren, carried all before it; and we cannot but feel that it was the fitting expression of an age whose intense reaction against Puritanism resulted in an almost pagan unrestraint, as far removed as

<sup>1</sup> Though we still find Evelyn and Aubrey commending Gothic buildings.

Puritanism from the medieval spirit which had conceived the great Gothic churches. Society, indeed, may have resembled the Gothic "in the boldness and irregularity of its members,"<sup>1</sup> but its literature and its art strove more and more to shape itself on classic models.

"What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?"

The form might be eloquent, but what of the spirit? We feel that St. Paul's was raised to a very different God from the God who inspired Westminster Abbey. The spirit that inspired the builders of the latter had gone, never really to return, though not so many years later the pendulum of taste began to swing slowly back, and the virtuosi and antiquarians began to regard the "Gothick" no longer as barbarous, but as interesting and curious. In 1724 William Stukely published his "*Itinerarium Curiosum, or an Account of the Antiquitys and remarkable Curiositys in Nature or Art observ'd in Travels thro' Great Britain.*" In this work, commenting on the cloisters of Gloucester Cathedral, he declares:

"Nothing could ever have made me so much in love with Gothick Architecture (so-called), and I judge for a gallery, library, or the like, 'tis the best manner of building, because the idea of it is taken from a walk of trees, whose branching heads are curiously imitated by the roof."

At the same time, he deplores Gothic buildings being too high for their breadth, "as they constantly are from being built on old foundations, the earlier churches being much narrower and lower than the succeeding ones." As the century advanced, Charles Lyttelton, Bishop Pococke, and other antiquarians, agreed in appreciating and noting the merits of the style. These men were genuine in their interest and

<sup>1</sup> See Mr. Talbot's letter, p. 303.

admiration, but side by side with their revival of its claims to consideration, there was growing that stilted and affected romanticism which aped rural simplicity in its Daphnes and Chloes, and found inspiration for its artificial verse in the grottos and rustic seats from which they rejoiced to gaze on artificial ruins. The seats, the grottos, the rotundos, were often classical, but the ruins were "Gothick" and esteemed suitable "objects" to enhance and complete the beauty of a "fine prospect." By the middle of the century the craze had become so universal that its absurdities afforded *The World* a subject for an amusing skit. In its fifteenth number, April 12, 1753, a Mr. Coventrye writes as follows :

"Squire Mushroom grew ambitious of introducing himself to the world as a man of taste and pleasure, for which purpose he . . . resolved to have a *villa*. Full of this pleasing idea he purchased an old farmhouse, not far distant from the place of his nativity, and fell to building and planting with all the rage of taste. The old mansion immediately shot up into Gothic spires, and was plastered over with stucco ; the walls were notched into battlements ; uncouth animals were set grinning at one another over the gate-posts, and the hall was fortified with rusty swords and pistols, and a Medusa's head staring tremendous over the chimney. When he had proceeded thus far he discovered in good time that his house was not habitable ; which obliged him to add two rooms entirely new, and entirely incoherent with the rest of the building. Thus while one-half is designed to present you an old Gothic building, the other half presents to your view Venetian windows, slices of pilaster, balustrades and other parts of Italian Architecture. . . . But the triumph of his genius was seen in the disposition of his gardens, which contain everything in less than two acres of ground. At your first entrance the eye is saluted by a yellow serpentine river, stagnating through a beautiful valley, which extends nearly twenty yards in length. Over the river is thrown a bridge partly in the Chinese manner, and a little ship with sails

spread and streamers flying floats in the midst of it. When you have passed this bridge you enter into a grove perplexed with crooked walks; where you are led into an old hermitage built with roots of trees, which the Squire is pleased to call St. Austin's cave. . . . At length when you almost despair of ever visiting daylight any more, you emerge on a sudden in an open and circular area, richly chequered with beds of flowers, and embellished with a little fountain playing in the center of it.

"As every folly must have a name the squire informs you by way of whim he has christened this place *Little Maribon*; at the other end of which you are conducted into a pompous, clumsy and gilded building, said to be a temple, and consecrated to Venus. . . .

"To conclude, if one wished to see a coxcomb expose himself in the most effectual manner, one would advise him to build a *villa*; which is the *chef-d'œuvre* of modern impertinence, and the most conspicuous stage which Folly can possibly mount to display herself to the world."

This is hardly an exaggerated account of much of the work that was done at this period, but Squire Mushroom's *villa* was of little moment compared with the havoc wrought by their owners in beautiful old buildings, which they trimmed and garnished *à la* Gothic, not scrupling to add a Palladian room to the hotch-potch, if it seemed good to them, as frequently it did. It is well to be heir to all the ages, but beware of mixing your styles as you should of mixing your liquors. Batty Langley, however, thought he had solved the problem when, in 1742, he published his "Gothic Architecture improved by Rules and Proportions in many grand designs of Columns, Doors, Windows, Chimney - pieces, Arcades, Colonades, Porticos, Umbrells, Temples and Pavillions, etc., with Plans, Elevations and Profiles geometrically explained; to which is added an Historical Dissertation on Gothic Architecture." In this, after reviewing the principal buildings erected in this kingdom from

1017-1625 (end of reign of James I.) he says: "And as these modes of building have been and are condemned by many, on a supposition that their principal parts have been put together without rules or proportion, to prove that such is a want of judgement," he proceeds to demonstrate by geometrical plans that the members of columns standing in Westminster Abbey "are determined and described with the beautiful proportions and geometrical rules, which are not excelled in any parts of the Grecian and Roman orders." There is something rather delightful about the naïve snobbishness of his finale to this preamble, when he tells us that

"as this specimen of my endeavours to restore and illustrate the beauties of the Saxon Architecture for the good of posterity is honoured with the encouragement of the Nobility and gentry, I make no doubt but that by their good examples, all other lovers and patrons of arts and industry will further encourage it."

The results of this ambitious project may be judged from the plates. Horace Walpole condemned them utterly. Poor Batty Langley is thus mercilessly summed up by him:

"He endeavoured to adapt Gothic architecture to Roman measures and (for he never copied Gothic) *invented* five orders for that purpose. All that his books achieved has been to teach carpenters to massacre that venerable species and to give occasion to those who know nothing of the matter and who mistake his clumsy efforts for real imitations, to censure the productions of our ancestors."

But, spite of this damning criticism, Langley probably found many admirers and imitators in an age when, though to affect a taste for Gothic was fashionable, men's real instinct and admiration—as was Walpole's own—was for "Palladio, Jones and the Antique." It

is quite characteristic of his period when we find a man of parts and real antiquarian learning like Lord Dacre writing to Miller about his proposed house for Lord Lyttelton, "I shall long to see your Gothick plan brought within Italian fronts," and we must suppose that Miller himself saw nothing incongruous in surmounting with a Grecian architrave the long line of pseudo-Gothic windows in the south-eastern front of his own house at Radway.

Enough has been said to indicate the condition of the architectural taste of the age into which Miller was born ; it will, we hope, be of interest to learn from his correspondence something about his own work, and the light in which it was regarded by his contemporaries.

It is difficult to fix a date for his earliest essay in architecture, but from his letter to Lord Dacre, p. 434, and from an early letter of his friend Cotton's, we gather that Miller, while still a mere lad, had already developed antiquarian tastes. In December, 1739, Swift writes to him :

"I have just read over half a dozen of your last letters and from the whole I endeavoured to form a judgment of your present self, *Quantum mutatus ab Antiquario, Metaphysio, Academico!* Methinks I see my old friend laughing with Epicurus under the shadow of Edgehill with all his Fountains roaring and cascading before him."

The latter sentence shows that he had begun to exercise his talents in a direction in which all his life he was deemed an expert. His own fountains and cascades at Radway can now hardly be traced, but the accompanying illustration, taken from a contemporary sketch of the grotto and cascade designed by him for Mr. Joseph Townsend, of Honington Hall, Warwickshire, gives an idea of the kind of work so fashionable in its day. The grotto is now hardly recognizable,



CASCADE AND GROTTO AT HONINGTON HALL, WARWICKSHIRE.

From a contemporary sketch.



being overgrown with trees, while the balustrade and the figure surmounting it have entirely disappeared; but the two statues at the foot are still there, as is also the cascade (now crossed by a wooden bridge), and the two quaint recumbent stone figures still gaze down the stream.

In 1743 we find Sir Edward Turner writing to him :

"I have cornices in the house from which I write [Grosvenor Square] which would command your attention during the two courses, in short, an House, on the glimpse of which you would pronounce—"I am satisfy'd!"

And in March, 1745, he writes :

"I only want the Architect of Radway, and O! if he would not only give me advice but attend me with his critical head the latter end of the week to Houghton, etc."

In 1744 Miller had built his thatched cottage on the summit of Edgehill. This was intended as a sylvan retreat, and the lines inscribed to it by the Rev. James Merrick are characteristic of much similar sentimental verse of the period. We quote the last stanza :

"Within this solitary cell  
Calm thought and sweet contentment dwell,  
Parents of bliss sincere;  
Peace spreads around her balmy wings,  
And banish'd from the courts of kings,  
Has fixed her mansion here."

The cottage, which is still standing, is interesting as a specimen of Miller's first attempts in the "Gothick style," and compares very favourably with some of his later work. The arch of the doorway is well proportioned, and the windows, though more elaborate than would be likely to be found in a house of the kind, and giving the idea of being fragments of some from a larger building, are of stone and the design good. But it is

probable that, whatever merits his thatched cottage may present, they must be attributed more to accident than anything else, for, at the same time, or very shortly afterwards, he must have been making his regrettable alterations and additions to his lovely old Tudor house, Radway Grange. The accompanying plate gives a fairly accurate idea of the mischief he accomplished. The hand of time has mellowed his work, and the exquisite colouring the stone has taken in weathering has beautified the windows and the parapets that surmount them on the south-western side; but it is hard to forgive the ridiculous little turrets that disfigure the angles of the walls, and the south-eastern front, with its arcade and row of pseudo-Gothic windows, surmounted by a classic architrave, is frankly hideous. The best bed-chamber is also adorned in the "Gothick taste." The chimney-piece is fine in its way, but one is constrained to smile at the decorated niches either side of the equally absurd larger niche for the bed. Still, Pitt slept in this bed, and doubtless admired; and, standing in the room haunted by memories of that mighty shade, the smile dies on one's lips.

Having finished his house to his own satisfaction and the admiration of his friends, Miller again turned his attention to the summit of the hill which crowned the beautiful slopes of his finely-timbered park. Here, close to his thatched cottage, on the site where King Charles is supposed to have raised his standard on the morning of the Battle of Edgehill, he erected first the sham ruin of a castle, and then proceeded to construct a lofty and massive octagonal tower, approached by a bridge from a gateway under a smaller tower of similar design, all well and solidly built of stone taken from a quarry close at hand, and still looking as though they might defy wind and weather for many years to come. It is really quite an imposing structure, and, looked at from below, when the evening shadows are lengthen-



RADWAY GRANGE, WARWICKSHIRE, THE SEAT OF SANDERSON MILLER.



ing, and distance obliterates the curiously ugly mock Gothic windows, which, as Mr. Hutton truly remarks, "give it away," it has almost what Horace Walpole ascribed to the castle at Hagley—"the true rust of the Barons' wars." The accounts are not forthcoming, but it must have cost a pretty penny to build; and to our modern ideas it seems an absurd extravagance to have spent so much on a building that served no other purpose than an "object" in and from which to survey a "fine prospect," and as a summer-house in which to picnic. Lord North, whose home at Wroxton was on the high table-land of the Oxfordshire side of the hill, delighted to come and bring his friends; but guests at Radway must sometimes have wished to shirk the long steep ascent from the Grange. George Lyttelton writes on one occasion and begs that they may forego a proposed picnic in the tower:

"Mrs. Lyttelton will like to dine at the house better than at the Castle, and my stomach prefers hott meat to cold, though not my taste; so, if you please, we will dine at the foot of the hill, and have the pleasure of looking up to your Castle *old* and *new*."

But all Miller's friends greatly admired his tower, and took it quite seriously. Pococke, Bishop of Ossory, in his "Tour through England," came to Radway, and thus describes it:

"*September, 1756.* I came to Mr. Miller's house at Radway. This gentleman, who lives on his Estate, has a great genius for architecture, especially the Gothic. . . . He has embellished his own house with Gothic architecture, and has made a fine lawn up the hill, with shady walks round it, up to the ruined Castle on Edgehill which he has built adjoining to the houses of some tenants. But he has erected a very noble round Tower, which is entire, with a drawbridge, to which there is an ascent as by a ruine, and there is a very fine octagon Gothic room in it, with four windows and four niches, and some old painted glass in the

windows. In one of these niches is to be placed Caractacus in chains, modeled, under Mr. Miller's directions, by a countryman of great genius now established in London; it is executed in the yellow freestone."

The old glass may still be seen in the windows, and may possibly have been some presented to Miller by his friend Lord Deerhurst, who says, in a letter dated July 1747:

"In the visitation of Farm Houses I made last Autumn, I met with some Painted Glass which I ordered to be carefully laid by for your use. There is no great quantity of it, but such as it is it is much at your service, and I should be glad to know how you would have it sent. The Place it came from is still called the Priory."

As for poor Caractacus, whether by the fault of "the countryman of great genius," or of Sanderson himself, when completed he was far too massive to be accommodated in the niche for which he was designed. For a long time he stood, a presiding genius on a tiny peninsula which juts into the lake in the grounds of the Grange, thence he was removed to the entrance of the walk through the woods which led from the Grange to the tower, then, "fallen from his high estate," he lay long unheeded among nettles and undergrowth, till, in the spring of 1909, he was rescued by Mr. Lacey, gardener to General Haig, the present occupier of the Grange, and placed in his present position in the drive against the garden wall, where he stands, a sufficiently imposing figure, draped in a cloak, his left hand leaning on a shield, his right uplifted to hold the spear, which, however, has been destroyed.

The years during which he was altering his house and building his tower found Miller busy, too, for his friends. Ruined castles were in request. He had

accomplished one for Sir Thomas Lyttelton on the summit of the hill in his park at Hagley, and, in 1749, George Lyttelton writes :

"You great genius's in architecture must expect to be importuned by your friends, of which I am going to give you a proof. My Lord Chancellor [Hardwicke] told me in a conversation that I had with him lately that he wanted to see the plan of my castle, having a mind to build one at Wimple himself. Upon further inquiry I found it would be better for him not to copy mine, but have one upon something like the same idea, but differing in many respects, particularly in this, that he wants no house nor even room in it, but merely the walls and semblance of an old castle to make an object from his house. At most he only desires to have a staircase carried up one of the towers, and a leaded gallery half round it to stand on and view the prospect. It will have a fine wood of firrs for a backing behind it and will stand on an eminence at a proper distance from his house. I ventured to promise that you should draw one for his Lordship that would be fitt for his purpose, because I thought it would be agreeable to you to do him this pleasure and because I am sure nobody else can do it so well. You see, dear Sir, I have engaged you in a great deal of business first for myself,<sup>1</sup> then for Ld. Chetwynd, and now for my Ld. Chancellor : yet I will make no apologies as I know that these works are an amusement to you, and that a heart made like yours finds its own happiness in doing acts of friendship and kindness.

"With regard to the dimensions of my Ld. Chancellor's castle, you are not confined, but may make it of just what height and breadth you think fitt. He desired me to make his compliments to you, and to say he would take it as a great favour if you would sketch it for him as soon as you conveniently can."

In a few days he writes again :

"I have communicated your letter to my Ld. Chancellor and he desires me to return you a great

<sup>1</sup> Miller had designed and was supervising the building of the Rotundo in Hagley Park.

many thanks for it. The view of Wimple which you have seen will give you a pretty just idea of the place where he designs building the ruin. It is a hill about half a mile from the house to which the ground rises gently all the way. My Ld. agrees to your notion of having some firrs before part of the walls. As the back view will be immediately closed by the wood there is no regard to be had to it, nor to the left side, but only to the front and the right side as you look from the house. As my Lord designs it nearly as an object he would have no staircase nor leads in any of the towers, but nearly the walls so built as to have the appearance of a ruined castle. For materials he has freestone, or a mixture of flint pebbles and other stone, of which an old church in the parish is built, and also bricks in his neighbourhood."

In the following March the Chancellor writes himself :

"It puts me much out of countenance to have given you so much trouble, which proceeded merely from Mr. Lyttelton's friendship and your own obliging disposition. As the building of this Castle requires no great haste, I think there will be no great harm if it remains in the air a few months longer. Therefore there will be no occasion to send Hitchcox to Wimple yet. But, when your other occasions shall call you to this Town, I shall take it as a particular favour if you will be at the trouble of bringing the new Draught of the Plan along with you, and let me have the pleasure of seeing you here, by which means the whole may be more fully understood."

We have no record of when the ruin was actually finished, but it did not remain a castle in the air, and is still to be seen at Wimpole. *Tempora mutantur!* it is now known as "The Folly." A print of this castle hangs on the staircase at Radway Grange, and beneath it are inscribed some verses. As it is interesting to ascertain, if possible, the point of view from which the generation who delighted to build them regarded these ruined castles, we quote them here, together with a



RUINED GOTHIC CASTLE AT WIMPOLE.  
From a contemporary print at Radway Grange.



contemporary account of the ruined castle in Hagley Park :

“ When Henry stemmed Iernes’ stormy flood  
And bound to Britain’s yoke her savage brood,  
When by true courage and false zeal impelled  
Richard encamped on Salem’s palmy field,  
On Towers like these Earl, Baron, Vavasour,  
Hung high their banners floating in the air.  
Free, hardy, proud they braved their Feudal Lord  
And tried their rights by ordeal of the sword.  
Now the full board with Xmas plenty crowned,  
Now ravaged and oppressed the country round.  
Yet Freedom’s cause once raised the civil broil  
And Magna Carta closed the glorious toil.

“ Spruce modern villas different scenes afford ;  
The patriot Baronet, the courtier Lord,  
Gently amused, now waste the summer’s day  
In Book-room, Print-room, or in *Ferme ornée* ;  
While Wit, Champain, and Pines and Poetry,  
Vertu and Ice the general Feast supply.  
But hence the poor are cherished, Artists fed,  
And Vanity relieves in Bounty’s stead.  
Oh, might our Age in happy concert join  
The Manly virtues of the Norman Line  
With the true science and just taste which raise  
High in each useful Art these modern Days.”

We have no quarrel with such admirable sentiments. If ruined Gothic castles could inspire them, certainly no nobleman’s park was complete without one.

Our next quotation “declines on a lower range of feeling,” perhaps, but is of interest as showing the effect such ruins were intended to produce, and did produce in the times in which they were built :

“ Upon the first glimpse of this becoming object<sup>1</sup> which adds so much dignity to the scene, one cannot resist an involuntary pause. Struck with its character, the mind naturally falls into reflections, while curiosity is on the wing, to be acquainted with its history. . . . In reality it is nothing but a deception designed and raised

<sup>1</sup> The ruined castle in Hagley Park.

here by the late noble possessor" [Miller is already forgotten]; "and though on the nearest approach it maintains the face of having been, some centuries ago, strong and formidable, it is a modern structure intended, not merely as an object only, to give a livelier consequence to the landscape, but for use; being a lodge for the keeper of the park. . . . To keep the whole design in its purity, to wipe away any suspicion of its being any otherwise than a real ruin, the large and mossy stones which have seemingly tumbled from the tottering and ruinous walls, are suffered to lie about the different parts of the building in the utmost confusion. This greatly preserves its intention and confirms the common opinion of every stranger of its early date; while, to throw a deeper solemnity over it, and make it carry a stronger face of antiquity, ivy is encouraged to climb about the walls and turrets, and it now so closely embraces those parts with its glossy arms, that it is impossible to look upon it without a suggestion of its being as ancient as it really appears."

That nothing in the way of local colour might be wanting, the furniture had to be Gothic too. In July, 1749, George Lyttelton writes:

"I forget now how many chairs are wanting for the castle; but how can I bespeak them without the model you drew for them? You know they are not to be common chairs but of a Gothick form. . . . Have you ordered a Proper Table to be made for it?"

He also says that he has ordered three flower-pots for the niches, but omits to say whether these, too, were "of a Gothick form." We think it is more than likely.

In the same letter he says:

"I entirely approve the design you have sent for Lord Chetwynd,<sup>1</sup> and only wish I could see it from Hagley Park. It will be a noble object, and every way answer the purpose; so I daresay my Lord will be highly pleased with it, and very thankful to you."

<sup>1</sup> For a Gothic castle.

During these years (1745-1750) Miller seems to have accomplished a great number of such "noble" and "agreeable objects." We hear of a Gothic summer-house for the Earl of Stamford at Enville; Lord Deerhurst writes and begs him to design a Gothic front for some stables for a friend, and he built a Gothic open rotundo for Lord North which earned the admiration of Bishop Pococke for the manner "in which he has practised curtains, that, by turning screws, let down so as to afford shelter which ever way you please." Sir Edward Turner had sufficient grounds for the characteristic parenthesis in one of his letters: "Very good debates upon (but before I proceed further I am desired by my Lord Strange to apply to you for a Plan of a Gothic Cock-pit) the Mutiny Bill"; while Lord Dacre writes to assure him: "Your fame in Architecture grows greater and greater every day, and I hear of nothing else. If you have a mind to set up, you'll soon eclipse Mr. Kent,<sup>1</sup> especially in the Gothick way, in which to my mind he succeeds very ill." In addition to ruins and temples and summerhouses, he was doing more serious work. He rebuilt or altered a house at Hagley for Admiral Smith,<sup>2</sup> and in 1747 he supplied the plans and superintended the building of a house at Ambrosden for Sir Edward Turner, which that lively person always alludes to as his "Barn." We learn from one of his letters that the "Barn" was to have a *Gothick* front; but this idea was abandoned, as the picture of it which forms the frontispiece to Dunkin's "History of the Bullington and Ploughley Hundreds" shows a cube-like Palladian building. Sir Edward was determined to have a house worthy of his fortune

<sup>1</sup> Kent, the architect of the Horse Guards, etc., became very fashionable from being the protégé of the renowned virtuoso, Lord Burlington. Some of his Palladian work is excellent, but his Gothic is barbarous, and remarkable for his total ignorance of the style and utter disregard of restraint and austerity of line.

<sup>2</sup> Still existing, altered and enlarged, as Rockingham Hall.

and his prospects, and pulled down the picturesque mansion built by Sir William Glynne in the seventeenth century, which had long been "the pride and glory of the village." There is a grim irony in the fact that hardly thirty years later his son, deciding that the "Barn" was too expensive to keep up, first pulled down as much of his house as extended beyond the site of the Glynne mansion, and then, not liking its mutilated appearance, utterly destroyed the whole building.

For the next two years Miller and his factotum, Hitchcox, were kept busy at Ambrosden, constantly receiving some such summons as, "By your zeal for the Architectural Cause I implore your immediate presence"; "I am now preparing to fix up my saloon, and cannot budge without your assistance." Between Hagley, Wroxton, Edgehill, and Ambrosden, Hitchcox as well as his master was kept constantly on the run, and a good deal of abuse falls to his share. "If your Mason will not supply me faster with stone than he has done, the next Sexennial Election will run away with all my money before the Barn can be finished," writes Sir Edward in July, 1747; and again in August he complains: "I hope Hitchcox will not fail to meet me there" [Ambrosden] "(I should have said I *wish* he may not, for he is so very unpunctual that his promises are no ground for hope) at the head of a Company of Masons."

His "Barn," lodge, and gate finished, it seems as though Sir Edward, too, had followed the prevailing fashion of artificial ruins, for a year after, in March, 1750, he writes:

"Down is fallen, fallen, fallen the Gothic! too convincing a proof that the Church was lately in danger! Will your Toryism advise whether to rebuild, or substitute something in its stead? . . . If you are not deeply engaged, come and deplore the ruin of my Ruins."

A more serious downfall was the collapse, within a short time of its completion, of the tower of Wroxton Church, built by Miller in the spring of 1747, when he also designed a window for the private chapel at Wroxton Abbey to fit some glass collected from various sources by Lord North. This was a prevailing fashionable craze, and may be traced in the curious medley to be found in many of the church windows of this date, much of it entirely unecclesiastical in its origin. Sometimes, as from Lord North's letter was apparently the case at Wroxton, the "munnions," as he calls them, were arranged to fit the glass, but more often the glass, put together higgledy-piggledy, anyhow, was made to fit the windows.

Horace Walpole sneered unpleasantly over the downfall of this tower. After a visit to Wroxton in 1753 he writes to John Chute :

"The tower is a good plain Gothic style, and was once, they tell you, still more beautiful; but Mr. Miller, who designed it, unluckily once in his life happened to think rather of beauty than the water-tables, and so it fell down the first winter."

Lord North's sentiments about it have not been preserved; but it apparently made no difference in his estimation of Miller's talents, for he was soon again begging his services, while from his friends Barrett and Deerhurst he received the most sympathetic and flattering letters. Barrett writes in January, 1748:

"I . . . must condole with you for the unhappy fate of Wroxton Steeple, which I can assure you I heard with great concern, not only upon Lord North's account but also upon yours, very well knowing what vexation it must have given you; however there is no one who is not liable to accidents of this kind, witness the Bridge at Westminster<sup>1</sup> which has failed in most essential parts

<sup>1</sup> Westminster Bridge was then in course of construction by Charles Labelye, a Swiss. It was opened in 1750.

although all the best Architects of the Nation were employed or consulted in the building of it. . . . I find that Lord North has not determined what to do about the reparation of it and he tells me that this accident has damped even your spirits so far as to make you afraid to advise the erecting of another octagon of stone ; as to myself I have no idea but that the thing may very well be effected, and I would not (I think) if it were my case, be baffled in a work of this nature where the eyes of the whole country are upon me. If you have suffered in regard to this you have, to make amends, got everlasting fame by the Castle at Hagley, so that I hear talk of nothing else."

Lord Deerhurst's sympathy must have been equally welcome.

"The downfall of Wroxton Tower, my dear Miller," he writes, "would have drawn an earlier Condolence from me had I come to the Knowledge of it sooner than I did. I am glad, indeed, that it was delayed so long as I can now assure you that your fame for Architecture is not at all diminished by it. A Friend of mine, apprized of this accident came to me yesterday and told me that he was going to build a Gothic Front to a stable, and, that as no one was so great a Master of that Style as yourself, desired I would procure a draught of one from you. The pleasure I take in obliging my Friends and the great Ease with which you do things of this kind are the best Apologies I can offer you for this Trouble. The Gentleman's name who requests this of me is Cambridge, a Name not unknown in the world of Letters, and as such a sort of Equitable claimant for your favour."

Apparently this was not merely the flattery of friendship, for from this time onward we find Miller's work steadily increasing in extent and in importance.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### MILLER AS ARCHITECT (*continued*)

THE next ten years brought Sanderson Miller increasing work and increasing fame. It is to this period that his most important work belongs; for these years were to see the restoration of the Choir of Kilkenny Cathedral, the building of the new house at Hagley for Sir George Lyttelton, the re-building of the Great Hall at Lacock Abbey, Wilts, and the building of the Shire Hall at Warwick. In addition to all this he was busy with plans for alterations to the Bishop's Palace at Durham, advising and helping Lord Dacre in his work at Belhus, and corresponding with other friends about various architectural works. When we remember that he also took an active part in the strenuous work of the Oxfordshire Election it is not surprising that many of the letters in 1756-1757 allude to his ill-health and nervous depression—the result, no doubt, of overwork.

First in point of date come the alterations to the Bishop's Palace at Durham. The Bishop of Durham in 1751 was Butler, the author of "The Analogy," whose acquaintance Miller probably made through Lord Chetwynd. The letters do not make it very clear what exactly was the work accomplished, but it certainly comprised the gothicizing of a large room in the Palace. The Bishop left Miller "to settle the whole plan as he thinks best," declaring that "as he is a Master and I ignorant in these Matters, I ought to reform my Tastes by his, if I find them different, which I have y<sup>e</sup> vanity to say I do not." He only stipulates that he "would

by no means run any Risk of having y<sup>e</sup> Chimney made to smok, for it is very clear from it at present," and requests that as "our People at Durham do not much understand the kind of Antique Work," Miller should send him a "Workman of Skill" who should be under the direction of his Surveyor. For the rest he professes the greatest satisfaction with the plans submitted, and it is sad to know that his enjoyment of their fruition must have been very brief, as he died in the spring of 1752.

Another Episcopal patron and friend of Miller's was Madox (or Maddox), Bishop of Worcester. His private chapel at Hartlebury "being out of repair and the glass much broken," shortly before his death in 1759 he had "the whole very elegantly fitted up at the expence of £1200." This work, which still exists, is "typical Strawberry Hill Gothic," the woodwork being "heavy, bald, negative, groping, frightened at itself. But it is beautiful as a specimen of joinery."

In 1754 Miller was helping his friend John Egerton, Rector of Ross (afterwards Bishop of Durham), in the work of repairing the chancel of the parish church, and it is probable that his assistance was also claimed for the remodelling of the rectory at Ross which was accomplished about this date. But his principal work in ecclesiastical architecture was the restoration of the choir of Kilkenny Cathedral. Dr. Pococke had been made Bishop of Ossory in 1756, and being, as we have seen, a greater admirer of Miller's work at Hagley, Edgehill, and elsewhere, it was natural that he should turn to him for advice and assistance in a work of which he writes that as it "will be a Monument both to the honour of the designer and the Benefactor, so I set my heart much on having it executed in the best manner." In another letter he declares: "I am sure the Choir will be most compleatly adorned in the Gothic Taste, and I would not have it defective upon

account of sparing any reasonable expense, but would have it as perfect as can be as a monument of your genius." The good Bishop took the greatest interest in the work. Keenly desirous for the general beauty of the whole, he, at the same time, pays attention to the smallest details, and in his letters enters into the most minute particulars. Nothing escapes his notice, from the quality of the materials, which are to be of the best, to the arrangement of the seats in the choir, so that the "bishop may be seen entirely" and "the prebends may not catch cold." He repeatedly urges that no expense is to be spared. "We are not the most careful people in the world," he writes, "and I am desirous that it [the work] may be lasting." And on another occasion he declares: "It is true this . . . will be dearer, but I would choose that rather than have it grow a slovenly thing when I leave it, as I know it would in no long time and never repaired." By his request Miller had a model made of his design for the restoration, which we learn was considered "very fine" and was "much admired by everybody." All the wood-work was carried out in the best oak, except the ceiling and the coats of arms of the Bishops, which were to be executed in stucco by a workman sent over by Miller for the purpose. As regards the ceiling the Bishop approved a design described as having "in the Center a Group of Foliage, Festoons and Cherubims," which he says "will sute very well with Gothick work as there is nothing in it relating to the Orders." Indeed the *Gothick*, as he and Miller understood it, was to be rigorously adhered to throughout.

So infectious is the enthusiasm of the Bishop's letters that it comes as something of a shock, arousing almost a feeling of treachery towards the good man, to learn that the work which was to "be a Monument both to the Honour of the designer and the Benefactor" has been entirely demolished. It is true that "the throne,

galleries and fittings were of fine grained oak well executed," but—alas, for the *Gothick*!—Ionic columns and arches marred and mingled with it, and, when the restoration of the Cathedral was begun in 1863, all Miller's work was cleared away.<sup>1</sup> While holding no brief for eighteenth-century Gothic, we must still recognize that it forms a chapter, though it may be a regrettable one, in our architectural history; and as such, in many instances, it is to be deplored that all traces of it should have been swept away, to be replaced, as is often the case, by Victorian Gothic, no less objectionable and often weaker and more characterless.<sup>2</sup>

Pleasant evidence of Bishop Pococke's esteem for his architect appears throughout his correspondence. In one of his letters he mentions that his native place, Southampton, being famous for port-wine, he is taking the liberty of sending half a hogshead, and later on alludes to this mysterious compound as being "very little inferior to French wine, but drinks best fresh as soon as recovered in the bottles." Another token of his regard is evidenced by his mentioning: "I have ordered my bookbinder to prepare a work" [probably his "Tour through England"] "of one who has a very great regard for you and yours, and shall request the favour of you to let it have a place in your Library."

Although warmly invited to do so, Miller does not appear to have gone to Kilkenny, nor is there any evidence in the letters of his having visited Durham. It is a witness alike to the curious methods of the architects of the age—for few architects to-day would furnish designs for an important building which they

<sup>1</sup> Our authority is Mr. Langrishe, the present architect to the Cathedral.

<sup>2</sup> Those remarks in no way apply to the modern work at Kilkenny Cathedral, which we have not seen.

had never seen—and to the esteem in which Miller's work was held by his contemporaries, that they were apparently quite content to adopt his suggestions from a distance in blind and, alas! often mistaken faith.

But if, in many instances, he simply drew out plans which were faithfully and admiringly carried out without his personal supervision, it was a very different matter when it came to the building of Hagley Hall. Nothing but a very real devotion to Sir George Lyttelton could have enabled him to put up with the changes and chances, the shiftings and shilly-shallyings, the endless discussions, interferences and alterations which attended that truly monumental performance. Sir George apparently attributed much virtue to the text, "In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," so many of his friends and relations did he press into the service of "drawing plans for his new home." According to Horace Walpole the house then standing was "immeasurably bad and old," and Sir George had probably long contemplated replacing it. As early as 1749 he mentions plans by a cousin of Pitt's; and Lord North, writing to Miller about Sir Thomas Lyttelton's death in 1751, says: "I imagine Sir George begins to be busy in the thoughts of executing his great schemes; and 'tis possible that may have postponed your entering into your winter's retirement." To a letter written a month later he adds this postscript: "If an Italian House is built at Hagley it is by my lady." We gather from a subsequent letter (see p. 285) that in the first place Miller did draw out plans for a Gothic building; possibly it was my lady who disapproved, for, in June, 1752, Barrett writes:

"How did you approve my cousin's [Chute] plans for Hagley? Sir George writ me that he had an objection to his having made neither of the two Living

rooms to the east (his best prospect), but he did not consider how difficult this was to be done and to keep the Bed chamber contiguous to the Drawingroom (which it ought to be) and the two dressing rooms (which Lady Lyttelton insists upon for the State Apartment) adjoining to the Bedchamber. However we will try again."

But in spite of their deference to her wishes, my Lady did not approve, as we learn from the following letter from Sir George written at the same date :

*Tunbridge, June, 1752.*

DEAR MILLER,—Upon showing the Plan of the House to my wife she finds it so different from what she desired of Mr. Barrett, and so inconvenient in many respects, that I believe that no alterations that can be made in it will answer our purpose. We therefore desire that you will try your skill in the Greek Architecture, being persuaded that no other Gentleman Architect will have so great regard to convenience as you, or know so well how to give us the rooms that we want. We are pretty indifferent about the outside, it is enough if there be nothing offensive to the eye; but Lady Lyttelton insists upon dark closets and back stairs. She wishes too for a small room of separation between the eating room and the Drawingroom, to hinder the Ladies from hearing the noise and talk of the Men when they are left to their bottle, which must sometimes happen even at Hagley. . . . I think it sufficient if the Drawingroom windows open to the east prospect as that is the room we shall sitt in the most. For the Parlour or Eating room a north view will be best. In placing the chimneys and beds you will take care the windows are not too near them. . . . Your Gothick House was an admirable good one and the nearer you can bring this one to that the better it will be. We should be ashamed to give you this trouble if we did not know how much you delight in serving your Friends and that you take as much pleasure in striking out a new Plan as a fertile genius in Poetry does in composing a new Poem or a new Play. . . ."

However, Sir George could not be content with only one string to his bow, as we learn from a letter from Barrett the following July :

“Mr. Chute,<sup>1</sup> my cousin, is again set to work upon Sir George's House, and will endeavour to adjust everything to what my friend desires, tho', by the by, this is not very easy to be compassed, as there are so many things to cramp us in our Plan, not to mention that the whole expense is to come within £8000; which is so small a sum for a good house that I sometime grow in despair about the Thing when I reflect upon it. I shall long to see your Gothic Plan brought within Italian Fronts; if you can compass this for the price Sir George fixes I shall say you have done a miracle; you I know are capable of this if any man is and yet I much doubt even that you yourself can Bring the Thing to Bear; considering how much larger an Extent your plan is than Mr. Chute's I wish most heartily you were to meet, I am sure you would be much pleased with each other, and laying your heads together I fancy that you might contrive a House such as Sir George requires, tho' upon an humbler Ground Plan than your Gothick one. . . .”

We have no record of such a meeting, but it is possible that it took place, as we next hear, in a letter written by Sir George in the following October, of a joint plan of Chute's and Miller's :

“I have sent Mr. Chute's drawing for these fronts of my house in which you will find he has corrected the first of the south front, and added a dressingroom and back stairs with other improvements. I think them very beautiful, especially the north and west fronts; but I apprehend the expense would be greater than I can afford. Perhaps you may transfer some of the beauties of them into your Plan, or at least borrow

<sup>1</sup> John Chute, of The Vyne, Hants, described by Horace Walpole in a manuscript preserved there as “an able geometrician and an exquisite architech, of the present taste, both in the Grecian and Gothick styles.”

some hints of them that will be usefull. I long to see your designs for the three other fronts which you have not drawn.

"Your dairy comes out beyond my expectation, and will be a fine object, both from the house, and several parts of the park. I think it altogether the most agreeable building I have. . . ."

In November of the same year Sir George at last made up his mind, and writes to Miller :

"Be so good to send me Mr. Chute's drawings and Plan for my House by the first Post, and also the measures of my best Drawingroom and best Bed Chamber and Dressingroom as they are in your Plan. My reason for asking for them is that I believe that I have an opportunity of buying some very fine Tapestry exceeding cheap. There are two Pieces which will be enough to furnish two moderate rooms and one large one. You see by this I am fully determined to take your Plan ; indeed I am confident I can have no better without running into such an expence as I am not able to afford. . . ."

It is impossible not to have a lurking suspicion that the great question was partly settled by the dimensions of the bargain in Tapestry.<sup>1</sup> What were Mr. Chute's feelings about the whole matter is not recorded ; but we know what Horace Walpole thought (p. 259).

Seemingly the temptation to go on consulting others was too strong to be resisted. Lady Lyttelton writes in May, 1753 :

"At last Hagley House is absolutely fixed upon, both as to the inside and the outside and perfectly to the satisfaction of Sir George and myself. Mr. Prowse<sup>2</sup> has had a model made in wood . . . 'tis very simple and neat and the Towers give it a dignity ; as to the inside, all that is considerable is yours, some little

<sup>1</sup> This is still at Hagley, in excellent preservation.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 288.

alterations I desired by way of convenience, which Mr. Prowse has contrived so as not only to satisfy me, but (he says) to mend the House."

From a letter from Sir George we learn that

"my wife will be satisfied with a thick partition and double doors between the eating room and the drawing-room, so you need not be distract in forming the plan with any difficulty to contrive a small room of separation betwixt them."

But it is not till June, 1754, more than a year later, that he writes :

"I can trust you and my wife in making any alterations you please in the Plan, and am glad they have begun to digg the foundations. It will be right to leave a possibility of adding a Portico and other Beauties hereafter, but let us adhere at present to the simple Magnificence of the Designs I sent down with your last corrections."<sup>1</sup>

It is a subject of sincere thankfulness that Miller did not accomplish his friend Barrett's wish of bringing his Gothic plan for Hagley within Italian fronts. As it stands it is a really fine example of the classical style. In a town, indeed, it would be entirely admirable, but the pure Palladian harmonizes ill with an English country landscape, and it is impossible not to regret the "immeasurably old and bad house" which, judging from the print in Lord Cobham's possession, must have been a thing of joy and beauty in its setting of the exquisite park. Bishop Pococke considered the new house very fine, and "as it is seen through the trees from different parts appears like what we may imagine one of the Greek and Roman Palaces to have

<sup>1</sup> These designs have disappeared; they were sent to the King (George III.), and never returned (see Lord Lyttelton's letter, December, 1770, p. 440).

been"; while another contemporary writer describes it as "grandeur supported by simplicity. I saw a proof in this modern pile that true elegance spurns the aid of superfluous ornament."

From the point of view of comfort the new house must have had every advantage. The accompanying plate gives a very good idea of its appearance, in which it greatly resembles Croome, whose owner Lord Coventry was, as we know, Miller's intimate friend. Hagley, unlike Croome, boasts no portico. This is a pity, quite as much from a utilitarian as from an æsthetic point of view, for the time required to mount the imposing flight of steps to the front entrance insures a drenching in bad weather, while the entrance in the basement is both inconvenient and unsuitable. However, before its completion, the new house ran away with so much money that presumably Sir George found himself unable to afford the addition of "a Portico and other beauties"; it is thoroughly characteristic of the age that a sham one should have been mooted. The following letter on this subject shows unexpected taste and good sense. The writer was Mr. Thomas Prowse, of Axbridge in Somersetshire, and Wicken in Northamptonshire. His friendship with Miller probably began in Warwickshire, as one of his daughters married John, son and heir of Sir Charles Mordaunt, of Walton in that county. The intimacy was doubtless fostered by their mutual taste for architecture, while another bond was the affection which both felt for Miller's old friend, Henry Quartley, whom Mr. Prowse presented to the living of Wicken. Mr. Prowse was Member for Somersetshire in 1741, 1747, 1754 and 1761. He died January 1st, 1767, leaving two daughters co-heiresses.



HAGLEY HALL.

From a print.

To face page 288.



*Mr. Prowse to Sanderson Miller.**Wicken Park, May 24th, 1755.*

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry that we are not to have the pleasure of your company at this place where I intend staying about a fortnight from this time. I dare say I know your opinion about Sir George's Proposal, as you have started an objection to it which I think cannot be got over, that is how the angular columns are to be finished, as there must be a break of three feet behind them. For my part I know of but one way to get rid of the difficulty which is to make four slices of Pillaster, but then it is a pity that the corners of the Towers should not be laced with some bits of Rustick that the Front may be compleat.

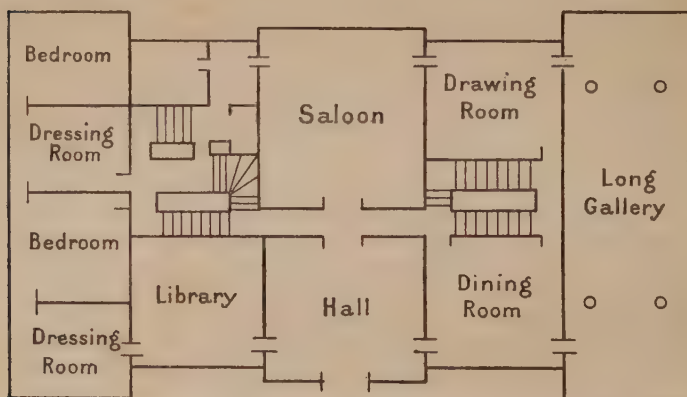
But to be serious, if there were no difficulty of this sort, would it not be strange to have a sham Portico when Sir George has already determined he will not have a real one: and especially as this sham cannot have either the use or Beauty, and will have all the Inconveniencies and defects of the real Portico, will require a more expensive Flight of steps, will break the Line of the Cornice, alter the Disposition of the Hall windows (no Trifle) and have one blemish which the Portico would not have, which is that the Attick windows over the Hall can have no Architraves round them, as the Soffites of those windows will be nearly on a line with the under part of the great Architrave, and consequently leave no room for that necessary Ornament.

I would beg you to recollect whether you ever saw such a sham Portico made use of in any tolerable building that was not entirely finished with an Entablature round the whole; for my part I cannot remember any such Instance, and I presume the reason of its not being practised is, because it would be absurd to introduce Columns which are to support nothing, and of course can have no use or Beauty, when the Introduction of them must occasion the greatest Fault that can be committed by an Architect, I mean the breaking of the line of the Entablature.—I am, dear Sr, Your most obedient Humble Servant,

THOMAS PROWSE.

Nor was this the only instance of Mr. Prowse's good sense. By his advice Sanderson, the surveyor and architect, was employed to draw out Miller's plans for Hagley on a large scale, "properly figured for the direction of the workmen," thereby no doubt saving Miller many hours of drudgery.

As regards the interior of the house it is admirably arranged, and the rooms please by their beautiful proportions. The rough plan below gives an idea of their arrangement.



By this it will be seen that her ladyship's wishes with regard to the dining-room and drawing-room were amply fulfilled; nevertheless, she was not destined to inhabit them, for, before the completion of the house, she and her husband had finally separated. We meet with her often in the later pages of Horace Walpole, exchanging gossip and rhyming epistles with him, and taking part in his most select entertainments at Strawberry Hill, but Hagley knew her no more.

A curious side-light is thrown on the manners and customs of the age by finding in the plan of the basement in *Vitruvius Britannicus* "a smoak room and bath room," the only entrance to the latter being through

the "smoak room." The Saloon (now used as the dining-room) is elaborately ornamented with plaister work executed by Italian workmen; the drawing-room ceiling was painted by Cipriani; throughout the house, to use the words of a contemporary writer, "the rooms are convenient and in the justest proportions; the cieling pieces rich; the cornices light, eligible, and fanciful." The Library is an especially charming room, with book-cases of simple but admirable design; over the fireplace in this room is a remarkable portrait of Pope.<sup>1</sup>

While his house was being built Sir George was also busy restoring the church which is in the grounds close by. His anxiety to spend as little as he could on it is amusingly shown by the following extract from a letter written to Miller in June, 1754:

"Notwithstanding my Zeal for my Father's and Lucy's Monuments I am almost ashamed of incurring so considerable an Expence in repairing the Chancel. Do you reflect, my good Friend, how much the Beauty of Hagley might have been improved by two Hundred Pounds? It would have built an elegant Temple in the place of the old decayed wooden Arches at the top of the Forest Lawn, or it would have raised another Tower to make the Castle look less like a Church. It would have gilt me two or three rooms, or bought me two fine pictures for my Saloon. Whereas the Church when this alteration is made will be nothing but a Patchwork; and most People will think the money laid out in adorning one part of it quite thrown away. However I will set a good face on the matter and since it is done maintain it is right: so far indeed I have truth on my side that the Chancel as it was was unworthy of the Monuments I have set up in it, and my painted glass would all have been lost if I had not employed it there. . . ."

The church earned the unqualified approval of Bishop Pococke, who thus describes it:

<sup>1</sup> The collection of pictures at Hagley is a fine one.

"Sir G. Lyttelton has adorned the Church in the most exquisite Gothick taste, Mr. Miller's design. The Chancel is entirely new; the windows are adorned on the sides and every part with Gothick ornaments in hewn stone, and all the other parts of it is in stucco. On the ceiling and at each end are the arms of the paternal ancestors of the Lytteltons, in a direct line from Thos. de Lyttleton, temp. Henry III. to Sir George. These all at the expense of the Dean of Exeter, who gave a Persian carpet as a covering for the Communion Table. East window is of rich painted glass—date 1569, with shields and also a portrait of Lord Lyttelton, Keeper of the Great Seal, Charles I., some scripture pieces, also of Flemish glass, the whole bordered with blue, purple and green glass lately made at Stourbridge. There are three windows each side in the Gothick style with a bordering of coloured glass thrown in pretty Gothick forms. The Gallery is adorned with carved wooden roses. The Communion rails are Gothick. Monuments to Mrs. Lyttelton (an urn on a pedestal with a bas relief of a lady on a couch, with a statue of Hymen on the right kneeling on an extinct torch, wringing his hands and weeping) and to Sir Thomas and Lady."

It must be confessed it is with sincere regret that we record the total disappearance of Miller's work in the church. The monuments are preserved in the west end, but the rest, so typical of its age and of the spirit of Hagley's surroundings, was all swept away when the church was restored by Street in 1858.

The total sum expended on the house, church, garden, park, and offices, etc., amounted to £25,823 3s. 4½d.—more than three times the amount Lord Lyttelton originally proposed to spend; but then the years during which the work was being carried out saw him made Cofferer in 1753, and Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1756, posts which apparently proved exceedingly lucrative—at least if we may judge from his letter to Miller (see p. 347) on being raised to the Peerage in the end of 1756.

Miller, as we gather from several of his friends' letters about this time, was out of health, Hitchcox, as usual, gave trouble, Lord Lyttelton's man Bromfield proved tiresome, no proper contract or business arrangement of any sort ever seems to have been made, and one way and another the work was not finally accomplished till 1760. We have a despairing letter written in March, 1759 :

MY DEAR MILLER,—I have a sad account from Hagley. They say the stone sucks in wet upon every hard shower to such a degree that they don't know when the House will be dry, so that I can't go into it this year, nor is it sure when I can with safety to my Health. If this be so there is no Remedy but having it painted and it ought to be done without delay. What the Expence will be I can't tell ; but if it is necessary it must be incurred. Hollier and Bromfield have writt that the rooms he is to hang will not be fitt to receive the Paper this year. This is a sad disappointment to me. I wonder the nature of the stone was not known by Hitchcox and you. Sir Gregory Page gott into his House, all dry and well, the third year from the Foundations being laid, as I am told by one of his Friends. By what I hear I may not be able to get into mine these seven years with security, unless it be painted. A Resolution should be immediately taken upon it, and I have found by experience that deferring a necessary expence is no saving. My best Compliments to all your Family.

LYTTELTON.

The stone of which Hagley is built has the defect of which Lord Lyttelton complains until it becomes weathered, and Miller was able to assure him of its being remedied ; he writes again in April :

*Hill Street, April, 1759.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—You have convinced me that the stone of my new House will be dry without being painted, and therefore I am very glad to save that Expence ; only I would have the Course of stones

above the Cornice oiled as you propose. . . . I am determined to leave the four Attick rooms under the Towers and the long Gallery unfurnished this year, and perhaps the Drawingroom too; intending to go with my son this year into Scotland which will take up all August and the best part of September too; so that I shall not inhabit my new House till October, and then only with my Family, without opening it to strangers untill the whole is compleat. But, as I am anxious to get the workmen out of my House I say nothing of this to them that they may make all the Dispatch they can with their work. . . . Most affectionately Yours

LYTTELTON.

His troubles were really nearing their end, as we find his Lordship actually able to carry out his intentions. He writes in October, 1759:

MY DEAR MILLER,—After a most pleasant Ramble I hope to be at Hagley on the 18th or 19th of this month and to stay there a fortnight. If you and your little woman will accept of a bed in one of the Attick or Tower Rooms of my new House, you may board at the Admiral's very conveniently during that time, and if the Season continues as fine as it has been you will find the Park still delightful.

If you can't persuade Mrs. Miller to come along with you, I hope you will come alone; but pray bring her if you can. I think you and she have a right to the Maidenhead of the House you have built. Perhaps you may get a boy in it to inherit Radway. . . . Ever affectionately Yours

LYTTELTON.

But it was not till August, 1760, that Lord Lyttelton at last got rid of his work-people, and fixed a day for the grand opening of the Hall. Even then there were disappointments and delays. He writes on August 15th:

MY DEAR MILLER,—By the fault of Lovel and Bromfield I am obliged to defer the opening of my house till the 25th of this month, next Friday sennight,

your company and Mrs. Miller's at that merry meeting will be a great addition to the pleasure of Your most affectionate humble servt.

LYTTELTON.

But this was almost immediately followed by another letter :

MY DEAR MILLER,—By many delays and other reasons I find myself obliged not to open my house till the first of next month, when I shall be glad of your company with Mrs. Miller.

The Beauty and Elegance of it now the Furnishing of it is compleated and most of the Furniture up exceeds my Expectations. . . . Most affectionately yours

LYTTELTON.

There is no record of a further postponement. The only jarring note on this grand and ceremonial occasion was struck by the heir of the house, who, contrary to all etiquette, instead of conducting the great lady appointed for him, seized upon "a woman of no importance," and led her out before all her "betters" to the inaugural banquet.

Succeeding years brought an aftermath of worry in the shape of money claims made by various work-people and others who had been concerned in the building of the house or in supplying materials. Owing to his unbusinesslike methods Lord Lyttelton found some difficulty in adjusting these. The following letters are amusing and typical samples of his troubles :

*Hill Street, March 20th, 1761.*

DEAR MILLER,—Hollier writes me word that Mr. Bennet, he fears, has a mind to quarrel with me about the stone for my house. He talks in all company that it was of great value, and his son-in-law Tristram says in all company that what I had from him was worth £400 at a penny a foot. You know very well, I prest him before I took any of it to say what he would have for it, and many times since, by

old and young Hitchcox; but he said, I was welcome to it, and he desired nothing, and would come to no bargain. At the beginning of the building I saw him at Hagley myself, and old Hitchcox was present, and, if I am not mistaken so were you; and he then spoke to the same effect. But I always feared he meant some roguery by his pretended generosity. I wish you would recollect all you know of the matter, as I shall certainly have trouble about the affair. You know I sent him a present of a silver cup before I opened my house. It was certainly an imprudent thing, and what I always foresaw might have bad consequences, to take the stone before I had brought him to a positive bargain.

Hollier says, that Hitchcox tells him that he can't make up his account without your help. I wish the poor Admiral may not die before he has finished my building on the hill, and then all the expence of it will fall on me, though he intended to take it upon himself. This I get by Hitchcox's delays. Adieu, my dear Miller, deliver me from these fellows as soon and as well as you can. I beg my best compliment. to all your fireside and am ever most affly. yrs.

LYTTELTON.

*February 18th, 1761.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—You will see by the inclosed what a bad account Mr. Hollier gives me of Hitchcox. I hope, if you can find him, that you will oblige him to pay his workmen out of the money he had for that purpose, and to settle his accounts with my steward. If he continues to abscond, what shall I do? His work remains unfinished, and as he has the plan I don't know how to set it to anybody else. Hollier says he has told him more lies than any man ever did. I am sure he has plagued me beyond all patience. My best compliments to Mrs. Miller and all your fireside. I am ever Yr. most affecte. humble servt.

LYTTELTON.

It was many years—indeed not till after 1769—before we hear the last of these troubles.

We cannot take leave of Hagley without some mention of its beautiful surroundings. The park is no less

lovely now than it was 150 years ago ; indeed, we may say that it is the richer in beauty for being the poorer in those "pleasing objects" with which in Horace Walpole's day it fairly bristled. His description written to Richard Bentley in September, 1753, still gives a very adequate idea of a most lovely stretch of country.

"I have," he writes, "made my visit to Hagley as I intended. . . . You might draw but I can't describe, the enchanting scenes of the park. It is a hill of three miles, but broke into all manner of beauty ; such lawns, such woods, rills, cascades, and a thickness of verdure quite to the summit of the hill, and commanding such a vale of towns and meadows, and woods extending quite to the Black Mountain in Wales, that I quite forgot my favourite Thames ! Indeed I prefer nothing to Hagley but Mount Edgumbe. There is extreme taste in the park. The seats are not of the best, but there is not one absurdity. There is a ruined castle, built by Miller, that would get him his freedom, even of Strawberry : it has the true rust of the barons' wars. Then there is such a scene of a small lake, with cascades falling down such a Parnassus ! with a circular temple<sup>1</sup> on a distant eminence ; and there is such a fairy dale, with more cascades gushing out of the rocks ! And there is a hermitage so exactly like those of Sadeler's prints, on the brow of a shady mountain, stealing peeps into the glorious world below ! And there is such a pretty well in a wood, like the Samaritan woman's in a picture of Niccolo Poussin ! And there is such a wood without the park, enjoying such a prospect ! And there is such a mountain on t'other side of the park commanding all prospects, that I wore out my eyes with gazing, my feet with climbing, and my tongue and vocabulary with commending ! . . .

"Miller has built a Gothic house in the village at Hagley for a relation of Sir George : but there he is not more than Miller ; in his castle he is almost Bentley. There is a genteel tomb in the church to Sir George's first wife, with a cupid and a pretty urn in the Roman style."

<sup>1</sup> The Rotundo, Miller's work.

## CHAPTER XIX

### MILLER AS ARCHITECT (*concluded*)

IN the Great Hall of Lacock Abbey<sup>1</sup> Miller accomplished what was to prove his most important building in "the Gothick taste." The letters of John Ivory Talbot give a full and detailed account of this work, and are interesting, not only for the light they throw on eighteenth-century ideas and ideals, but because Lacock Abbey is still one of the most beautiful houses and finest examples of conventual arrangements in the West of England. Founded in 1232 by the Countess Ela, widow of William Longespe,<sup>2</sup> the natural son of Henry II. by Fair Rosamund, it was originally a nunnery of Augustinian or Austin canonesses, who seem to have been from the first a flourishing community. A fine abbey church, cloisters, chapter-house, and substantial domestic buildings were built in the thirteenth century, and later on we hear of the Abbess becoming the Rector of Lacock, then a small market town, which, with its church, had been in existence long before the foundation of the Abbey.

Sir William Sharington, to whom the abbey was sold at the Dissolution of the Monasteries and whose title to it was confirmed by Edward VI., adapted nearly the whole of the monastic buildings to domestic pur-

<sup>1</sup> For the material for these notes on Lacock, we are indebted to the present owner, Mr. C. H. Talbot, whose antiquarian lore and intimate knowledge of every stone of his beautiful home is a guarantee of their accuracy.

<sup>2</sup> Familiar to readers of Shakespeare as "Longsword."



LACOCK ABBEY.

From the illustration in Dingley's "Memorials in Marble."

To face page 298.



poses, and these, as well as the old chapter-house and the beautiful cloisters, still remain much as they were when Miller visited Lacock in 1754 and wrote to Charles Lyttelton :

“I believe there is not a religious house in England better preserved ; it has been inhabited ever since the Dissolution by Sir Wm. Sharington (who, by the way, was the man who made restitution to King Edward VI. on account of Latimer’s sermon) and the Talbots. There are many curiosities here, particularly Magna Charta and Henry III.’s Great Seal quite fair and compleat, and directed at the back to the Sheriff of Wilts, who at that time was Ela the Foundress of Lacock, and there it has been ever since. There are the old ledger books of the Nunnery and the nuns great Pot, as big as that at Warwick, it holds 4 gallons less, viz. 92 gallons. Mr. T. has set it up upon a pedestal in his garden (an inscription shows it was made at Mechlin in 1500) and it is not a bad conceit. He says the bell metal is worth £80. There is a great salting trough<sup>1</sup> which belonged to the nuns, 16 ft. long and 4 ft. wide, etc. But what pleased me best was a noble picture of Charles I. by Vandyke at full length with Sir T. Warwick as a page. He has another picture of the King’s family just like your brother’s little one, and a fine Henry VIII. by Holbein.”

All the treasures Miller mentions are still at Lacock.

Built in a quadrangle, the house surrounds the original Cloister Court, and Sir William Sharington’s buildings, notably the beautiful tower and the fine stable court, are exceedingly interesting examples of early Renaissance work in England, while the many beautiful fragments of stone windows, etc., carefully preserved by the present owner, show how much fine work was ruthlessly destroyed in the eighteenth century.

<sup>1</sup> There being no traces of the action of salt on the stone of this trough, Mr. Talbot thinks it was used for water, and also that it was probably introduced by Sharington, and did not belong to the nuns.

Sir William was succeeded by his brother Sir Henry, who left two daughters, co-heiresses, one of whom married John Talbot of Salwarpe, county Worcester, Lacock thus passing into the Talbot family, where it remained until the death of Sir John Talbot in 1714. This Sir John, being the last male survivor of his branch, was succeeded by John, son of his eldest daughter and co-heiress Anne by her marriage with Sir John Ivory of New Ross, county Wexford. By his grandfather's will John Ivory assumed the name and arms of Talbot only; but he seems to have been generally known as John Ivory Talbot, and is thus described in the register of his burial, while Stevens, who wrote a *Monasticon* supplementary to Dugdale, speaks of him as "that worthy and communicative gentleman, Ivery Talbot, of Lacock, in Wiltshire, Esq." He was a young fellow of seven-and-twenty when he succeeded to the property, and seems to have at once become a prominent and popular figure in his county, as the following year saw him returned as Member for Ludgershall, which he represented till March, 1722, while later on he sat for many years for the county of Wilts. He had matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1707, and became D.C.L. Oxford in 1736. He married Mary, daughter of the first Lord Mansel of Margam, who died in 1735; he survived her thirty-seven years, dying at Bath in November, 1772, aged eighty-five years. His letters show him to have been a genial and hospitable host, and Miller describes him as a "very agreeable companion," while, according to the canons of his age, he was certainly a man of very considerable taste, and soon began to make what he considered improvements at Lacock. His early alterations are regrettable because of the loss of what they replaced, but in themselves they are not unpleasing examples of early Georgian domestic architecture. Unfortunately he very soon became bitten with the



JOHN IVORY TALBOT.  
From the portrait at Lacock Abbey.

To face page 300.



mania for "improved Gothick," and before he made Miller's acquaintance he had "Gothicised" and spoilt the west wall of the old kitchen and the windows of the stone gallery on the east side of the house, in both instances adding the battlements so dear to eighteenth-century Gothic taste. Another quaint instance of this taste is the plaster tracery<sup>1</sup> affixed to the walls of the "great stable" at the lodge gates, which was converted into a barn in 1729-1730. This was intended to convey the idea of blocked-up Gothic windows, giving the fine old building the appearance of a church. Seen in the dusk, it is quite a successful "sham."

A gentleman of such decided Gothic proclivities could not fail to be attracted by Miller's reputation, and in 1753 a *Mr. Richard Goddard* wrote Sanderson the following letter of introduction. It is dated from New College, Oxford, but there is little doubt that the writer was a member of the family of that name, who were, and still are, Lords of the Manor of Swindon, in Wiltshire.

"SIR,—I was last week at Mr. Talbot's at Lacock, when he accidentally mentioned his intention to rebuild his Great Hall next spring. As his house consists of the Remains of an Old Nunnery it was agreed on all Hands, that it would be most proper to fit it up in the Gothick Taste. Mr. Talbot was entirely of that opinion, but doubtful whether he shou'd be able to meet with the Assistance requisite for such an Undertaking. You will not be surprised that I mentioned your name on the occasion. Nay more; I drew a Bill on your Good Nature (a Fund in great credit with all who have the Pleasure of knowing you) and ventured from the Knowledge I had of it to promise him your Assistance, so far at least as the Inspection of Prints and Plans cou'd enable you to judge. He was much pleased at the thoughts of having it under your direction, as he had been informed before that no one wou'd be more likely to assist him than

<sup>1</sup> This plaster tracery has now nearly all fallen off.

yourself. Your Engagements, which I hear at present are very great, may possibly defeat all our Schemes, and not allow you half an Hour to turn your Thoughts towards Lacock. But Mr. Talbot was desirous I shou'd write to you on the Subject, that he might know how far he might hope for your Assistance in this Affair. He will be extremely glad to meet you with Plans etc., at Radway, Oxford, Swindon, Lacock, or in short just where and when you please. I should be more particular, especially in Apologies for my Impertinence, but the precipitate departure of the Bearer prevents any farther trouble at present from—  
Your most obedient and most humble Servant

“RICHARD GODDARD.

“You would much oblige me if you wou'd inform me by a line or two whether you shall have leisure to think of this Affair. If we shou'd be so lucky, you may expect further Particulars from me.”

This appeal was successful, as we next have a long letter from Mr. Talbot himself. “I fear,” he says, “I have been full Prolix, but Hope your pardon: since I could not express myself to my satisfaction in fewer words.” But, notwithstanding his modest avowal that “not being conversant in Architectural descriptions, I have great diffidence in my abilities,” the letter gives a very clear account of what he wants.

“The Hall,” he writes, “is built over a noble arched Cellar,<sup>1</sup> its outside roughcast, but is Propos'd to be cas'd with Freestone. The length and Height of the Roof have spread the Walls, tho' very thick. . . . The main Entrance into the House thro' this Room, is at present, Horrid! in at a window and up 16 ugly steps! I could wish it in the middle, and that both the Flight of steps, doorcase, window and chimney Piece were in the Gothick Taste, being desirous of Finishing both within and without in that manner.”

If his entrance was “Horrid!” Mr. Talbot had only himself to thank. The accompanying illustration

<sup>1</sup> Still remaining.

shows the old hall and entrance; these were still there when he inherited the property, and the quaint building by which the Hall was entered was probably pulled down by him when he Gothicized his kitchen.

He goes on :

"The battlements I could desire might be different from the plain one that is over the Kitchen; either a spiral one between every two plain ones, or in such fancy as Mr. Miller's taste shall direct. . . . An unlucky Chimney clings to the end of this Building, but alas! it belongs to my Kitchen; had it belonged to any other Room it should have been destroyed, but here it is very sure *sine qua non*. This may be lowered and if it could be converted into a kind of Pinnacle (through which the smoke could discharge itself) might not be quite unornamental."

In a later letter he again refers to this :

"The Chimney being converted into an ornament, will have a pretty Effect: and as I would by no means have my Front regular will fully answer that intent: since the Beauty of Gothick Architecture (in my opinion) consists, like that of a Pindarick Ode, in the Boldness and Irregularity of its Members."

Notwithstanding this avowal, in this same letter we find him deploring the fact that, again owing to this "unlucky" chimney, the door on the north side of his hall could not be in the middle. However, this difficulty was overcome, and eventually the hall was as symmetrical as any Italian room.

The inside of this hall he declares his intention of finishing "in Stucco and after such design as you may approve of":

"I should beg its Ceiling might not be too much ornamented, and that you would fix on proper Places for a few Niches, having an Intention of placing a Plaister of Paris Figure of the Foundress (about 3 feet

high) in one, and I should be glad of two or three smaller niches for nun's heads, etc. An Italian lately come to Salisbury executes these Figures well and reasonable. . . . I have painted glass to ornament with. . . ."

By Miller's advice he decides to "take down the Wall to the top of the Cellar Arches, and proceed in the Method you have mentioned, both as the cheapest and safest way." It was also agreed that the windows either side of the front entrance should be flat, not bow windows, which had been at first suggested by Mr. Price, an architect at Salisbury. Mr. Talbot expresses himself highly pleased with Miller's plan for these.

"The Plan of the Window," he writes in November 1753, "I saw executed last year in a Tour I made in the North, and observed to my friends how well it suited with my Design for finishing my Hall: this seems as it were Providential, that y<sup>e</sup> very Plan I so much approved of should be sent me to know my thoughts upon. The Painted glasses are Eight distinct Coats of Arms (I presume of some of the Benefactors of the Nunnery) Two feet by 1 Foot 7 Inches; these I fancy had better Be contrived in the Upper parts of the Windows as they may be the less expos'd to Accidents."

This presumption shows that Ivory Talbot did not know much about the matter. The glass, some of it collected from elsewhere and ranging in date from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, still remains in the windows. The fine sixteenth-century glass, with the arms of Sharington impaling Walsingham, deserves especial notice. Sir William Sharington married secondly Eleanor, daughter of William Walsingham. 'I am infinitely obliged," he continues, "for your Hint of casing the inside of the room with Ashler instead of Stucco, which on calculation I find to be

dearer by at least a Third." This was probably accounted for by his being only six miles from a quarry; but the "chimney Piece" and "door Cases" he proposed "to have finished in the Painswick Stone, having lately seen one done for Lord Egmont in the Gothick Taste, which Pleas'd me greatly."<sup>1</sup>

Never were building operations carried on more satisfactorily to those concerned; every letter of Mr. Talbot's declares his contentment with his materials, his workmen, and, above all, with his architect and his designs. "I return many thanks for the sight of the Plans which please me extreamly, and I am certain if well executed will meet with Universal Applause," he writes in December, 1753, and by the following June he was able to report:

"My Room goes on well and is rais'd to the Top of the doors quite round: the Approbation it meets with is universal and the workmen have profited so much by your instructions that we find no difficulty. I have met with a clever fellow of a Carver who will undertake to finish y<sup>e</sup> carv'd work of y<sup>e</sup> niches, etc.: after they are up, by which means we advance much faster, and save y<sup>e</sup> danger of the ornamental part being broken."

In the same letter he writes:

"My Painter (Lord Wm Seymour) is so nice and Busy in Ornamenting my Cloisters, and finds it a job of six Weeks instead of a Fortnight,<sup>2</sup> that I cannot leave this Place till he has done his operations. I fear therefore that I shall not be able to wait upon you till the latter end of the summer, which I am determin'd to do, not only to pay my respects, but to gratify my Curiosity by the sight of your Castle and Lord Guilford's."

<sup>1</sup> The chimneypiece is of Painswick stone, but the doors are of local stone.

<sup>2</sup> Lord William Seymour's painting (much to be regretted) still ornaments (!) the bosses of the vaulting of the cloisters.

Radway is not mentioned, but was doubtless included in the excursion described in the following letter, dated *Lacock, September 7th, 1754*:

DEAR SIR,—I return'd to this Place last night, and found my Hall in such forwardness that its Roof will begin Rearing on Monday: it still advances in Beauty, and I long to see it compleat.

We enjoyed a Fine day in the Perusal of Hagley, Sr. George was not at home; therefore had not the advantage of his showing it: yet the Gardiner supplied his place very well, and as he either approv'd of our faces, or expected a suitable Fee, was a good Cicerone.

I greatly approve of the Chancel, its Ceiling very pretty, tho' I think the Cordage (a great Ornament) seems too Tight, and might be advantag'd by making it look more *Raiking* (I can't spell that word) either by seeming to support it with Hooks, or making it run through rings, its situation at present looking somewhat normal.

At Enville we saw an Horrid Massacre of a fine Gothick design of yours,<sup>1</sup> committed by the hands of some Shrewsbury man: we were very angry, and would not let the gardiner give us the particulars of the Misfortune.

I Beg my Compliments to Mrs. Miller etc, and shall be extremely glad to see you when you come to Siston and am Your most oblig'd and obedient Servant

J. TALBOT.

A month later (October, 1754) he writes:

"I have the great Satisfaction of acquainting you that my Room was safely cover'd in before one drop of rain fell: that no kind of Accident attended the Rearing of the Roof."

At the same time he begs for the design of the Ceiling, that his workmen may set about it that winter, and asks for Miller's Arms and the Blazonry of them,

<sup>1</sup> This was probably the summer-house mentioned by Bishop Pococke (see p. 275).

"as I am determin'd they shall decorate one End of my Trunk Ceiling, as those of the Foundress will the other."

By the middle of the following January he is able to describe

"the Finishing strokes of my Building. This Pleasing Period commenc'd on the 7th Instant and the Workmen are now striking the scaffold. The Steps etc, still add to the Beauty of the Whole: and I defy the Devil and all his Works (I mean Pretenders to Architecture and their Performances) not to approve the View. . . . The Duchess of Beaufort, a Female Critic, has taken a Plan both of the Building and Ceiling. . . . What think you of the following Design for the Frieze [of the Chimney Piece]? Two Crosiers Salterwise in the middle—a string of Beads and an Abbess-Mitre, the Coat of Arms of the Foundress hanging to one, and the Seal of the Nunnery to the other Crosier. In my Horrid drawing viz: [here follows rough sketch]."

These suggestions were carried out in the main, neither Ivory Talbot nor Miller apparently being aware of the Mitre being inappropriate to an Abbess. The fireplace is interesting, for inside it, on each side, are two curved splays of very peculiar seventeenth-century work, probably saved from the old hall fireplace, and the sides of Miller's work are imitated from these with some variation of treatment. The cresting of the fireplace, the two internal doors, and the external door outside the building, all form part of the same design, a rich foliage pattern,<sup>1</sup> but that of the external door is far superior to the rest. The explanation probably is that for the latter Miller made use of some mediæval work which he found at the Abbey, and had copied for the internal doors and for the fireplace.

Having made "an handsome Sweep for a Coach

<sup>1</sup> Miller employed this same design for the cresting to a door at Radway Grange.

and Six and built the Ah Ah likewise in front of the Hall," Mr. Talbot next troubled his friend's "Ingenuity" to design an "Entrance" to the said "Sweep," which might use up the 400 feet of ashlar he had left over from his Hall. "The present Doorway," he writes, "is in the middle of a Wall of 50 ft. and the Walk from it is 29 do wide. Could not a Gothick Gateway be contrived in the Middle of the Wall wide enough to admit a Coach?" It could be, and it was. This letter evidently set Miller's "Ingenuity" to work at once, for the back of it is covered with rough designs for archways. That finally decided on is still standing, and, save for the elaborate pinnacles which disfigure it, is well designed and of pleasing proportions.

The following September we hear of the

"compleat Finish both of the Hall, Staircase, and Gateway, each of which do Honour to their Architect and reflect some on their Workmen, since, to their credit be it spoken, *Materiem Superavit Opus*. My Ceiling is the delight of all eyes, yet I fancy will lose some of its abundance of Praise when the Chimney Piece makes its appearance. . . . The Niches are carved and are Beauties. . . . The Grand Opening will be deferred till about May, when all my Friends who are in this Country and whose Arms are emblazoned on my Ceiling will do me the Honour of their Company: and a Grand Sacrifice to Bacchus will be the Consequence."

Before this great ceremony took place, the finishing touch had been put to the beauties of his Hall, as he writes in January, 1756, that

'The Foreigner who has been here ever since May has executed his Performance in a very Workmanlike manner and your Niches are filled by a set of Inhabitants worthy such Repositories. I presume you are acquainted with the method of making Models for Statues. He proceeds on the same Principles, only Bakes them afterwards, by which means they become



THE GREAT HALL AT LACOCK ABBEY, WILTS.

To face page 308.



of a Red Colour and ring like a Garden Pot. . . . I fancy Lord Shelburn will employ him on his Arrival at London, where he goes next week; however, as so many of your friends are Connoisseurs, I would advise them seeing his Performances, which are both Easy and not Expensive. His name is sonorous, no less than Victor Alexander Sederbach and yet lodges at one King's a Grocer in Green Street, near Castle Street, Leicester Fields. I am sorry he did not show all his Performances to the Gentleman you sent a note by, but on asking the Reason, was told that someone the day before had Broke a Figure, which had made him extremely Captious."

Miller's Hall exists to-day just as it was when Ivory Talbot's friends assisted at the "Grand Sacrifice to Bacchus" at its opening. The accompanying illustration gives an idea of its faults; what it does not give is the exquisite colour of the grey stone which makes the flight of steps, now weatherworn and crumbling, a thing of beauty; for time has softened the outlines, and Nature, with loving fingers, has sown the old stones with many a tiny plant and jewelled moss. Inside, the Hall is lofty and well-proportioned; on entering you face the fireplace, and a doorway in the centre of the wall on the right leads to the part of the house formerly known as the Abbess's Lodgings; this picturesque building is shown in Dingley's sketch, but unfortunately it was modernized soon after the rebuilding of the Hall. It contains the Palladian dining-room seen on the right of the second illustration (p. 308). The "unlucky chimney" was, as we know, circumvented, and another doorway exactly faces that into the dining-room: but the old door in the corner was found by the present owner when making some alterations. There is a coved plaster ceiling decorated just as described in Ivory Talbot's letters, but the carved niches, with their terra-cotta inhabitants, are, truth to tell, hardly worthy of his

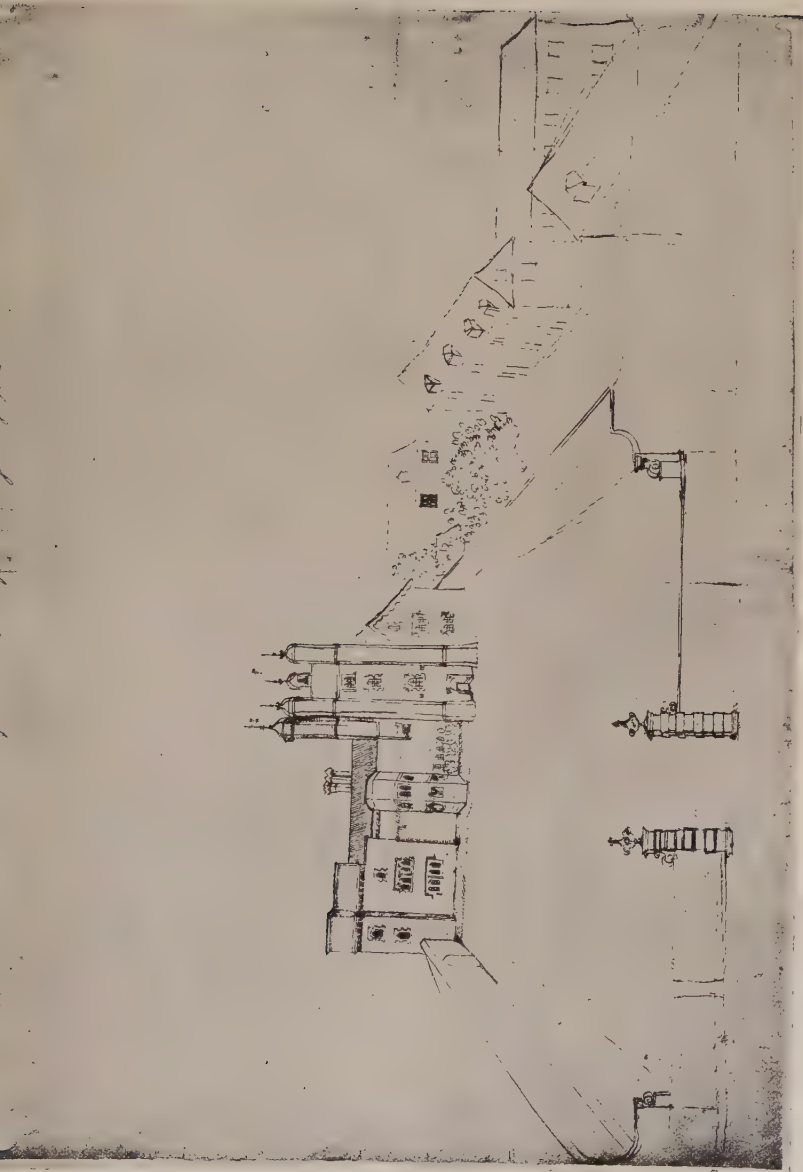
enthusiastic description, being altogether too small and insignificant for the size of the room. One very noticeable point about the Hall is the reverberation. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the laws of acoustics to be able to say whether this would be less if it were full of people, but if not, the Grand Sacrifice to Bacchus, if it were held in it, must almost have raised the new roof.

It is pleasant to think that the friendship begun over the building did not end with its completion. In 1757 we have a letter of thanks for some fine brass andirons, a present to Lacock through Miller from Lady Dacre (see letter from Lord Dacre, p. 364); these were supposed to be Gothic, and were much appreciated.

"I beg my Compliments to the Noble Personages who Parted with so valuable Materials to a stranger, but I daresay it was owing to some Partial Representation which your Good Nature suggested; however, I would by no means be thought but highly grateful for the gift. There is a very convenient Place at the Foot of each which I am satisfied was intended for an Inscription and on which I propose to engrave either yours or Lady Dacre's name, that I may perpetuate to whom my Hall is indebted for such furniture. Tell me freely, whose name it shall be? if the Lady's, her Xtian name and place of abode."

These andirons still ornament the Hall, but the inscription was never added to them.

Meanwhile Lord Dacre, on his return from abroad, had sufficiently recovered from the shock of his great sorrow to be able to resume his interest and pleasure in his improvements at Belhus. The accompanying illustration, taken from an old sketch, shows the old red-brick house, rebuilt by John Barrett shortly before he died in 1526, as it appeared in the days of Dacre Barrett, Lord Dacre's grandfather. From Lord Dacre's manuscript family history, and from some other old



BELHUS IN THE TIME OF DACRE BARRETT.  
From a sketch in the possession of Mr. Barrett Lennard.



records, it appears that before this time there was also a "great Gate House which had a large chamber over it and several others on each side," probably pulled down by Dacre Barrett. Of the early Tudor house the north side and the fine old tower on the south are still standing; much of the rest, as may be seen in the picture of Belhus at the present day, was largely altered by Lord Dacre, who gothicized the west front, adding the three sham turrets, and making various structural changes inside the house, while to open his view to the south he pulled down the walls of the old-fashioned garden on that side of the building. In this work, which was begun quite as early as 1745, we have no record of his having been helped by Miller, but after his return from Italy Lord Dacre consulted him about every detail with regard to the fitting up and decorations of his rooms. Writing in December, 1751, he says :

"You may imagine that after so long an absence we are fallen very hard to work again and have many irons in the fire; and indeed we should have had more (for I would have fitted up my great Eating Room formerly the Hall) if my Architect had not made me what in my opinion was too dear an estimate which has caused me to demur for the present. In the spring, however, I am determined to do something in this business and hope before I begin upon anything to have the benefit of your advice and directions which I stand in great need of."

By the following March the work was in progress, Miller apparently providing designs and estimates and some of the workmen, and in July Lord Dacre reports that "the chimney is finished and put up and has upon the whole a very good effect. My eating room now comes very near being compleated." Busy as he was over Hagley, Miller seems to have failed to answer a letter respecting twenty oak shields which,

blazoned with arms, were to decorate the ceiling, so this was "finished . . . plain with only a kind of ribbon running along the Beams which lightens them a good deal." However, this pet project was carried out later on in his wife's dressing-room (now called the Crest Room), where, after an enormous amount of correspondence, it was decided to have shields of coats of arms on the cornice, a Gothic canopy opposite the fireplace, and a ribbon pattern of stucco on the ceiling, which are there to this day. This, however, was not till some years later, in 1757. Meanwhile, in 1752 Miller had designed a Gothic chimney-piece for "the Parlour we used to eat in," and in 1754 helped his friend in the fitting up of his north drawing-room, where it was resolved that, for once in a way, the fireplace should not be Gothic, "for, as 'tis to be of marble, no good one can be made in that style." Horace Walpole visited Belhus in the autumn of this year, and was pleased to approve.

"I have been at Mr. Barrett's at Belhouse," he writes to Bentley November, 1754. "I never saw a place for which one did not wish so totally devoid of faults. What he has done is in Gothic, and very true, though not up to the perfection of the Committee.<sup>1</sup> The hall is pretty: the great diningroom hung with good family pictures. . . . The chimney pieces, except one little miscarriage into total Ionic (he could not resist statuary and Sienna Marble) are all of a good King James the First Gothic."

Possibly, had he known Miller's share in the work, Horace might not have been so complimentary, being, as we have seen, very bitter about the adoption of Miller's designs for Hagley instead of those of his friend Chute.

<sup>1</sup> Thus Horace was pleased to term the band of choice spirits—probably himself, Bentley, and Chute—who presided over the decorations of Strawberry Villa.



BELHUS AT THE PRESENT DAY.

To face page 312.



During all these years Lord Dacre was also busy in laying out his grounds ; but here, though his friend is duly told of all that is being done, he relied on the advice and assistance of "Capability Brown," whose talents as a landscape gardener were so much appreciated by his contemporaries as to earn him the following epigram :

" With one lost Paradise the name  
Of our first ancestor is stained ;  
Brown shall enjoy unsullied fame  
For many a Paradise regained."

In spite of all these calls on his time and invention, Miller found leisure to design a public building in his own county which is a worthy and fitting monument to his talents. The old Shire or County Hall had been granted to the Bailiff and Burgesses of Warwick by Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, in 1576 ; it escaped the great fire which destroyed so much of Warwick in 1694 ; but the Act of Parliament passed in 1757 authorizing the building of the new Hall describes the old building as so decayed and ruinous that it was necessary to take it down, and, as a matter of fact, it had been pulled down and some progress made with the new Hall before this date. Much time and labour had been expended in obtaining the necessary subscriptions—a work into which Lord Aylesford threw himself with much zealous energy—and from a letter written by Mr. Prowse in 1754 we learn that Miller had already drawn out plans for the Hall, which, in spite of some adverse criticisms from the former, were carried out without any substantial alteration. Belcher and Macartney, in their work on the "Late Renaissance Architecture in England," praise it as "commendably simple and dignified for the Town Hall of a small County Town," especially mentioning the disposition of ornament and variation of treatment

in the texture of the surface, while they also call attention to "the solid parapet, no doubt designed with a view to maintain the quiet and official character of the building," the "mace-headed gateposts," and the "well considered and worked out iron work," commending the "wrought iron *chevaux de frise* on the ground floor window cills," as being "really ornamental as well as useful."

His answer to Mr. Prowse's criticisms is one of the very few of Sanderson Miller's letters which have been preserved; it throws some light on his character, and therefore (omitting some architectural details) we give it here. Mr. Prowse, in objecting to the "Octagon Temple in each of the Courts," had said, "I am almost afraid to tell you what I mean. . . . I really think in your present Disposition you esteem them a greater Beauty than Miss Bankes." Miller writes from Ambrosden in January, 1754:

"DEAR SIR—Your kind letter found me at Sir Edward Turner's.

"You could do nothing which would please me so much as finding fault in the candid manner you do. At the same time that you convince me of your own superior Judgment, you do me justice in thinking my Modesty such as will submit to it, and I had rather you should pay me that compliment than think me as great an Architect as Palladio. However, give me leave to say you mistake your man when you think you have power to make me give up anything which I esteem a greater Beauty than Miss Banks, and mistake me still more when you think I ever could esteem any production of my own or even yours equal to that incomparable Fair. In all other respects I have a Pleasure in submitting to you, because it gives me an opportunity of giving a sufficient Proof of my Taste, and what I esteem much more, my modesty. If you was what is generally called a Great Man you might think I flattered, but as you are plain Mr. Prowse, do me the Justice to believe me sincere. . . .



WARWICK COUNTY HALL.

From the drawing by David Cox.



"As to the great point of the Octagon Temples you will be surprised when I assure you, as they now stand, they are so far from being such favourites as Miss Banks, that they are no favourites at all. . . ."

He then goes on to explain that

"Everybody I showed that design to was so much pleased with it that they preferred it to that which you propose, tho' I stated all the objections you mention in their full force, and I never was tolerably satisfied about it. . . . But I told Mr. Hirons I believed at last we must leave out the Pillars and put it upon the footing of Economy, but he did not chuse to hear of it.

"Your criticism has rather flattered me than otherwise, if you had not said that I seemed really to think the design as beautiful as Miss Banks. I can always see more faults in my own performances than I love to think on, and I would never draw a line more if I did not see much worse in the shocking designs of common Workmen. It was a great disappointment to me that I had not the pleasure of seeing you again, for I should have made use of you as a Confessor, and not have committed any more faults than such as you would have satisfied me were venial. . . .

"You see how free I am in asking your opinion about these trifles, whilst I forget that you are engaged in the service of another County and the whole Nation, but your goodness will excuse me and believe that I only endeavour to serve my County as a Builder with as much Zeal as you serve yours in a station of the highest Trust and Importance, and if I am troublesome your Goodness and Candor have made me so.

"Dear Sir, with Compliments to Mrs. Prowse and the young set of agreeable Dancers. Your much obliged Friend and humble servant

"S. MILLER."

Mr. Prowse wrote again at some length about an alternative design to the Octagon Temples, but we must suppose that Miller's admirers insisted on the latter, as there they are to this day. At a few feet from

the walls of the interior of the Assize Courts there are eight pillars forming an octagon, and supporting a dome at the top of which is a lanthorn window light. It is interesting to note that throughout the discussion of the details of his plans, Miller, while anxious that his hall should be beautiful, never loses sight of the purposes for which it will be required, and pays special attention to the acoustic properties of the building.

Bloxham and other architects since have attributed the hall to Hiorne—or Hiron, as he is called in the letters, which show, however, that he was merely employed to carry out Miller's design. The mistake might easily arise, as he was a local man who has been described as an architect, and his name may very probably appear in any of the bills for workmen and materials which may have been kept in the borough records. But a private table of the subscriptions, salaries and wage bills preserved in Sanderson's correspondence affords further and conclusive evidence that the plans for the hall must be ascribed to him and him alone.

The bulk of Miller's architectural work was accomplished in the last decade of the reign of George II.<sup>1</sup> After 1760, we have no record of any considerable building designed by him, though we know he was always good-naturedly ready to help his friends with his experienced advice.<sup>2</sup> We hear no more, however, of Gothic castles and greenhouses, and the latest building in which we know him to have had any hand—the stables at Becket for Lord Barrington—are of

<sup>1</sup> In the record of his death in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, work at Stowe for Lord Temple, and at the Leasowes for Shenstone, the poet, is attributed to Miller. This is highly probable, but he has preserved no record of such work among his correspondence.

<sup>2</sup> The cascade and grotto at Honington Hall are examples of his less important later work (see illustration, p. 266).

Classic, not Gothic, design. "Palladio, Jones, and the Antique" prevailed with him in the end. Horace Walpole has handed down his name as an apostle of the "Gothick," but lasting records of his genuine architectural talent are with us in Hagley and the Warwick Town Hall.

## CHAPTER XX

LETTERS : JANUARY—NOVEMBER, 1756

WHILST the result of the Oxfordshire election still hung in the balance an event had occurred of which Miller has prudently preserved no record, though he must have been very far from regarding it with indifference—namely, the great quarrel between Sir George Lyttelton and the rest of the cousinhood. Horace Walpole has described it—somewhat unkindly—in a letter to Bentley, written on December 13, 1754:

“About a fortnight ago this bomb burst. Pitt, who is well, is dissatisfied—not with his bride, but with the Duke of Newcastle; has twice thundered out his dissatisfaction in Parliament, and was seconded by Fox. The event was exactly what I daresay you have already foreseen. *Pitt was to be* turned out; overtures were made to Fox; Pitt is *not* turned out; Fox is quieted with the dignity of cabinet councillor, and the Duke of Newcastle remains affronted—and omnipotent. . . . This scene has produced a diverting interlude: Sir George Lyttelton, who could not reconcile his content with Mr. Pitt’s discontent,<sup>1</sup> has been very ill with the cousinhood. In the grief of his heart he thought of resigning his place, but *somehow or other* stumbled upon a negotiation for introducing the Duke of Bedford into the ministry again to balance the loss of Mr. Pitt. Whatever persuaded him he thought this treaty so sure of success that he lost no time to be the agent of it himself; and whether

<sup>1</sup> Lyttelton had a personal liking for Newcastle as well as for Hardwicke, and did not realize the Duke’s utter unfitness for the position in which his brother’s death had left him.

commissioned or non-commissioned, as both he and the Duke of Newcastle say, he carried *carte blanche* to the Duke of Bedford, who bounced like a rocket, frightened away poor Sir George, and sent for Mr. Pitt to notify the overture. Pitt and the Grenvilles are outrageous; the Duke of Newcastle disclaims his ambassador, and every body laughs. Sir George came hither yesterday, to *expectorate* with me as he called it. Think how I pricked up my ears as high as King Midas, to hear a Lyttelton vent his grievances against a Pitt and Grenvilles! Lord Temple has named Sir George the *apostolic nuncio*."

The quarrel lasted for upwards of ten years, but Miller seems to have succeeded in keeping neutral. At any rate, there is no decrease of cordiality in the letters of either Lyttelton or Pitt, and though Henry Grenville indulges in a little sarcasm at Sir George's expense, it is not such as a friend need resent.

Pitt, Legge, and their party were dismissed from office a few months later, on account of their vehement opposition to the system of foreign subsidies which the King had devised with a view to the protection of Hanover. Fox then entered into a coalition with Newcastle, and became Secretary of State. Lord Barrington succeeded him as Secretary at War, and Lyttelton became a Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The last appointment was not a very happy one. All his life long Lyttelton muddled his own money matters, and he was quite incapable of grasping the intricacies of national finance. To quote Horace once more :

"March 4th, 1756. . . . I think I never heard such a scene of ignorance as yesterday on the new duties! Except Legge, you would not have thought there was a man in the House had learnt Troy weight; Murray quibbled—at Hume Campbell the House groaned! Pitt and Fox were lamentable; Poor Sir George never knew prices from duties not drawbacks from premiums! The three taxes proposed were on plate,

on bricks and tiles, on cards and dice. The earthquake had made us so good that the ministry might have burnt the latter in Smithfield if they had pleased. The bricks they were forced to give up, and consented graciously to accept £70,000 on alehouses, instead of £30,000 on bricks. They had nearly been forced to extend the duty on plate beyond £10, carrying the restriction by a majority of only two."

The general ineptitude of the Ministry caused scornful amusement to Walpole, but it roused the deep indignation of the people at large, who loved and trusted Pitt, but had to look helplessly on while England daily lost something of her prestige under the government of those who had driven him from office. This indignation reached its height when dread of a French invasion led the Ministers to ask the King to send for Hanoverian troops to garrison the country, a request with which he was delighted to comply.

During 1756 and 1757 constant accounts of the course of political events were sent to Radway by Mr. Charles Jenkinson, who, as we have seen, had been a fellow worker with Miller at the time of the election. In later years Jenkinson became a power in the State, rising successively to the posts of Private Secretary to Lord Bute, a Lord of the Admiralty under the Duke of Grafton, Secretary at War in 1778, and a member of the Board of Trade in the Government of the younger Pitt. In 1786 he was raised to the Peerage as Baron Hawkesbury, and ten years later he was created Earl of Liverpool. Rightly or wrongly, he was popularly supposed to possess great influence over George III., and to be the repository of his secret opinions. Wraxall, in his "Historical Memoirs," gives an impression of Jenkinson in 1781:

"At this time he was about fifty-four years of age, and in his person rose above the common height. The expression of his countenance I find it difficult to

describe, as without having in his face any lines strongly marked, it was not destitute of deep intelligence. Reflection and caution seemed to be stamped on every feature; while his eyes were usually, even in conversation, directed downwards towards the earth. Something impervious and inscrutable seemed to characterize his demeanour, which awakened curiosity while it repressed enquiry. His enemies asserted that he resembled a dark lanthorn; and as much as the human figure of physiognomy can ever be supposed to offer such a strange similarity unquestionably it existed in him. Even the twinkling motion of his eyelids, which he half closed from time to time in speaking, made the allusion, however fanciful, more close and striking. His manners were polite, calm, and unassuming, grave if not cold; but not distant, without any mixture of pride or affectation. In society, though reserved, he was not silent; and though guarded on certain topics, communicative on ordinary subjects. He always appeared as if desirous to disclaim and reject the consideration which he involuntarily attracted. It was not difficult, on a short acquaintance, to discover that he had read men more than books; and that his education had been of an inferior as well as limited kind. He neither manifested the elegant information acquired by visiting foreign countries, nor the classic ideas and images derived from a familiarity with the productions of antiquity. Even his knowledge was rather financial than general or critical. But, in recompense for these deficiencies, he possessed more useful and solid attainments, calculated to raise their possessor in life.

"No man in official situation was supposed to understand better the principles of trade, navigation, manufactures, and revenue. He had written and published on those subjects, in a manner that sufficiently proved his profound acquaintance with them. Supple, patient, mild, laborious, persevering, attentive to improve the favourable occasions which presented themselves, and always cool, he never lost the ground that he had once gained. As a speaker in the House of Commons he rose seldom, unless called out by particular circumstances; nor, when on his

legs, did he ever weary the patience of his auditors. No ray of wit, humour, or levity pervaded his speeches. He neither introduced into them Metaphors, digressions, nor citations. All was fact and business. His language had nothing in it animated or elevated. Scarcely was it indeed always correct, or exempt from some little inelegancies of diction. But it was never defective in the essentials of perspicuity, brevity, and thorough information. He used to remind me of a man crossing a torrent on stones, so carefully did he place his foot as never once to wet his shoe. I have seen him before a crowded House, acquit himself with wonderful dexterity, while Secretary at War, while officially addressing Parliament. Such qualifications, even independent of the supposed favour of the Sovereign, necessarily rendered him an object of respect and attention to every party."

But this is an anticipation. In the "fifties" Mr. Jenkinson was little known, and in the intervals of attending at the House and writing his pamphlets he could find time for long letters to his uninfluential friend in the country.

*From the Earl of Coventry.*

*Croomb, January, 1756.*

. . . The little interest I have with the Church of Worcester is already engaged in the favour of one Mr. Windle which incapacitates me from doing those good offices to Mr. Jago<sup>1</sup> which otherwise I should certainly do at your recommendation. . . . Croomb . . . is a good deal altered since you saw it, but I fear will never deserve the encomiums you have so plentifully given it.

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*London, March, 1756.*

DEAR SIR,—My being out of Town prevented the receipt of your letter as soon as I ought; I returned on Thursday from Chatham where I had been to see

<sup>1</sup> Miller had been interesting himself to obtain a minor canonry at Worcester for his friend Richard Jago, the poet.

the lines that are throwing up for the defense of the Dock ; and which, tho' deficient in some respects, have more the spirit of Engineering in them than anything of that sort in England ; and all the Country we past through was full of soldiers and seems well defended, I wish we could say the same of every other part of England.

Sir George has opened his Budget but not with that dexterity I could have wished. Cards, Plate, and Bricks are at first proposed to be taxed ; as to the first of the three it was approved of by everybody and stands, the second was fought hard for and was carry'd by the Administration, the last was universally disapproved of and given up ; Mr. Legg spoke admirably well on the Plate Tax ; the chief argument was it would cause an universal exportation of our Silver ; that the English Standard of Silver being at present lower than it was in other countries was the cause that great quantities of our silver coin was at present carry'd abroad, and as the tax would still make the value of silver lower in England it would still increase the export of it. When the Opposition could not carry their point against the Tax entirely they then moved that persons who had above 2000 oz. might be taxed in proportion to what they had ; but the Administration carry'd by two votes only that above that number of ounces should not be subject to the tax ; and one of the two votes was Lord Pulteney who had always voted in the Opposition before, and who was on this occasion prevailed on by his Father to change sides on principles of Oeconomy. As to the Bricks it was objected to particularly as a partial Tax, and what lay heaviest on the county of Middlesex, it was therefore wholly laid aside and every Publick House is taxed a guinea in its stead and as the number of those is thought to be 70,000 it is imagined that it may destroy 20,000 of them (a very good thing) and that the remainder may produce £50,000 per annum to the Government ; thus stands the affair at present but the affair of plate is, I hear, to be fought over again.

A war is supposed to be unavoidable,—great Presses for seamen—the Fleet is getting ready and many of the nobility are gone down to their Countys to assist the Officers in recruiting ; an Invasion is presumed ;

Mr. Bower is hardly mentioned. These are the chief Heads of News. I have nothing to add than to tell you how much I envy you in your present employment in laying out your own domain amidst your hedges and ditches, and most sincerely wish that my present situation would let me leave the company of Dukes and Lords to attend them; among whom I have dugg for these four years without once touching the Ore they at first offered to my imagination; but complaints are so common that I hate to make them. Persuade Mrs. Miller to accept my compliments and believe me to be Your sincere friend and humble servant,

CHARLES JENKINSON.

Lord Harcourt, Lord Guilford and Sir E. Turner present their comts.

*From Lord Dacre.*<sup>1</sup>

*Bruton Street, March, 1756.*

. . . I have now the pleasure to tell you that the King was two or three days agoe at the House of Lords, and consequently that your Bill must be passed.<sup>2</sup> Our Essex Road too goes on well and I flatter myself will go through both Houses safely and well. I have just now heard and on good authority that the Dutch have refused to send their troops; for which I am not sorry; for many reasons; and make no doubt but the Duke of Cumberland will be able to defend us without them; I hear he is indefatigable. They say that Lord Anson has privately some time agoe when nobody thought of it sent several Men of War into the Mediterranean to defend our Fortresses there. I do not wonder at your Kineton Fold grumbling at the Inclosure; 'tis the Nature of the common People to hate all novelties and still more such as their Betters are likely to profit by; but when they come to find the convenience and profitableness of the thing I make no doubt but that they will change their tone. In order to which it will

<sup>1</sup> Lennard Barrett had succeeded to the Barony of Dacre on the death of his mother in 1755.

<sup>2</sup> The Act for enclosing Radway Field is dated 29 George II., chap. vii.

not be amiss, I should think, now you have the power in your hands, to talk to them one by one and sooth their apprehensions if real or baffle them if pretended, that Matters may go on quietly and amiably ; that your Children may not have their Father torn in pieces by a mob as their ancestor the Treasurer Saye was.<sup>1</sup> Pray write me word from time to time how these things go on. . . . The Brick and Tile tax is come to nothing ; they being found too hard a viand (as good a stomach as people now a days have) to be digested : 'tis not even sure that the Plate Tax will not be laid aside.

The following verses have been copied in Miller's writing, but internal evidence surely proclaims them by Sir Edward Turner :

TO MRS. MILLER.

"Sweet Consort of that wandering Man  
Who laughs at the domestic Plan,  
What hopes have you to fix a Soul,  
Whose body swings 'twixt Pole and Pole?  
At first, indeed, the varied Scene  
May please of Fallow chang'd to Green ;  
And Herbs improving since the Act,  
May make him feel himself compact.  
But are you sure Content will last  
When you reflect on all that's past ?  
We know IMPROVEMENT was his view  
When he was first enclosing you.  
Four pretty plants he fixed with taste  
And ornamented Susan's waste.  
Grown sick of this, he play'd his pranks :  
Left his own Mounds for other BANKS,  
And quitted a delightful Acre  
To survey—what was it, Lord Dacre ?  
Then flatter not that little Breast ;  
For there your Miller ne'er will rest,  
While Bricks are trembling for Excise,  
And Plate avoids informing eyes,  
While the pale Butler dreads the Tax  
Just sousing on his hoarded Packs,  
Or, this Town doubts, if Father Bowr  
Be Friend, or Foe, of Papal Pow'r."

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<sup>1</sup> In Jack Cade's rebellion.

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*London, March 15th, 1756.*

DEAR SIR,—I had the favour of your agreeable letter last post and I wish I had any news to send you in return for it; I know of but one piece which is affirmed with any confidence which is that the Dutch have been so intimidated by the French that they have refused us the succours stipulated by treaties; this seems to be true, all the rest I have to tell you are but bare rumours, but they are such that increase the probability of an invasion and make reasonable people to apprehend it; great Bodies of Troops are certainly brought down by the French towards the Coast of Normandy; and some express arrived yesterday the contents of which are only guessed; some say that it brought account that some men of War had got out of Brest and a great many transports with them, and are thought to be gone for Ireland; but I take all this to be only conjectures: a Detachment of the Guards march out of Town for Dover tomorrow and the rest are to be put into Barracks to be the more ready. It is also rumoured that a certain friend of yours is to be made a Peer, and that Lord Holderness is to go to Ireland and that Mr. Pitt is to be the Secretary in his place; but I cannot say that I give much credit to it; the Plate Tax is not as yet finished and it is doubted whether it will go on, as the other taxes are thought to be sufficient to answer the funds; this is all I know of that is publick. Hymen was very busy on Saturday last; Ld. Pembroke was then married to Lady Betty Spenser, and a Mr. Turner to a daughter of Lord Archer's.

When anything worth your attention happens you shall certainly hear from me; let me hear in return the progress of your Inclosure, and what Debates you have in your little rural Parliament, that is to portion out your Lands.

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*London, March 23rd, 1756.*

DEAR SIR,—Yesterday the affair of the Plate Bill was thoroughly debated, Mr. Legg open'd the affair,

and spoke short but well; George Grenville shone next to him; the Attorney General spoke very long but did not seem to understand the subject; the House was not up until 10 o'clock and the numbers were—for the Plate tax 245 against 141; Mr. Pitt was not there so I presume that he is not well. I should have mentioned that they have altered the plan of the Bill to make it go down, for the lowest that is now taxed is 100 ounces, and they pay five shillings, and so it increases five shillings for every hundred ounces up to 4,000, which now pays £10 and the tax goes no higher. The King this day sends a message to both Houses to acquaint them with the advice he has received that these his Dominions are to be invaded; what steps are to be taken in consequence of this I don't know, as soon as I do you shall hear from me. Some say that Lord Ravensworth's motion to send for some Hanoverians is to be renewed upon it as the Dutch will not furnish their quota.

*From Henry Grenville.*

*London, April, 1756.*

. . . Miss Banks is a fugitive and flown to Bath with her Brother Hodgkinson, which makes it impossible for me to communicate to her your letter of the 13th inst. which I consider as adressed to her as well as myself; and which she has at least an equal right in. When she left London she complained of a pain in her stomach, not to any great degree, at least you may be sure in no degree equal to the pain she dealt to others at her departure. Her stay there is proposed to be extended to about a fortnight longer, at the expiration of that time, she may probably, a little thro' Charity to herself, and a great deal of goodness and compassion for her friends, think of measuring back her sweet steps to Town and thereby give life and spirit to the dejected, forlorn and miserable Race of Mortals she has left behind. . . .

Mr. Pitt has left off his Flannel which only served to keep warm one of his Cheeks which had been attacked with a cold aguish complaint. He and Lady Hester are both quite well; London sees nothing of her now and very little of him, except on busy Parliament days;

Wickham possesses them entirely; but they are shortly to remove to their Country Residence at Hayes, which is a house of great humility indeed, boasting no bases, no Capitals—the country too in my mind falls far short of Sunning Hill and the charms of St. Leonard. But Mr. Pitt happily enough for his own satisfaction and pleasure, has found out that a country without a river belonging to it is much preferable to one with.

I am sorry you have any cause to complain of yourself but you know your remedy. I wish for my own sake as well as for yours that you would contrive to make Sunning Hill a part of your Plan for a little time this spring. Strong Temptations rise within my breast to turn votary and build my Temple to St. Leonard,—but without my Friend, my Adviser, my Architect what can I do? You know how unfit I am to go alone. Have we no chance of seeing you soon in Town? you cannot think, nor can I tell you upon paper how much I have to say to you.

Poor Sir John Falstaff has been ill himself of a whoreson alias a hoarse-on cough and fever, which has reduced his fat sides down to the compass of three yards, or less, but he hopes by the assistance of some good cups of Sack, etc., soon to be in good plight again, and will not fail of paying his personal Respects to sweet, gentle Mrs. Anne when he begins his March into Warwickshire; in the meanwhile he begs leave to assure her that he is (at least as much as so fat a man can be) entirely at her Devotion. . . . The invasion goes on and our fears become every day more and more real—but no longer a French Invasion—it is now changed into a German Invasion of Hessians and Hanoverians.

I lament the loss of your Mother, but at her time of life it was a stroke more to be expected than feared, and therefore human Nature assisted by your good sense will I hope the more easily reconcile itself to the blow.

*From Henry Grenville.*

*London, April, 1756.*

. . . Having answered the busy part of your letter, I come now to thank you for the assistance you are so

obliging to offer me with regard to the Scheme of happiness which I have thoughts of erecting for myself at St. Leonard's Hill. It is upon that subject that I so much wish to talk to you; but if you have so hedged yourself in at Radway as not to be able to stir from thence I must defer my conversation with you upon that subject till I have the pleasure of waiting upon Mrs. Miller and you which I propose doing early in the summer.

The fair Lady at Bath has not yet told her friends when she thinks of making them happy with the Sight of her in Town; but I hear the waters agree with her and that she is better.

Hayes, you so much enquire after, is not to be found in any ancient or Modern Book of Geography nor yet laid down in any of the Maps or Roads of England. It stands at present (how long it will stand is a problem in Mathematicks) in a certain little corner of a certain great County called Kent about 12 miles distant from London and about two from Wickham.

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*London, April 21st [1756 (?)].*

DEAR SIR,—I should have wrote to you before as I promised if I could have sent you anything that could have in the least entertained you and Mrs. Miller; but this last fortnight nothing new has happened which has seldom been the case in time of war; at last however yesterday brought account that the Oxford Man of War, one [of] Lord Edward Hawke's Squadron had taken a French Transport that had 250 soldiers on board besides quantities of ammunition; and as it is supposed she was going for America; but what ships were in company with her or what number of troops are sent to those parts or what other information they may have gained from her is not as yet known. All the polite part of the world is removing at present to Newmarket; it is conceived at present that the scheme of our enemies tends solely to America and that this country will be left quiet.

If you had been in Town last week you would have been vastly pleased with the Sale of the Chelsea Porce-

laine, so great a perfection are they arrived at in that art that one set of Tea things only, went at fifty three pounds, and yet there was no gilding about it, but the design was admirable and the colour, which was green, was very fine indeed.

While the French were making a parade of their intention of invading England, their immediate object was the capture of Minorca; and to effect this they were quietly making preparations at Toulon. Repeated information was sent to the British Government as to the probable destination of the Toulon fleet, but no steps were taken either to send ships to meet it or to strengthen the garrison of the island. When they suddenly awoke to its danger, they hastily despatched Admiral Byng with ten ships of the line to defend it, but he did not arrive at Gibraltar until May 2nd; and in the meantime the Duke of Richelieu had succeeded in landing 16,000 men in Minorca, and was besieging General Blakeney and his men in the Castle of St. Philip. After some hesitation Byng proceeded towards Minorca, where the garrison was making a spirited resistance in confident expectation of relief. Byng, however, engaged the French fleet in a very half-hearted way, and after an undecisive skirmish he called a council of war and decided to retire. Blakeney held out bravely until the end of June, but was then obliged to capitulate, and the island passed into the hands of France.

Conflicting reports of what had happened were received in England, mainly through the French Admiral Galissonnière, but when at length the real facts transpired the public indignation knew no bounds. Byng was superseded and brought home in custody, to face such a storm of obloquy as has seldom raged round any one head. In the general fury few people were cool enough to realize that however blameworthy he may have been, the ultimate responsi-

bility for the loss of Minorca lay with the Ministers who had sent him out too late and with an insufficient force. He was not tried until the beginning of the following year.

The Militia Bill, to which the following letters allude, would have rendered every able-bodied man liable to serve for a certain time. It passed the House of Commons easily, but there were long discussions on it in the House of Lords, and it was finally negatived by fifty-nine votes against twenty-three. Lord Hardwicke was one of its principal opponents.

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*London, May, 1756.*

. . . Yesterday arrived a letter from the Commander of a Ship in the Mediterranean by the way of Italy, which says that the French Fleet got to Minorca on the 18th of April and that they landed their troops which were but ten thousand, and that the troops in the Fort of St. Philip consisted of five thousand including the natives, so that it is hoped that a Garrison which is equal to half the number of Forces that attaque it may make a very short resistance; it is also confidently said that the French Fleet consists but of nine men of War of the Line and one Frigate of 50 guns, and as Byng went out superior to this by one ship and as he will receive a small addition of Force in the Mediterranean there is great reason to flatter ourselves that he will be successfull. These Informations give great joy to the Politicians at London, may they do no less to the Politicians at Radway.

Yesterday the Bill that was brought in by the Tories to take away the right of voting from our Customary Freeholders was thrown out, but I hope that in the next Sessions a Bill may be brought in to explain that affair as it ought to be.

How goes on your Inclosure? What is your present amusement? Pray let me hear from you. I saw Sir Ed. Turner just now; Lady Turner has had an ague and has miscarried, but is at present pretty

well recovered. George Grenville goes out of Town on Tuesday next. Mr. Pitt spoke yesterday as they say extreamly well on Publick Affairs. The Parliament is to be up on Thursday sennight.

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*London, May 19th, 1756.*

DEAR SIR,—The first news it was worth troubling you with and which was in any shape to be depended on I heard yesterday, which was that the Fort of St. Philip was certainly not invested the 25th of last month and that Blakeney had not then seen the French; the same account also brought word that Byng got to Gibraltar the 25th and that it was hoped that he would get to Minorca in 5 or 6 days, that Edgecomb had left Mahon Harbour and was coming to join Byng; as these accounts are certainly true it is hoped that we shall save the Fort; but it is at the same time apprehended that the French Fleet after having landed their troops will be got back to Toulon and that we shall not be able to come to an engagement with them. So much for foreign news. On Monday war was proclaimed; the same day the affair of the Militia was before the House of Lords. The Debate was whimsical; the Duke of Bedford and Lord Temple were the supporters of the Bill. Many were in Inclination against it, but none chose to express their sentiments against it except Lord Sandys and Lord Raymond; the Committee sit upon it tomorrow that will probably determine the fate of it; the Bill is become uncommonly popular which will I should think make it go through the House of Lords with amendments. The Duke of Newcastle assured the House that the King would not prorogue the Parliament untill the Fate of the Bill was determined. London gets very hot and disagreeable. The Militia Bill is what alone at present detains people in Town.

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*London, May 22nd, 1756.*

DEAR SIR,—Yesterday an account was received from Holland that by letters from Paris it was asserted that

Mr. Byng had beat the French Fleet in the Mediterranean and that he had taken three Men of War, and disabled four, and that we had lost two Ships and that Capt. Hervey was killed; this, Sir, is the news and the authorities there are for it and I leave you to give it the credit you may think it deserves though persons in power here seem to believe it and it tallies very well with times and circumstances. Yesterday the Militia Bill passed through the Committee of the House of Lords, but it is to be furiously opposed at the third reading on Monday; the fate of it is still uncertain.

*From Lord Dacre.*

*Bruton Street, May*

[undated, probably 1756].

DEAR SIR,—I should have answered your obliging Letter before this time: But have for this last week been very much out of order with my old complaints: which I need not describe to you as you have seen me so often with them: and which is worse are yourself in some measure a Fellow Sufferer: As to yourself I am very sorry to find you have had a return of them: and think you have nothing to do but to recur to the Remedy which cured you last year viz., the Sunning Hill Waters: or if your present hurry of affairs will not let you drink them on the spot—if they will bear carriage send for them and drink them at Radway: or if not some purging waters as near to them as need be which do not suffer in the transportation. I am kept in Town by the Militia Bill being very desirous to have some Regulation of that kind set on foot in this country: which without it must be ruined. The Court, as you may imagine is against it; and tho' they speak not all of them as plainly as they sometimes do against other popular Measures: yet endeavour by all ways to quash this Bill and to give it as many sly and indirect stabs as possible. It has passed the House of Commons who (even in these times) were too squeamish to digest the rejecting of it: and have left this glorious business to us. For my own part if Lords do not regard the good of their Country; I wonder at least that they do not disdain to do the Commons' dirty work; and sink

their House, already much fallen, to the lowest pitch of contempt. For my own part if this is so I shall be sick of being a member of it. However there is a good party amongst us who are for the Bill: particularly the Duke of Bedford who spoke t'other day like an Angel upon this Matter. The Bill comes to-day into a Committee of the whole House: and tho' I am half dead I am going down to attend it. Most probably if the Bill is thrown out you will see a humming Protest and if my mind don't strangely alter (if any there is) my name one of the first. People now begin to have more hopes of Minorca: and (as everything runs into that channel) the Betts they say are almost equal whether the Fort is taken or not: for my part (perhaps from my temper which leads me to look on the black side of things) my hopes are not so sanguine: but then by way of consolation I reflect that my disappointment will not be so great as that of those Gentlemen who entertain such vast hopes. Ten days sooner would have saved all: the Delay amazes and provokes every one: Nor have I as yet heard a tolerable excuse for it.

I am glad to hear that your Inclosure goes on so well, and that all your people are so quiet and contented: Pray tell me in your Letters from time to time how this proceeds as I much interest myself in all that concerns you. You have heard of our success as to that same Act of Parliament we have obtained, against all the opposition of his Grace of Bedford, who moved Heaven and Earth to hinder its passing but all in vain: we now shall have a most excellent pleasant Road almost from our own door to Belhouse: and avoid three or four miles of the worst pavement in Europe and it will now be no more fatigue for us to go in to Essex than for the Hardinges to go into Surrey. Brown<sup>1</sup> went with me about a month agoe to Belhouse in order to give me his opinion about some Plantations etc., I had a mind to make there: He tells me that he has the alteration of Burleigh and that not only of the Park but of the House which wherever it is Gothick he intends to preserve in that stile: and whatever new ornaments he adds are to be so: For example in the old Hall whose sides he says is now quite naked: I

<sup>1</sup> Capability Browne.

advised him however not to lace it too much: he says he would give the world you should see his designs: having the highest opinion of your skill in this way; I asked him why he did not send them to you; that I knew your good nature: but his answer was that the Drawings were so large it was impossible. He wanted much to know whether there was any chance of seeing you soon in this part of the world: but I had no grounds to give him upon this head—and have much less now since the receipt of your Letter, for you say not a word of any excursion of this kind: tho' by the by I think such a thing would of all courses you could take be the best: *Experto crede Robert*: For oppression of Spirits nothing is equal to change of air and change of place: What then if you took a ramble to Belhouse: Mr. Pitt's in Kent: and some such little round for a few days. I hope for my part to get out of Town by Wednesday at furthest. Our best compliments attend Mrs. Miller who on such a party if you'll take her *en croupe* and on all other occasions is and will be most welcome to us.

Lord North was married yesterday.<sup>1</sup> (The night being rather hot as you may remember, even we quiet folk being forced to throw off part of the bed Cloaths.)

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*London, May 25th, 1756.*

The Militia! 23 for the Bill against 59. The Chancellor hinted that if the Number taken from Manuscripts had been only 30 Thousand, had not sundry been appointed for exercising, and had the Preamble of 13 of Ch: 2nd been preserved in which the Prerogative was asserted, He might have supported the Bill and He declared his Opinion in behalf of some Bill of this sort, but thought the Ballance was become too denominational—wait therefore the Event of another Session.

What think you of the Prussian Monarch's Ode sur

<sup>1</sup> Frederick, eighth Lord North and second Earl of Guilford, married, May 20, 1756, Anne, daughter and heiress of George Speke, of White Lackington, Somerset.

La Mort? I have ventured my anonymous Opinion of it in a Motto:

“ Had Death been born immortal, such an Ode  
Had sent him Post by Nature’s Common Road.”

Your Nephew obligingly called this afternoon, nothing certain about Minorca, but Silence from France is favourable, *dum tacent, laudant*. Where is the little finger and thumb of Mrs. Miller? The well-instructed crow-quill might make me acquainted with her minute-cismal thoughts. Am I forgotten? I will not entertain the mortifying idea. They charge you with a slow fever.—credit Experience and apply 6 glasses of Madeira or Port at Dinner and Supper, after that I leave you to the conduct of your fair Spouse, to whom my compliments and to Miss Newsham. Lady Turner purely recovered. Doctor James not only a good Physician but a good manurer of Ground by means of Alchyline Salts. Two Cows from Alderney, and choice of Hen coops adorn his suburban Farm on the other side of Westminster Bridge.

Prawns are arrived with minced Veal, therefore Adieu—Yours (at literally past Ten)

E. T.

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*London, June 5th, 1756.*

DEAR MILLER,—I set out to-morrow for the Country so that I shall not be able to send you any more news. We talk of nothing at present but the unhappy and disgraceful accounts of Admiral Byng; not that the channel by which this news comes is such as should make one give absolute faith to it, as it is no more than a letter of Galissonnière’s to the French King which has been transmitted by the Foreign Ministers at Versailles to the Foreign Ministers here, yet as our Ministers seem to be apprehensive of the truth of it, and act as if it was so, it has thereby gained universal credit. Galissonnière’s letter is as follows—that he met the English Fleet about two days sail from Port Mahon on the 19th ult and that he engaged it as long as the light would let him; that during the night he prepared himself to engage it again, but that in the morning he found it was fled; that he believed that the English

Fleet was gone back to Gibraltar and that he was returning to Mahon Harbour. Hawke is ordered to the Mediterranean to take the command and Lord Tyrawley is going to supersede Fowke at Gibraltar who refused to let Admiral Byng have the soldiers out of that Garrison which the Government had ordered him. All this news produces a great number of long faces. . . .

George Grenville wrote to Pitt, June 7th :

"I received the first intelligence of the bad news you sent me from Lord Temple, the post before ; but as he did not mention the circumstance of M. Galissonnière's return to his station before Mahon, and of Mr. Byng's to Gibraltar (which in the present situation is decisive) I still flattered myself with the hopes of a better account, as I could not believe that an officer of his name and rank would be so forgetful of what he owed to both ; for though I very much doubt of his being superior or even equal in force to the French fleet if it consisted of ten or twelve ships of the line, as two out of the thirteen are only 50 gun ships, yet the inferiority must have been greater than it appears to have been to justify a retreat after so faint an attempt as this is represented.

"But however the cause may be with regard to him what can be the excuse for sending a force which at the utmost is scarcely equal to the enemy, upon so important and decisive an expedition ? Though in the veniality of this hour it may be deemed sufficient to throw the whole blame upon Byng, yet I will venture to say that the other is a question that, in the judgement of every thinking man, now and hereafter, will require a better answer than I am afraid can be given to it. Whatever faults Byng may have I believe he was not reckoned backward in point of personal courage ; which makes this affair the more extraordinary and inclines me to wait for his own account of it, before I form an opinion of it. . . .

"Nevertheless the present state will afford a fine subject for our poetical cousin [Sir George Lyttelton] to make a panegyric in verse as he has done in prose upon the great names that have brought us into it."

*From Sir George Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, June, 1756.*

. . . I am sorry to hear your spirits are low; ours in Town are much sunk by an account sent from France to the Spanish Minister here of an Action in the Mediterranean between the French Fleet and ours, in which ours behaved worse than any English Fleet has ever yet done upon any occasion, if what the French Admiral writes of it be true, and there is great reason to fear that it is. We were superiour but were afraid to attack though the wind was with us a whole day together; the next day it changed and they came up to us; but lost it again before they could engage. However we then thought proper to fight, but at such a distance as to do no execution, and in the night we retired leaving the sea and Minorca to them. Byng was ever before thought a man of great courage and so were all the other officers under his Command. We had thirteen ships of the Line against twelve of theirs and five Frigates against four. What excuse can be made for such a Behaviour nobody can imagine. . . .

*Copy of an Account from Consul Miller of Barcelona inclosed in a Letter dated the 2nd of June, 1756, to his Brother, a Merchant in London.*

"Lieut. Bassett in the tender brings me despatches from Admiral Byng, which I have forwarded by Express to Madrid. He left the Admiral the 25th ult: on the 20th they had a Skirmish with the French in the afternoon and would probably have gained a glorious day of it, but the French made a running Fight of it from the very beginning, and as their ships sailed best, they got away by the favour of a very dark night, and the Admiral has been able to gain no intelligence of them since; tho' he remained four days in the Place where the Action was in the hopes of their appearing again, and for that reason kept the troops a board; The Admiral took a Tartan with 120 Grenadiers and 4 Officers that were going from the shore to the French Fleet, their Officers complain much of their General, and say that he meets with great difficulties, and that the Fire from the Castle was much superior

to theirs. There was only six or seven English Ships could come up near enough to engage. It is thought that the French lost a great many men and that some of their Ships are much damaged in their Hulls. One of the English Ships lost a top mast and they had about a 120 men killed and wounded. Captain Noel lost one of his legs. The French Admiral's Second went out of the Line most shamefully insomuch that the Admiral poured a broadside into him. Mr. Bassett imagines that the Admiral put the troops into the Castle soon after he left them."

I send you this, my dear Miller, to raise your spirits. There are other letters from Barcelona which agree with it in substance, and one of them mentions Admiral West's son having been wounded. The French Court must have forged that which they published as their Admiral's, for he never could have sent them so full a report. What use they could make of so infamous a lie I cannot imagine, and it must hurt their credit extremely when the truth is made known to all Europe as it must be very soon. We now seem to be Masters of the Mediterranean, but it is possible the French Fleet may be reinforced with more ships at Toulon and fight Byng again before Broderick can reach him, in which case the event may be doubtful as he is weakened by landing the Regiment he had on board. Had he carried another from Gibraltar as he was ordered to do, the siege might have been raised by it: but even this succour will be of great service to the Defense of the Place, and it is of the utmost consequence that our Fleet has not lost its spirit and reputation. I am particularly happy that Admiral West has maintained his so well for some of the letters say the chief stress of the Action lay on him; but we shall be better informed of Particulars when the Express from Consul Miller arrives from Madrid.

Legge wrote to Pitt, saying:

"I rejoice most heartily with you in the part I hear West acted in the late Mediterranean skirmish. . . . There is a letter arrived from Lord Bristol at Turin, which speaks highly of his behaviour, and ascribes the preservation of the fleet to his bravery and conduct."

On West's return the King said to him, "I am glad to hear you have done your duty so well. I wish every one else had!"

West was made a Lord of the Admiralty. He died the following August.

*From Lady Lyttelton.*

*London, Tuesday, July ye 20th, 1756.*

SIR,—I shall certainly leave London on Thursday next ye 22d., and lie at Ailesbury that night; the next I hope to be at Banbury by four o'clock, or half an hour past four at the latest, you know when I am by myself I rise early; I don't see why you need be at the trouble of meeting me, but if you will send a servant there to show me the best way, I shall be obliged to you; I beg my best compts. to Mrs. Miller and the little family.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Ambrosden, July 21, 1756.*

DEAR SIR,—Shall we see you again at Ambrosden? Whenever you come be so good as to bring with you the printed Act for enclosing Radway Field. On the 4th and 12th of August Chipping Norton Races will be celebrated. Will Mrs. Miller be propitious on that occasion? and will she likewise influence her good man? Where is the orange Peach?

*From Lord Dacre.*

*Belhouse, September, 1756.*

. . . I was (in the first instance) setting out directly for Radway: and from thence intended going to Sir Roger Newdigate's and Lord Guernsey's and so into Derbyshire to Knoll Hills. . . . Then I found this scheme would not do and that Hardinge would if I took this route have left Derbyshire before I could get there: Then it was resolved to reverse things and in consequence of this Sceme I determined to have wrote to you as soon as I got to Knoll Hills and could a little

determine when I should leave it. . . . No sooner was I (nay, before I was) got to Knoll Hills but it began to rain as if Heaven and Earth would come together; and the whole country in a Flood: upon this I stayed from day to day to have the weather clear up before I resolved anything: But instead thereof the rain increased more and more: and at last after having sent a servant to Sir Roger Newdigates half to tell them we feared it would be impracticable to get to them, half to explore the Country; and that servant bringing back the same weather and an account that all the private road was horrible and even great floods in that part of the Publick one between Burton and Lichfield. We at length determined to turn about and go back with the Hardinges to London. . . . And so behold me returned to Belhouse much mortified at being disappointed of seeing Lady Newdigate and Sir Roger and their place as also you and Mrs. Miller: not to omit the Guernseys. But how could it be helped? why will you have such damned roads in Warwickshire and Staffordshire and even in the parts of Derbyshire that are your way? For from Knoll Hills London-wards the private road was ever tolerable and the publick roads glorious: as to the former there was only about six miles of it. . . .

Belhouse looks in full Beauty (I mean for Belhouse: and yet in troth tho' I can not equal it with the very fine Places: I see more that I like worse than it than I do that I like better: take it and all the conveniences it has together).

I hope you goe on with perfect Prosperousness in your Inclosure: be assured that in this and in all that materially relates to you and Mrs. Miller I interest myself very much and Lady Dacre does the same. . . .

*From Henry Grenville.*

*Drayton, September, 1756.*

Your letter, my dear Miller, from Hayes, after many windings and turnings, at length found me here; and what's more strange to tell you, your last of the 14th (tho' frank'd by Sir G.) has not mistaken its way. You may throw what colourings you please over your

Blunders, ascribe them, if you will to Miss Banks' Beauty or lay the blame on Mr. Pitt's eloquence, I know the fascination there is in both, but your other friends here will have it, that it is owing to a very different Cause, and that it is the effect of keeping bad company. Could you hope after shutting yourself up in a Post Chaise with Sir G.<sup>1</sup> for a 100 miles that you should escape Infection or be able to direct a letter right to your wife or to your Friend afterwards. Mrs. Miller is extremely good to forgive you. . . . I would advise you never to think for the future of setting pen to paper or entering upon any serious business after having been in the aforesaid bad company, for your letters will certainly smell of Sir G. and their superscriptions will ever betray you. . . .

*From Lord Guernsey.*

*Packington, November 3rd, 1756.*

DEAR MILLER,—Mr. Jaques is the bearer of this to you to desire your interest with the Dean and Chapter of Worcester for the Living of Little Packington which Mr. Mudge would resign to him if the Chapter would give it to Mr. Jacques. I am the more inclined to desire your assistance on this occasion as you may recollect the great expence I was at in building the parsonage house there most of which fell on me & therefore I think that, tho' I recommended Mr. Mudge, yet it is equally reasonable to expect some farther consideration for what I have done, as Mr. Mudge has not enjoyed it long and the most that is desired is to exchange one life for another of equal value in all respects.

Having now mentioned this request in favor of Mr. Jacques, I have another to make for myself which is (Mrs. Miller & the enclosure permitting), that you would let me have the pleasure of seeing you here for a day or two before the Meeting of Parliament. I want much advice and shall not know what to do unless you afford me a little assistance under the difficulties of building and planting. Besides I long much to see you & I know the Christmas Holy days are appropriated to another part of the Country, &

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Lyttelton's absence of mind was proverbial.

therefore unless you will in friendship take a dirty journey at this time I shall despair of seeing you before all mischief is done. Lady Charlotte and I proposed to wait upon you and Mrs. Miller this summer, but so many particular affairs to us occurred in the course of it that we could not do what we wished.

*From Henry Grenville.*

*London, November, 1756.*

. . . Miss Banks, whose Commands, you know, are ever executed with pleasure by me, has delivered me your letter of the 18th inst. and directed me to answer such parts of it as relate to pecuniary matters, reserving to herself the *pleasure of answering those parts which speak of the Operations under Edgehill* the Inclosure of the Greenfields, and the lines of Circumvallation which you have been drawing about your BANKS.

Hedge and Ditch as you please, plant what fence you will, yet let me tell you nothing will be sufficient to secure you from encroachments and Incursions into that fair Territory ; indeed I don't believe that your so much boasted Act of Parliament ever meant to convey to you a sole and exclusive Right and Title to all that valuable inestimable spot, nor did I ever think (so charitably disposed am I in my thoughts towards you) that you could be unconscionable enough to seek to gain for yourself alone the absolute and entire Possession of so many Acres of that fair Soil when there are so many thousand of his Majesty's subjects who would be glad to give almost any price for so much of it as one might cover with one's hand. . . . As to Buckley Mount, I have just received information from my attorney at Windsor that the new Inclosure begins to give offence to the Lord of the Manour there and some of the Freeholders in the neighbourhood. I look upon it as a thing set on foot to squeeze a little money out of me, but I am determined if I cannot settle it amicably, neither to give any money nor to enter into a law contest about it, the Object is not enough of magnitude for that ; and rather than hold the Inclosure under an uncertain or disagreeable tenure, I will relinquish it and try to lett for a long term of years or else make an absolute sale of the old original

Freehold. . . . If the Fates forbid me to inhabit here I hope I shall find some retreat in some sweet corner elsewhere where I shall be happy to receive the advice and assistance of my Architectural Friend.

Miss Banks who, as you know, now lives at the very source and springhead of Intelligence, will have informed you of all and more than I can tell you. The only news of the day is that Mr. William O'Brien, Brother to Lord Egremont and to Mrs. Grenville, is created Earl of Thomond; you know the Estate was left him some time ago, the title is now given him to make him a perfect and complete man. . . .

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*November 25th, 1756.*

Sir E. T. sends (not health for that he enjoys already but) something or other not worth accepting to Miller. Sir E. will see Adlestrop and so will Lady Turner on Saturday and return on Monday. But on Tuesday there is to be a Separation for some days, for then Sir E. will sally for London. Now will political Miller associate in such a scheme, and blend his efforts to secure a stout Succession of brave Quadrupeds which may convey the rapid Vehicle from Tetsworth to the Great Metropolis? The Pedestrian Herald will on the slow (but not uncertain wings of Punctuality) bring back the high Response.

You may think it odd to receive this note by an Express, but his Price is vile, and you intimated that if I should stay some little time at Ambrosden, you might then accompany me to London. Therefore have you this trouble. Notifye my constant regard to Mrs. Miller, and assure Miss Newsham that I have a relish for an orange Peach.

Mr. Grenville's water hath come all tumbling among us, in so much that y<sup>e</sup> People of Otmore will have it that his Maj. hath appointed him TREASURER OF THE OCEAN, not of the NAVY—Yours,

E. T.

## CHAPTER XXI

LETTERS : NOVEMBER, 1756, TO MARCH, 1757

THE month of November saw great changes in the Ministry. The Duke of Newcastle, realizing his own weakness, had succeeded in persuading the King to allow him to invite Pitt to become a member of the Government. Pitt consented, but only on condition that Newcastle should himself resign. With this condition the Duke was naturally unwilling to comply; he therefore made great but fruitless efforts to strengthen his position without Pitt; and the King laboured, but with no better success, to find someone willing and able to form a Government which should include neither Pitt nor Temple. Finally, after much negotiation, Newcastle resigned. The Duke of Devonshire became First Lord of the Treasury, with Pitt as State Secretary, Lord Temple as First Lord of the Admiralty, George Grenville as Treasurer of the Navy, and Legge as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the place of Sir George Lyttelton, who was raised to the peerage as Baron Lyttelton. Lord Hardwicke at the same time resigned the Great Seal.

It was well known that this Government was far from acceptable to the King, and the event proved that without the support of any of Newcastle's followers it was not strong enough to stand for many months.

*From Mrs. Stanley.*

*Clewer, November [1756].*

. . . Lord Lyttleton told me you had got pretty well, and that Dr. James had promised you a perfect cure in a short time. I am heartily glad that he has kept his word. I had a letter from the aforesaid Lord with this Expression—"God be thank'd I am safe in Port." I find it is the general Opinion that the Gentlemen at the Helm will not keep their Stations long. I enclose you a piece of wit which was copied from a half penny Grubstreet, I could not send the original for they are so bought up there is not another to be had.

I hear most terrible accounts of a certain Lady<sup>1</sup> in your neighbourhood and I hope it is not so bad as is generally said. Pray tell me if you know what truth there is in the scandalous reports about her, if there is any. I pity our good Friend much more for his Domestic Misfortunes than for the loss of his place. . . .

SEVEN GOOD REASONS FOR THE CHANGES AT COURT  
BEING THE EXAMINATION OF CERTAIN GREAT MEN  
AT THE PRIVY COUNCIL

We will that you forthwith discharge all your Ministers and Servants and permit Us to fill their Places; that so we may be able to gratifie the Ambition, Pride, Avarice, Revenge, of Us, our Relations, Friends, Namesakes and Dependants.

And first We Will that you deliver over the Public Treasure to our newly beloved and crafty Friend the Honourable and Avaricious H. L. esq.<sup>2</sup> that he may be able to satisfie (if possible) his thirst for Gold, for otherwise we know we cannot hold him fast. We also Will, that you place our beloved Brother Ld. T.<sup>3</sup> at the head of your Navy, that he may shew his inborn Talents, by being in a Province he can know nothing of, for your Naval Expeditions having failed under the direction of Knowledge and Experience, we judge that Ignorance and Presumption will set all right. We Will that you give to the Honourable and Ingenious C. T.<sup>4</sup> some place without business so that his Talents

<sup>1</sup> Probably Lady Lyttelton.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Legge.

<sup>3</sup> Temple.

<sup>4</sup> Charles Townshend.

may be concealed, which otherwise would eclipse or rather extinguish our aforesaid little Friend, and might be dangerous even to our own Omnipotence. We Will that you give lucrative Employment to all our Unkles, Brothers, Cousins, and Namesakes, and knowing that in the H. of L.— there is but our dear Brother upon whom we can at all rely. We Will therefore, that you create such numbers of L—ds as may be requisite for our Support, and as a great Majority of the H. of C—ns have not so good an opinion of us as we have of ourselves, We Will that you dissolve this P—t that so we may render your K—ms subservient to our Will and Pleasure. Upon these conditions we will allow you to reign and take upon us the Administration of your Affairs.

*From Lord Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, December, 1756.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—I give you a thousand thanks for your very obliging Congratulations. My only concern in the Change of my title is that Sir G. Lyttelton, Chancellour of the Exchequer might have done you more service than Lord Lyttelton can when out of employment; but in all situations I shall be proud of the name of your Friend. Your other friends who have now come into employment I hope will make you amends for what you may lose by my going out; but you have still a worse loss by Lord Hardwicke's resignation: however that also may be repaired if Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple think fitt to use their Power in your service. I shewed Lord Hardwicke your letter, he seemed much pleased with it, spoke of you with great kindness, and desired me to tell you that he should be pleased to hear from you whenever you would do him the favour to write.

The hopes of having more leisure to enjoy your Company in the Country is no small part of the Pleasure I feel in my present situation. I rejoice to hear that by your Friend Dr. James's assistance you have recovered your usual spirits and Strength and begin to take pleasure in your Enclosures, nay, even to consider them as an Embellishment to the Beauty

of your Prospect. However, lest in an hour of low spirits the present expence of them should damp your imagination, allow me to contribute my mite towards that Expence. The inclosed note will, I hope, enable you to wait with less inconvenience for the good effects of Mr. Pitt's more powerfull Friendship and I shall think your acceptance of it a favour to me.

I and all my Family are, God be thankd, very well, with the exception of Lady Lyttelton who continues much out of order. My best compliments to Mrs. Miller and all your fireside.

Mr. Miller's contentment seems to have made him poetical.

EPISTLE TO —, LONDON, DECEMBER 13TH, 1756.

“ At last I find that I have clear  
 In Land six hundred pounds a year  
 Besides a Piece for Wife and Daughters  
 And something more for Woods and Waters.  
 My House! 'tis true, a small and old one  
 Yet now 'tis warm, tho' once a cold one.  
 My Study holds three thousand Volumes,  
 And yet I sigh for Gothick Columns,  
 Such as Sir Roger,<sup>1</sup> learned Knight of Taste,  
 At Arbury so well has placed,  
 Or such as Dacre, Gothic Master,  
 Has introduced instead of Plaister.  
 With here a large Settee for sleep,  
 A Window there to take a peep  
 Of Lawns and Woods and Cows and Sheep.  
 And Laurel Walk and Strawberry Bank  
 For which the Paymaster<sup>2</sup> I thank.  
 The Paymaster well skilled in planting  
 Pleas'd to assist when cash was wanting.  
 He bid my Laurels grow, they grew  
 Fast as his Laurels always do.  
 The Squire still said, 'Get Ground in Front.'

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<sup>1</sup> Sir Roger Newdigate, who made elaborate alterations in the “Gothick Taste” to his house at Arbury, Co. Warwick. He was the founder of the Newdigate Prize.

<sup>2</sup> Pitt.

By dint of Parliament I've don't—  
 But still they say, 'No piece of Water,  
 No Duckery for wife and daughter !'  
 Should that be done, they'd still cry out  
 And hourly put me in a pout,  
 The Place is still not worth a farden,  
 No Mortal has a Kitchen Garden  
 So full of weeds, so void of Cabbage Plants"

No rhyme for that.

"You can't supply your scullions' wants.  
 No Turnips freshen salted Beef"

[Continued in another hand]

"I know you've apples to our grief,  
 We're forced to drink to quench our Thirst  
 Of crabbed Cider till we burst.  
 No pease to eat with fatten'd pork,  
 Then haste, and set your men to work  
 With spades and rakes and such like ware  
 Nor think you're born to sleep in chair.  
 The soil is good, your garden make,  
 Then of the produce we'll partake."

*From Lord Guernsey.*

*December 4th, 1756.*

DEAR MILLER,—Having no news to send you, my letter will be very short, for I have nothing to say but that the Address passed the House of Commons nem. con. Your friend Mr. Pitt made a short but excellent speech, but tho' we were all of one mind on thursday, our unanimity could hardly hold out till friday, for some Gentlemen had a mind to make a motion for adding some words to the Address upon the report, but thought better of it & so everything proceeded quietly.

The House is adjourned till Monday night when Business will begin and I fancy it will be a Session of much debate. I can now only add my Compliments to Mrs. Miller, the Postman now staying for this letter from Your most obedient humble Servant,

GUERNSEY.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*December, 1756.*

DEAR SIR,—I never (on my own account) entertained so strong a wish as I now entertain that you could contrive to be in London. I entreat of you that in Case you have thoughts of being there this Winter your Friendship may accelerate your journey and induce you to come forward immediately from Oxford. It is not proper to be more explicit upon Paper. If your own Business should fall in with my wish (and why should it not) how fortunate it would be! Mr. Pit [*sic*] will open the Meeting at the Cockpit this evening. Mr. G. Grenville hath shown particular Civilities to Secretary Jenkinson. It will be an interesting time at London, you were wont to be curious. I do not despair of seeing you.

*From the Earl of Guilford.*

*Waldershare, January 7th, 1757.*

DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry I happened not to be in town where Lord North sends me word he had the pleasure of seeing you. I hear you are anxious, as we are, upon the subject of your cousin Miller, whom the D. of M.<sup>1</sup> has it, I am perswaded, now in his power to serve with the D. of Bedford, & I hope he will. I believe we all think him a little dilatory, but be that as it will, we must keep it to ourselves, & speak of the D. of M. as your Cousin does, in the fairest, & handsomest terms. Nothing can hurt your Cousin so much as his friends doing otherwise. His claim is so strong that it is impossible for the D. of M. to abandon him, unless he has some opportunity of picking a quarrel with him. Therefore if you meet with any friends of his whose zeal makes them reflect upon the D. of M., I hope you will endeavor to repress it.

You have been visiting great men, who I fear you find not in a very pleasant situation, but 'tis to be hoped it will mend. We think of remaining here all this month. My whole family joins in wishing you

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Marlborough, whose interest was required on behalf of Miller's nephew—not cousin—Mr. Newsham, probably to obtain a military appointment.

and yours many happy years, & I am always Your obliged & very humble Servant,

GUILFORD.

We have a most uncomfortable prospect of a long frost.

*From the Earl of Guilford.*

*Waldershare, January 24th, 1757.*

DEAR SIR,—I most sincerely congratulate you on your nephew's success, & join in your warmest wishes for our other friend. I doubt his not coming to town must be laid at the door of Lord Harcourt & me, as we both gave our opinions that it was not yet necessary as we were so strongly solliciting the D. of M. for him. However I hope his affair is in a good way, & I believe he will be in town this week. His friends complaining might have given a disgust to the D. of M., which made me mention the restraining our zeal in that respect, & I hope they will all be of our opinion. I most sincerely rejoice in the good account you give of your inclosure, & shall receive great pleasure from whatever good shall happen to you or your family. I am extremely concerned to hear Mr. Pitt has such a tedious confinement.

P.S. I beg my compliments to Lord and Lady Dacre & that you will make my excuse for directing this to their house, as I did not know where to find you. I hope you will not have left London before we come to Town next week.

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*London, January 13th, 1757.*

DEAR MILLER,—We have this day a most extraordinary piece of news. The People of France who are extremely enflamed on account of the ill-treatment which the King had lately shown the Parliament have been provoked so far that at last an attempt has been made to commit a fact of a most uncommon Nature. As the French King was passing in his Coach from Paris to Versailles yesterday was sennight, an Assassin

found his way through his guards and stabbed him; the Weapon went in under the lowest Ribb and the King trying to parry it with his arm drove it down as low as his thigh and caused it to make a great gash all the way. The King was immediately carried back to Paris and the wound is not mortal though a bad one and the Assassin is taken but it is not yet known who it is. The Consequences and particulars of this affair are expected with impatience and I will only observe upon this affair that so absurd are the Doctrines of unlimited obedience that when the Principles of any Government do not give an injured people the means of obtaining justice of their Sovereign in a legal manner, Nature will at length drive them to commit these extravagant Outrages, this being the third Royal Assassination which that Country has produced within the space of two hundred years.

*From Lord Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, February ye 9th, 1757.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—I have communicated to Lord Hardwicke the Contents of your Letter, and his Lordship assured me he would do his utmost to serve you in the way you desire. He also said he would talk about it to Mr. Pitt who is ill of the gout, and has had a sharp Fitt, but is something better.

Vaselli<sup>1</sup> I hear will be in town very soon. I wish you could meet him; if not, he must call on you as he goes back. But I conclude you will come to town, as my money lies ready for you at Mr. Horn's and is not yet transferred.

I have had a bad cold, but am better. My kindest Compts. to all your Fireside.

*From Lord Lyttelton to the Earl of Hardwicke.*

... "Mr. Miller, who is now here, and will, I believe, go with me to Wales, desires his humble respects to your Lordship. His health is much better than it has been for some time; I wish his fortune

<sup>1</sup> An Italian employed in the decorations at Hagley.

were so too ; but in that he is a good deal distressed by the expense which attends his inclosures. If the Duke of Newcastle did but know the worth of the man as your lordship and I do, he might easily find some small sinecure place which would make him quite easy, and not draw him away from his business in the country, which it is necessary for him now to attend."

[A note in Harris's " Life of Lord Hardwicke " adds, " Through Lord Hardwicke's interest this was effected." Unfortunately, we have no clue to the nature of the post referred to.]

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*London, February 19th.*

DEAR MILLER,—I should have written before if I had not waited to see what would be the event of the appearance of your Friend Mr. Pitt at the House ; and I can now congratulate you upon the extraordinary success of it ; the day before yesterday he came for the first time, when some warm altercations arose between him and Mr. Fox ; but nothing material was done, yesterday however Mr. Pitt made a Motion for the granting £200,000 to the King of Prussia and took that occasion to give the House an idea of his system of Foreign Politics in the finest speech that was ever made in Parliament according to the opinion of Lord Lyttelton. The principal points of it were these—that we are to give the above sum to the King of Prussia, but in lieu thereof we are to stop the payment of £100,000 which we were to have paid to the Emp. of Russia if she had acted conformably to Treaties. We are also to take 12000 Hessians into our pay for this summer instead of the 8000 which we are bound to by treaty ; and this is the whole and only expense that we are to be at for Foreign Affairs.—In return for this the King engages to furnish 36000 of his Electoral Troops to act with the Hessians and his Majesty and the King of Prussia are also to augment this number to 60,000 men, which are to form an army of observation in Westphalia and act against the French in case they attempt to invade the Empire ;

and instead of paying the Hanoverians as we did through all the last war, His Majesty engages to pay all the 36,000 himself. You can't conceive what universal applause all these propositions met with ; Mr. Fox tried to hint at some objections, but he was fallen foul of by Mr. Vine among the Tories and by Mr. Beckford in the name of the City and the whole vote was universally approved of as being just the happy Medium in which we ought to steer, and passed unanimously being the first subsidy vote that ever did pass so through a British House of Commons. All this gives the most sincere joy to all the Friends of the new Administration and it is thought that Mr. Pitt and his Friends are now got compleatly into the saddle.

The Execution of Mr. Byng is fixed for Monday sennight. The sensible part of the World very much approve of the caution that was used by the Admiralty in consulting the Judges ; but there are still some eminent Lawyers who in opposition to the Opinion of the Judges still think the sentence illegal.

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*Bury Street, March 1st, 1757.*

DEAR MILLER,—The Affair of Mr. Byng is again overhauled and his execution which was to be last Monday is put off for a fortnight. Some of the Court Martial have declared that they cannot in conscience see him executed, and desired that they may be freed from the oath of Secrecy which they have taken and that they may be allowed to speak out, and a Bill has already passed the House of Commons for that purpose, and is depending on the House of Lords, and this day I have heard a Debate of five hours upon it, and it is resolved that all the Court Martial shall be examined tomorrow before that House (each of its Members separately) in regard to what they may have to disclose, and if they declare that they have anything of consequence the Bill will pass to absolve them of their oath. The common cry still continues for the Execution of Mr. Byng, but serious People who have read attentively his Trial that is now printed, are of opinion that he has been hardly dealt with, and I cannot help confessing myself to be of those sentiments.

Clamour upon this occasion is very active and is endeavouring to convince the world that Lord Temple and his Friends want to screen him, but the World will soon I fancy be convinced of the contrary of this and when Mr. Byng is shewn to be innocent the National Odium will be turned against those who have been the cause of the National Misfortunes.

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*London, March 5th, 1757.*

DEAR MILLER,—The affair of Mr. Byng is at last determined; the House of Lords have examined the members of the Court Martial what they had to say in favour of Mr. Byng and they all avowed that the sentence on him was just; and that it was not procured by any unlawful means; some of them also said that they had nothing to alledge in Mr. Byngs favour, and the remaining three did not say enough to authorize the House of Lords to pass a Bill for absolving them from their oaths; so that nothing more will be tried at in his favour and he will most certainly be executed on Monday sennight; this affair has made a good deal of disturbance, Lord Anson and his Friends have tried to raise a Clamour, as if the present Administration wanted to screen Mr. Byng; and I cannot say that Lord Hardwicke has acted so candid a part in this as I could wish; the unfortunate person who is the cause of all this behaves with great calmness and seems determined to meet his fate with great intrepidity; what Influence all this may have on all future Enquirys when everything comes to be looked into I cannot pretend to determine. I just now left your friend George Grenville who is very well; Mr. Pitt goes constantly down to the House and increases in strength every day. Lord Harcourt presents his compts.

Byng was tried by Court Martial. He was acquitted of treachery or cowardice, but he was judged guilty of death according to Article of War Number 12, which ran thus:

“Every person in the fleet who through cowardice, negligence, or dissaffection, shall in time of action

withdraw or keep back, or not come into the fight or engagement, or shall not do his utmost to take or destroy every ship which it shall be his duty to engage, and to assist all and every of His Majesty's ships, or those of his allies, which it shall be his duty to assist and relieve, every such person so offending and being convicted thereof by the sentence of a court martial shall suffer death."

Byng's judges thought that this Article made it incumbent on them to condemn, but they accompanied the death sentence with an earnest recommendation to mercy, and for some days it was hardly believed that the sentence would be carried out. Great efforts were made to save him, both by his personal friends and by others who felt that he was being made a scapegoat. His sister, Mrs. Osborne, wrote imploringly to Pitt:

"Pardon, I beseech you, Sir, the importunity of a sister who is reduced to the hard necessity of begging the life of an unhappy brother, and hopes this wretched situation will plead for her with you, whose humanity and generosity, she flatters herself will prevail with you to intercede on behalf of the victim of popular clamour, with the king whose long reign has been an uninterrupted scene of mercy. The earnest and sincere recommendation of the *many* judges who passed sentence upon him cannot fail to have made an impression on the heart of the king, who has, in every instance, bestowed life on such as have been recommended as objects of mercy by *one*. This, supported by your intercession, will probably prevail upon the king to indulge himself in that favourite inclination to save a life, which will be spent in blessing him as the giver of it, and you as the means of obtaining it."

Pitt, indeed, needed no urging, but poor Mrs. Osborne had overrated his power. On the 23rd of February he pleaded Byng's cause in the House of Commons with passionate eloquence. The next day he went to speak for him to the King, but he was unsuccessful. George II. was not above taking advantage of the

opportunity of making himself unpleasant to the minister whom he disliked. Pitt "was cut very short," and to his plea that the House of Commons was inclined to mercy, the King replied curtly: "Sir, you have taught me to look for the sense of my people in other places than the House of Commons."

Lord Temple's intercession fared still worse. He was no courtier, and in the course of his remonstrance he is said to have made use of some "insolent expressions" which His Majesty never forgave. The popular clamour against Byng had shown no signs of subsiding. Newcastle, Hardwicke, and Lyttelton were against him; and though his champions succeeded in obtaining a fortnight's respite, they were powerless to gain his pardon, or to overthrow the decision of the Court Martial.

Byng was shot on the 14th of March, on the quarter-deck of the *Monarque*. Opinions have differed greatly as to the justice of his sentence, but to the popular cry of cowardice his behaviour, both on the day of his death and during the weeks of suspense that preceded it, sufficiently gave the lie. Horace Walpole, who had nothing but contempt for him six months before, wrote of him afterwards as "the bravest of men," his *dilletante* nature being stirred by the affair to such energy and indignation as he never displayed on any other occasion. He has thus described the end:

"His sufferings, persecutions, aspersions, disturbances, nay the revolutions of his fate, had not in the least unhinged his mind; his whole behaviour was natural and firm. A few days before one of his friends standing by him, said, 'Which of us is tallest?' He replied, 'Why this ceremony? I know what it means; let the man come and measure me for my coffin.' He said, that being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection that he had acted for the best, and should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffer. He desired to be shot on the quarter deck,

not where common malefactors are; came out at twelve, sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his countenance might show whether he feared death; but being told that it might frighten his executioners, he submitted, gave the signal at once, received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell. Do cowards live or die thus? Can that man want spirit who only fears to terrify his executioners? Has the aspen Duke of Newcastle lived thus? Would my Lord Hardwicke die thus, even supposing he had nothing on his conscience?"

Another tribute to Byng's memory was that of the sailor who, on seeing his dead body, exclaimed: "There lies the best and bravest officer of the navy!"

Byng was buried at Southwell in Bedfordshire, and his sister placed the following inscription over his grave:

"To the perpetual disgrace of Publick Justice,  
The Honble. JOHN BYNG, Esq.,  
Admiral of the Fleet,  
Fell a Martyr to Political Persecution,  
March 14th, in the year 1757, when  
Bravery and Loyalty  
Were insufficient securities for the  
Life and Honour  
Of a Naval Officer."

We cannot wonder at the bitterness here expressed, but perhaps a truer epitaph may be found in the words of Macaulay—"He died for an error of Judgment." That Byng would have been content with it may be gathered from the paper written by himself and handed to the Marshall a few minutes before his death.

"... Truth has prevailed over Calumny and Falsehood, and Justice has wiped off the ignominious stain of my supposed want of courage or disaffection. My heart acquits me of these crimes but who can be

presumptuously sure of his own Judgement? If my crime is an Error in Judgement, or differing in opinion from my Judges, and if yet the Error in Judgement should be on their side—God forgive them as I do, and may the Distress of their Minds and the Uneasiness of their Consciences, which in Justice to me they have represented, be relieved and subside as my resentment has done."

## CHAPTER XXII

LETTERS : MARCH TO DECEMBER, 1757

MR. BOWER, the Lytteltons' friend, had been for twenty years a Jesuit ; but in 1726 he had secretly quitted Rome, made his way to England, and broken off all connection, not only with the Order of Jesus, but with the Roman Catholic Church. He lived in England, supporting himself by teaching and writing, and substantially assisted by George Lyttelton, until in 1756 an attack was made upon his "History of the Popes" in a pamphlet issued at Douay. After this his character was aspersed on all sides. It was alleged that he had secretly re-entered the Jesuit order, that he acted as a spy of the Jesuits, and gave them money to which he had himself no right. Incidentally, too, he was accused of all kinds of immorality, with what truth it is impossible to say. The actual charges made were neither proved nor disproved, but in any case he does not seem to have been a very estimable character.

*From Mrs. Stanley.*

*London, March [1757 (?)].*

. . . I should with the greatest pleasure execute any Commands of yours with regard to Mr. Newsam, and be very glad to shew him any civility or Friendship in my Power, but shall not be at Clewar till May. The young Gentlemen who are upon Guard at the Castle at Windsor usually lodge and Quarter at the White Hart unless they have Families in which case they have Private Lodgings which I believe is attended

with a good deal of trouble and Expence, because they must have dinner and many other necessaries with which young gentlemen are not provided. Admiral Byng's case is become a Party Matter, I fancy all that was said with regard to the Discoveries he could make was only set about by his Friends to raise a Popular Clamour against the late Ministry, as it is extremely unlikely, if there had been really anything of that sort that it would not have been made publick before his Execution. It is a most extraordinary affair altogether and I think subjects us to the Ridicule of the whole World.

Mr. Bower was here this morning ; I really think the poor Man will sink at last under the Pressure which is continually laid upon him. I have not read this last Charge, but the particulars which I have heard bear strongest against him, he has in a great Measure cleared up to me in Conversation, but what he says is certainly true, that he cannot defend himself against Oaths, but by Oaths, which he has already taken ; the case indeed at present seems to run a good deal upon the Faults of his Private Life, with which in my opinion the Public have nothing to do. . . .

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Wigmore Street, March 17th, 1757.*

Yes, Dear Miller, Piddington stepped into the House of Lords this day,<sup>1</sup> but it is said that Morton Morrel having broken the wind in galloping up hill in its first career, will not be able to drag its hindmost legs into the other House this Session ! Who is your rider ? much depends on the choice. Bundles are directed for you at Lord Dacre's and other places from whence some expect your arrival. Other more long-headed Politicians draw a contrary conclusion. Disappoint them both. You have a long time detained a Manuscript which I wish not to fall into other hands. Will you transmit to me the imperfect Performance ? As our old Friend's Nuncupations differed from his written Commands which would your Casuistry

<sup>1</sup> An Act of Enclosure of Piddington Common Field, Sir Edward Turner's property, was passed early in 1757.

prefer? An old woman of Kentish Town at the Head of a Party extends the Doctrine of Nuncupation very far, even to the Implication of Nuncupation. This is something analogous to the Opinion of the Pneumaski-ists who believe the existence of the Ghosts of Ghosts, the true Caputmortuum of the Chymico-philologists.

Your Nephew favoured us yesterday with a visit and seems pleased with his military situation. We hope soon to hear of Mrs. Miller's happy delivery. You carry to excess your Doctrine of Enclosure. I entreat that your little home-furrow may be suffered to lay fallow next year, it will be the best management, *rebus in Stantibus*. Crop after Crop will destroy its very heart! The great topic subsides with the Death of the unfortunate Criminal, and a new one takes place from the death of an Archbishop and a Judge, and the approaching Dissolution of the Duke of Grafton.

Alderman Baker's Contract (but before I forget it, let me ask whether your friend the Dean of Exeter catches a gleam of hope from this Vacancy in the bench) hath received a Parliamentary Approbation. Lord Loudon hath intimated, He never knew an Army better furnished with Provision than the Army under his command. The Lottery? Why, I have purchased my Quota, and unless you entertain any sanguine hopes from my becoming your Partner, I would rather be excused. What do you think of the Annuities of five Classes? Surplus of Duty in Licences, additional Stamps, additional Duty on exported coals (good and commercial), will, I believe, answer the Purposes of this year. And—what remains but—Your faithful Servant,

EDWD. TURNER.

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*London, March 22nd, 1757.*

DEAR MILLER,—All the little news we have at present is as follows. Mr. Legg proposed on Friday ast in the Commons the taxes that are this year to be established that are to serve as a security for the money borrowed. The first is a Tax upon all coals

outward bound which will oblige France and Holland to pay for our coals equal to what we give for them in London ; this is acknowledged to be an excellent Tax as it will all be paid by Foreigners, and as it will give a great advantage to our hardware manufactures by obliging our enemies to sell theirs at a dearer price. The second tax is upon Wine Licenses, and as the Office where these were originally collected was both expensive and unnecessary that Office is annihilated, and the duty is for the future to be collected by a Stamp. This Tax is also highly approved of and is liked as being the first Fruits of Reformation. These are all the burthens which the people are to be laid under this year. On Friday also Mr. Grenville moved to bring in a Bill for the better payment of Sailor's wages, this is likewise highly commended and is looked upon as an excellent scheme especially at the beginning of a War. There was a talk at the beginning of the week of a change in the Administration and I believe there was some disturbance but all is now resettled and I fancy with more stability than before. It was rumoured that there was a desire of sending some English Troops abroad, but all that is now however put a stop to. Mr. Pitt has been again out of order but is now getting better.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*London, March 24th, 1757.*

DEAR MILLER,—I have received no other intelligence this day than that Lord Temple's Friendship hath given our friend Loyd a Company in the New Marines. New Admiralty for ever! New Enclosure, New Income, New Interest. Yours—

E. T.

*From Henry Grenville.*

*Berkeley Square, March 24th, 1757.*

DEAR MILLER,—A Variety of engagements prevented me from writing to you by Tuesday's Post ; I meant to thank you (but had not time even for that) for your Intelligence of a good Land Security for about £4,000, but I am now to let you know that neither Miss Banks or myself are rich enough to advance that sum. . . .

We know of no strange changes here, at least none have yet taken Effect. What is in the Womb of time, time will show; but my London Ignorance is, I assure you, equal to yr. Country Ignorance, in this Particular at least.

Our Moreton Bill was read yesterday, I believe, for the first time.

My best Complimts. to Mrs. Miller, in, or out of the Straw, the same to the Society assembled round yr. Parlour fire.

$\frac{1}{2}$  past 5 o'Clock, going to the Play—Woodward's Benefit.

*From Lord Dacre.*

*Bruton Street, March, 1757.*

DEAR SIR,—I received the Letter you are in pain about and the Andirons<sup>1</sup> were sent as you desired; so that Mr. Talbot must have received them long agoe. If you have not heard from me 'tis because (as you know) I am very Lazy and hate writing without necessity: the effect perhaps of Bad health: a propos: I have begun to-day under Dr. James's direction to take his powders and hope they may do me good; for he assures me he thinks so; I am glad to hear that your Inclosure goes on so well: the Business it naturally brought must have been very much helped by the Bad weather we had some time agoe.

When you see the Talbots I desire you will make mine and Lady Dacre's compliments to them. But first of all to Mrs. Miller to whom we wish a safe Delivery and a Boy if you desire it.

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*London, March 30th, 1757.*

DEAR SIR,—Being just come from a very long Debate in the House of Lords I have just time to inform you that it is resolved that the two Houses are to present a joint Address to the King to desire that he would send for twelve Battallions of his Electorate Troops; Lord Temple and Lord Pomfret spoke against the

<sup>1</sup> Presentation to Mr. Talbot, of Lacock (see p. 310).

measure, Lord Ravensworth, Lord Cathcart, Lord Winchelsea and the Dukes of Newcastle and Argyle spoke for it; Lord Temple and Lord Winchelsea figured the most; though I cannot say that I thought that any of their speeches were extraordinary, but the measure, considering the danger we are in seems in general to be approved of; as to what passed in the House of Commons Sir Ed. [Turner] must inform you, as there was no possibility of getting in and I have seen no one who was there, but I suppose that Mr. Pitt spoke as the House sat late and as he came down for the first time after having been out of order and with his face covered with flannel; the King has been out of Order with an Ague, for which he has been completely dosed with the Bark, but he has got quite well again excepting a breaking out which keeps him from appearing in Publick.

Pitt and Temple, without the support of the Newcastle party, were not strong enough to carry on the government in the face of the King's strong personal dislike. On the other hand, Pitt's well-deserved popularity in the country was so great that, as Macaulay says, on his dismissal "it burst at once into a flame. The freedom of the city was voted to Pitt. All the great corporate towns followed this example. 'For some weeks,' says Walpole, 'it rained gold boxes.'"

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*London, April 21st, 1757.*

DEAR MILLER,—I should have wrote to you before but that in the present uncertainty of affairs I really did not know what to say to you; that your Friend Mr. Pitt was out the Newspapers sufficiently declared; and it was indeed a piece of news which I was sorry to be the author of; but who was to succeed in his place I neither then knew, nor am I able at present to determine. The whole world in short is in uncertainty. The Popularity of Mr. Pitt is immense; some think that he will be in again, though this I fancy will not happen if they can possibly do without him; the event

however no one can as yet foresee. The Enquiry has begun, but nothing material has as yet happened in it. The House of Commons proceed at present in reading Papers. The Day of Debate it is thought will be on Monday. The City and the Society of Anti-Gallicans have allready paid their respects to Mr. Pitt and it is thought that something of this sort will continue to be done through most parts of England. We have accounts that part of the West Indian Fleet that was to call at Cork for Troops from Ireland was arrived there and I suppose that they will now meet with no difficulty in their passage to the West Indies.

*From Lord Dacre.*

*Belhouse, May, 1757.*

DEAR SIR,—I hope this will find you safe and in tolerable health at Radway: and that you will not in any of the Blew Devils' attacks give way to them: But Bustle, Bustle: this is the only way: If one indeed cou'd lay down and die when one wou'd it wou'd be something; But as one must live as long as 'tis destined for us; we must see that we may not live miserably. Bustle then Bustle when the Blew Devils make their onset. The best way is to fly them and plunge into Society: Eat wholesome meats: few flabby or flatulent ones: or that produce bile; as Butter, Pye crust, etc., etc., your Favourites; Drink not much Tea: or Coffee, or even Chocolate but with moderation. Let no one thing induce you now to Read too serious or abstracted Books: Don Quixote is better for you than all of them put together, or Gil Blas or Tom Jones or Joseph Andrewes: In all this *Experto Crede Roberto*. I must add that (like it or not) you should ride frequently a good round Trott: and walk moderately and *take care of standing still when you are warm to talk or look at your Labourers*. Get up early in the morning and never lie and doze tho' you have had a bad night. Drink every day a sup of wine at Dinner or after. There are certain Camphire Pills which Dr. Akenside<sup>1</sup> prescribed me last Autumn from which (when much agitated) I have found infinite relief: If you don't get better I

<sup>1</sup> Author of "The Pleasures of Imagination" and other poems. He was a great friend of Lord Dacre's.

would have you try them. In that case I will send you the receipt from my Apothecary's File.—Adieu, Yours etc.,

DACRE.

*From Lord Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, June, 1757.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—My stay in Town having been longer than I expected I shall not have time to come to you on my way to Hagley, but beg you to meet me at Stratford on Avon, from whence I will carry you in my Chaise to Hagley the following day. Be so good to bring with you Selden's Titles of Honour and Pelloutier's Histoire des Celtes, because I shall want to consult them at Hagley.

I wish you joy of the Administration being settled at last in a way that takes in all Factions and will leave no head to any. I hope it will last long enough to enable the King to make war or Peace in such a manner as may draw us out of our present most dangerous situation, and then let them quarrel as soon as they please. . . .

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*London, June 30th, 1757.*

DEAR MILLER,—The papers will tell you that your friend Mr. Pitt kissed the King's hand yesterday upon his being again appointed to the seals; and I believe you will wonder at the various and different interests that are now got together to form the Administration. I hope however that the superiour genius of Mr. Pitt will be able to keep the various links of this chain together, or rather that, like the Jupiter of Homer, by having hold of one end of the chain he will be able to support and direct the several parts of this sublunary system. We have no news but the Duke's being obliged to pass the Weser.

Experiments having shown that neither Pitt nor Newcastle was strong enough to be independent of the other, a coalition was formed, "and all at once"—to quote Macaulay again—"out of the chaos in which parties had for some time been rising, falling, meeting,

separating, arose a Government as strong at home as that of Pelham, as successful abroad as that of Godolphin."

*From Henry Grenville.*

*Berkeley Square, July, 1757.*

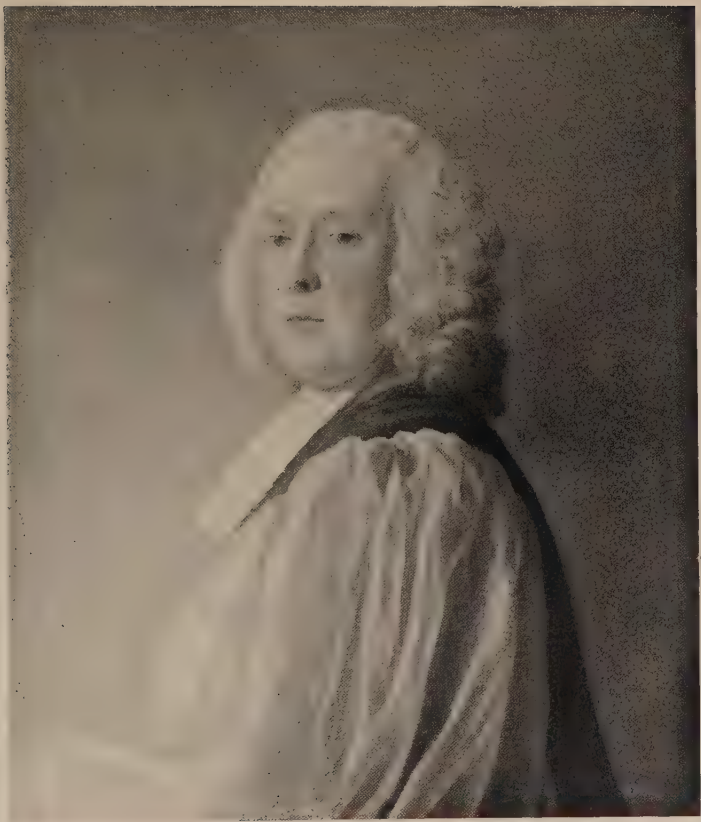
... Lord Privy Seal<sup>1</sup> and his family set out for Stowe next Thursday, the Ministry being at length settled and the King's affairs put upon a *solid and permanent footing*. There are some Scepticks who pretend to call this in question and some who talk already of Oppositions forming in Parliament against this new, *this very new* System; but if the Publick service could go on when torn to pieces by the Factions of contending parties, what may not be hoped for when all those contending parties form themselves into one Body of Union and Corporation. And yet a heavy cloud seems to hang at present over the face of our Affairs in Germany; the defeat which the King of Prussia has suffered by Count Daun's army,<sup>2</sup> and the Siege of Prague raised in consequence of it, and the unpleasant situation of the D. of C. in Westphalia, fill the minds of people with very melancholy apprehensions—but it is reported to-day that the King of Prussia has retrieved in a great degree the ill success of his last Battle by another action in which he has been victorious and that he is returned again to the Siege of Prague.

This is all the news which I am at present able to furnish you with, but I hope it will not be a very long while before I have the pleasure of conversing with you in your own Castle, for it shall go hard with me, if after my coming to Stowe, which I propose shall take place in 3 weeks or a month, I do not extend my View as far as the delightful Regions of Edgehill. . . .

We now come to the first of Charles Lyttelton's letters to Miller which has been preserved in the correspondence. The guidebook quality of their style is explained by the following letter from Thomas Pitt written soon after the Bishop's death.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Temple.

<sup>2</sup> At Kolin, June 18.



CHARLES LYTTTELTON, DEAN OF EXETER AND BISHOP OF  
CARLISLE.

From the portrait by Ramsay at Hagley.

To face page 368.



*Piccadilly, January 21st, 1769.*

DEAR SIR,—As Executor to the late Bishop of Carlisle, our poor friend, I am to acquaint you that he has bequeathed to you the sum of Fifty Pounds as a Testimony of his regard and affection towards you. . . .

There is a collection of his letters addressed to you in his different journeys, which I understand were in a course of being transcribed for him, leaving out such passages as did not relate to his itinerary. I will only say that such a work would be esteemed by all as a most invaluable present if it is perfected and if you could prevail upon yourself to part with it. I am your affectionate humble Servant

THOS. PITT.

So far as we can ascertain, this "invaluable present" was never given to the public. With full notes the letters would form a not uninteresting contribution to our knowledge of parts of England at this period. Want of space prohibits any such attempt here; we therefore give no notes at all to the extracts selected from them.

*From Charles Lyttelton.*

*July, 1757.*

On Monday, June 20th, I left Exeter and I dined at Axminster where I saw in the Church some human bones discovered not many years agoe in digging a grave there, the cavities all filled with melted lead. Weaver in his *Funeral Monuments* reports the like at Newport Pagnall in Bucks, where such a skull had been preserved as a singular curiosity above a Century, but is now removed to Cambridge. I saw also at Axminster a Carpet Manufacture lately erected which far excells Wilton and Kidderminster in the substance of the Cloath and Breadth of the pieces, being equal to those of Turkey, but inferiour to all three in pattern and designs. I lay that night at Bridport and proceeded next day to Beere, thence in the evening to Stourminster Mareschall. Beere is a wretched poor Town, but a mile above it, on Woodbury Hill, a yearly Fair is kept within the area of a vast Roman Camp, which lasts a whole week and for the great resort to it

and the abundance of commoditys there bought and sold, may well be styled a mart. For the convenience of this meeting there are near a hundred houses erected on the spot, which are entirely uninhabited the whole year round except during the time of the Fair, a circumstance which a Stranger would be at a loss to account for, should he pass over the hill at any other time but that when the Fair is held. I reposed myself on Wednesday at Stourminster. The day I spent in seeing two or three fine places in the neighbourhood, Kingston Hall, Scarborough etc., the former is an elegant brick house erected soon after the Restoration on a plan of the great Inigo Jones and very much resembles Sir Mark Pleydwell's at Coleshill, near Highworth. . . . The House contains some of the most capital pictures which Vandyke and Lely ever drew, particularly half lengths of King Charles I. and his Queen, which are exquisitely painted, and here also are some History Pieces incomparably painted by Italian Masters. As an Antiquary I must not omit mentioning Mr. Aubrey's *Monumenta Britanica*, comprized in four thin Folio Vols. MSS, being in the possession of one Mr. Churchill a gentleman of considerable fortune at Stourminster, which the late Bishop Gibson of London made use of in his edition of Camden, and which every lover of our National Antiquitys would wish to see digested and published. Mr. Aubrey was the first writer who undertook to explain our Druid Monuments, and gave the first hint to Stukely and others of the original design of Stonehenge, etc.

From Wimburn the Dean made a tour which included Christchurch, the Isle of Wight, Winchester and Windsor, from whence he paid a visit to his brother at Little Ealing, and then proceeded by Uxbridge to Lord Temple's at Stowe. Leaving that place, he went by Bedford to Cambridge, which he describes as follows :

"As I had not seen Cambridge for twenty years, you may believe I spent two days very agreeably there in viewing that wonderful piece of Gothick Architecture,

Kings College Chapel and three or four Colleges and other Publick Buildings which I need not describe to you. I shall only take notice that the additional Building to the University Library which is now carrying on under the auspices of His Grace of Newcastle the Chancellor, tho' built of fine stone and much enriched with ornaments on the outside, yet falls very short in Beauty when compared with the Senate House adjoining. The Statue of the great Newton lately erected in Trinity College Chapel at the expence of Dr. Smith the Master, and executed by Rabiliack, is a noble specimen how much we are improved in Sculpture.

"On Thursday I went to Ely, travelling for some miles over a Roman Road unnoticed by all our Antiquaries, and passed by the Cardyke, an artificial River of many miles in extent, made by that great people tho' now become almost dry. The situation of Ely is by no means unpleasant, it being built on a gravelly hill with many cherry orchards surrounding it and commands a prospect of two Villages at a short distance, placed on considerable eminences with fine churches rising out of a woody Bosom, and tho' in itself 'tis a small City, yet would be called a tolerable large town in any part of England. I am the more circumstantial in describing it as it is little known being seldom visited by strangers who travel out of Curiosity, and lying in a Fenny Tract, everybody entertains a contemptible opinion of it. The Cathedral, or Minster, as it is styled, is a very noble Fabrick and may for its dimensions be justly styled the fifth largest Church in the Kingdom, but for the slovenly condition in which it lies and the meanness of fitting up the Choir, etc, it is far inferiour to every other Cathedral except Carlisle (and most Parish Churches). Tho' the Dean and Chapter are rather poor than rich, yet the Bishoprick is plentifully endowed, and therefore one wonders to find little or nothing done by any of the Prelates since the Restoration towards beautifying a Church where they reside not only as Bishop but Prince, Ely See having Palatinate Jurisdiction. Some of the old Bishops have indeed left fine specimens both of their good taste in Architecture and Liberality of disposition, for one third of the Fabrick is richly

adorned with fine tracery work in stone, and there are two Chapels at the East End which equal Henry VII's at Westminster in the delicate carving both on the walls and ceilings. On the North side of this Church is the old St. Mary's Chapel, but since the Reformation used as a Parish Church, which is one of the finest rooms I ever beheld and I am persuaded was the model from which Kings College Chapel at Cambridge was taken, tho' the latter is executed on a larger Plan.

"Near adjoining to the present Cathedral, the Isles [1] of the very antient Conventual one, founded by St. Audrey in the 7th Century, and repaired by King Edgar after the Danes had burnt part of it, are still standing and converted into small houses for the inferior members of the Church. The pillars and arches perfect and the interspaces between each pillar filled up with stone and mortar which serve for the walls of these old mansions. This is a very singular Curiosity and therefore I could not pass it by.

"I rested all Sunday at Peterborough. The Cathedral is a beautifull and grand edifice in excellent keeping and has the boldest and most beautifull front to the West of any Church in the Kingdom. As there is a whole folio volume wrote professedly on this fabrick, I shall not trouble you with a further description but carry you with me to Croyland, where I went on Monday by Thorney to dinner and in the evening to Lord Exeter's at Burleigh. . . . Though the taste of the present times does by no means relish these flat moist situations, yet our ancestors were of different opinion, else this whole country had not been devoured by monkish locusts. William of Malmesbury describes Thorney as a terrestrial Paradise and adds 'that it resembles Heaven itself in the beauty of its fields and its vineyards.' But though the vineyards are gone, the fields remain and I suppose full as well cultivated now as in Malmesbury's days, and yet I could discover nothing very enchanting in this monkish Paradise. Croyland shows the ruins of a very fine Conventual Church, but what is more remarkable and cannot be paralleled in England, if in Europe, is a triangular Bridge of which Stukely has given us an engraving in his *Itinerar Curiosam*, so to that I must refer you."

*From the Earl of Guilford.**Wroxton, September 27th, 1757.*

DEAR SIR,—I think it is hardly possible to give Radway a finer day, therefore Lady Guilford & I propose to make use of it, & to be with you, at your house, by twelve o'clock, or sooner; if Mrs. Miller & you are quite disengaged, & will give us absolutely your own dinner without ceremony, we will have the pleasure of staying with you.—Believe me, Dear Sir, Sincerely Yours

GUILFORD.

The Duke of Cumberland, having found himself in a hopeless position and hard pressed by the French, had signed the famous (or rather infamous) Convention of Closter Seven, whereby 38,000 Hanoverians laid down their arms. The Duke returned home, and shortly afterwards resigned all his military commands.

*From Sir Edward Turner.**Ambrosden, October 27th, 1757.*

DEAR SIR,—Suffer me to return many thanks for the hospitable, entertaining Reception we lately found at Radway. I Hope my horse need not trouble your stable any longer and that the servant may bring him back.

As to Politicks—It is said that a Great Person hath said that the Destruction of a certain Army would have been better to be born than the Signature of a certain Convention. Have you anything Political to send in exchange? We all insist that Mrs. Miller and Miss Newsham accept our Compliments.—Yours, Dr. Sir, Most faithfully,

EDWD. TURNER.

P.S. by Lady Turner.—Lady Turner desires her best thanks may be accepted by Mr. and Mrs. Miller for the agreeable hours she lately spent at Radway. Miss Newsham ever has her best wishes as well as the pretty infantry.

*From Lord Dacre.*

*Bruton Street, November, 1757.*

. . . The King of Prussia's Victory turns out still greater than was imagined. The Report of the Board of Generals to enquire into the cause of the Miscarriage of the late Expedition is now published: they name nobody's name in particular but take them in the gross. However the Report is very strong and in effect it runs thus. That the Business was miscarried for want of its being attempted: which there was no reason it should not have been as they had no new intelligences or lights more than they had when they left England. This I hear is the substance of the Report for I have not seen any copy of it. . . .

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*London, December 2nd, 1757.*

DEAR MILLER,—This day the Parliament met, Lord Gore moved for the address in the House of Lords, and Lord Cathcart seconded it. In the House of Commons George Townshend moved and Mr. Sandys seconded it; Beckford paid very great compliment to the present Ministers and abused the late, Sir Thos. Robinson defended them and Mr. Pitt spoke but with great moderation but there was no division here neither was there in the other House though Lord Temple moved for an alteration in that part of the Address which thanks the King for sending for the Hanoverians. George Grenville has been uncommonly civil to me and has not left me without hopes of being one of Mr. Pitt's Secretaries.<sup>1</sup> Why won't you take a little tripp to Town, I could then show you a little labour of mine which will soon appear in print.

Jenkinson published in 1758 a pamphlet entitled, "A Discourse on the Conduct of Great Britain in respect to Neutral Nations during the Present War." This was highly esteemed, and translated into several languages.

<sup>1</sup> These hopes were not fulfilled, but he became Secretary to the Earl of Bute in 1761.

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*Saturday Evening, December 10th, 1757.*

DEAR MILLER,—I am just come home and have received your letter and cannot refrain from answering it immediately though I have no Frank to put my letter in. I have the pleasure to acquaint you that the troops of the King of Prussia have gained another victory; the Prince of Bevern has beat the Austrians near Breslaw;<sup>1</sup> the attack was made by the latter but they were repulsed with very great loss, at the same time Marshall Keith has penetrated into Bohemia, and is got to the back of them, so that we hope that the Austrians will be as completely destroyed as was the Army of the Prince of Soubize; we also wait every hour to hear of an action between the Hanoverians and the French; and the hope that the spirits that the former will be in on account of the late success will be a certain means of making them victorious. What you mention of Mr. Pitt's Power is very true; I take it that it is now so established both in the Closet and out of it that nothing can shake it. The Court Martial begins to sit on Wednesday, it is generally thought that it will go against Sir John Mordaunt<sup>2</sup> but what the punishment will be is not guessed at. I am glad to hear that your Inclosure succeeds so well, Sir Edward gives me also the same favourable account of his. I hope you will let me see you as soon as you come to Town; and I could wish either Business or Amusement would draw Mrs. Miller from her rural retirement, as my Fate will not otherwise permit me to get a sight of her. I beg she would accept of my Compliments.

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*London, December 13th, 1757.*

DEAR MILLER,—The news I sent you on Saturday proves not so good as I then mentioned nor so bad

<sup>1</sup> Jenkinson was misinformed. The Prince of Bevern had been defeated and taken prisoner by the Austrians near Breslau; but the King of Prussia, rapidly marching upon that town, defeated the Austrians with great slaughter at Lissa, December 5, and retook Breslau, December 20.

<sup>2</sup> See note, p. 378.

as our enemies have given out; the Austrians have taken the Prussian Entrenchments and in consequence those of Breslaw; but they have lost more than three times more men than we, and the King of Prussia has joined his Army with a reinforcement and is now superior to them; we have also this day an account that the French have retired before the Hanoverians after a smart Skirmish in which the latter had the better.

*From Henry Grenville.<sup>1</sup>*

*Shrubb Hill, December, 1757.*

If your compliments of congratulation to me, my dear Miller, upon the subject of my marriage were not over hasty in reaching me, I have reason to think that you will not look upon me as much earlier in paying you those thanks and acknowledgements which I so justly owe you for all the good wishes you express upon this occasion. If Omissions in a Lover and a new married man are ever pardonable, I think this is one of that sort which I imagine may in some degree be forgiven, at least it is such a one as (unless I deceive myself extremely) I think you will forgive; because I am sure you will do me the justice to believe that I have a very great sense of your regard for us and consequently that I can never be unthankful or unmindful towards you.

The Lady, whom, as you say, you now *must* call Mrs. Grenville, is equally sensible with myself to all your regard for her, and still hopes for a continuance of the same devotion, attachment and constancy from you as she formerly experienced and which she hopes are not quite incompatible with the devotion and attachment you owe to a poor injured woman, at this very time probably sitting at your elbow: but howsoever you may deal with her, we can't but be extremely sensible of her kind congratulations to Us and those of our Radway friends, to whom we beg to present our best Compliments.

I date this letter to you from Shrub Hill, a place, which I should think unless you are extremely changed the name itself would alone be sufficient to tempt you

<sup>1</sup> Lately married to Miss Banks.



[PEGGY BANKS (MRS. HENRY GRENVILLE).  
From the portrait in the possession of the Hon. R. D. Stanhope.

To face page 376.



to come and see, but when you remember that no inconsiderable part of the beauty of Stowe is transplanted hither, I think (at least I hope) that you will not be able to withstand the temptation. . . . I understand from Mr. Charles Talbot that Business must and will bring you to town before Christmass, I have therefore *engaged* him to *engage* you to give us your Company here together. We have many things here to show you, and amongst them some things to admire; amongst other things you will probably see if you make haste some of your Stowe friends; what you will not see, if you make haste, are any of those hideous faces, nor will you hear any of those ear piercing shrieks which formerly so terrified you at Stowe; on the contrary, smiles and graces, Courtesy and Hospitality shall welcome you to Mrs. Grenville and to—Your very faithful and obedient servant

H. GRENVILLE.

The following address to Mrs. Miller is by Sir Edward Turner:

MADAM,

“ You know that the laborious steed  
Hath always claim'd the Age reposing Mead,  
And yet your Consort still would urge his pace  
(Tho' frequent Trips prognosticate Disgrace)  
And driving Him within his usual track  
Would fain with Worth and HITCHCOX load his back!  
Yes, that bright Trowel shall immortal shine  
Nor need a Polish from a Pen like mine,  
So long as HAGLEY's monumental Frame  
Shall bear inscribed the skillful Mason's Fame,  
Or Judge and Counsel praise the COUNTY COURT  
(By Him made vocal) o'er their Ev'ning Port.  
Next SAN ' would have me mount the Prussian King.'  
He wants, alas! a Pegasean Wing,  
From ROSEBACH to pursue the scamping Gaul  
Who abdicated, in his flight, Jack boots and all.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> “ I saw a Letter from Count Schulemberg in which he mentioned that the Officer's Horse quitted their Jack-boots as well as their Horses in order to expedite their flight.—E. T.”

‘Still He must be,’ I’m told, ‘an Horse of State  
 And bear the MAN who bears a Nation’s weight.’  
 No Nag can carry, fashioned e’er so true,  
 APOLLO, TULLY, and LYCURGUS too.  
 Nor on his loins, tho’ baited with a Peck,  
 Should Peggy risque her valuable Neck  
 And with her beauteous form perhaps destroy  
 The blooming Prospect of a Paphian Boy.

“As to Enclosures—there indeed the Jade  
 With crippled Limbs might lend his feeble Aid,  
 Would strain his Nerves (for He’s of Patriot Race)  
 To give the wrinkled Bog an wholesome face;  
 Redeem the Sheep-walk from the Waters’ weight,  
 And move the mud which barred the drowsy Gate,  
 Or draw manure to the astonish’d Heath,  
 While Gothic Louts disclose their gazing teeth,  
 But the poor Beast must seek repose at Home,  
 For this short jaunt hath put him in a foam.”

*To a letter of Lord Dacre's about the Details of his Parlour,  
 Charles Lyttelton adds the following P.S.*

*Bruton Street, December 26th, or (as the Dean  
 of Exeter says), St. Nicholas's Day.*

Lord Dacre allows me to add a few lines in his Letter else I had wrote purposely this evening to enquire after you and yours. No material news stirring but the Court Martial to be held on Friday on Sir [John] Mordaunt only.<sup>1</sup> Lord Tyrawley has excused himself from being President on account of deafness. I don't know now who is to be President. The Administration are all in good humour with each other and Mr. Pitt gains ground every day both in the Cabinet and out of it. The Papers give you a true account of the March of the Hanoverians to drive the French out of the Electoral Dominions.

Lady Dacre says you must bring up my last three letters and my Lord adds the three former of my Yorkshire Tour. They make me very vain in this regard. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Mordaunt was Commander-in-Chief of the unsuccessful expedition against Rochefort. On his return he was tried by court-martial, but was acquitted of all blame.

## CHAPTER XXIII

LETTERS : 1758

*From Mrs. Henry Grenville.*

*Shrub Hill, February 1st, 1758.*

As Mrs. H. Grenville does not propose leaving off any of her old customs, she certainly will not that of corresponding with Mr. Miller, which has been always attended with so much pleasure to her, & probably may now be with some profit, as she cannot help owning she is very desirous of receiving some information from him, with respect to the Grotto in the Wall; neither Mr. Grenville nor herself can well comprehend how the water which is contained in the Bank is to be carried off, if it should rise from below; or how it is to be conveyed into the Bason, if it should descend from the top of the Rock: we should therefore be very much obliged to Mr. Miller, if he would send us his Idea about it, together with a Plan, & ample directions how to proceed upon that plan; he may remember that he drew a rough sketch of it upon the table in the Housekeeper's room; but as that is quite effac'd, & they can receive no assistance from it, they are therefore obliged to trouble him upon this important occasion; the Bricklayer begins tomorrow morning with taking out the Bricks in the Wall, Six foot wide, & afterwards to dig out the sand, six foot deep; but when Mr. H. Grenville has proceeded thus far, he will be obliged to stop, till he has received instructions from Mr. Miller, which will be a great satisfaction to him in his distress.

We hope Mr. Miller has made so favourable a report of the Merits of Shrub-Hill to Mrs. Miller, as to tempt her to give us the pleasure of seeing her here in the Summer; we beg our best Compt. to her & Miss

Nusam who we hope will be of the Party. I can not conclude my Letter without desiring my Love to my little Godchild, & to be remember'd to the rest of the little family.

*From Charles Jenkinson.*

*London, February 4th [1758 (?)].*

DEAR MILLER,—I write to shew you that I have not forgot you though I have really no news to send you. All our Fleets are getting ready for the ensuing season, and if their effects answer to their Equipments and if our Officers do their duty as well as our Ministers do theirs, I have no doubt but we shall have a glorious summer. . . . Let me again advise you that the sooner you are in Town for your own Affairs the better, provided Mrs. Miller's situation would give you leave, there is nothing like pushing a nail while it is going, an Architect should consider this well. Lord Harcourt talks of coming down to you soon.

*From Lord Dacre.*

*February, 1758.*

. . . There is the Devil to pay with the Dean of Exeter about a volume of Latimer's sermons which he sent to our House for Lady Dacre but which was snapt up by somebody and she never got at : and we all accuse you and say you took it away if not on purpose at least by mistake : Pray look if you have got it amongst your things. . . .

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*February 21st, 1758.*

. . . Ld. North is a great Speaker! He and 189 other Gentlemen have decided against the impracticable Idea of annual Parliaments, the Tories, and their very few Auxiliaries dissenting, to the Number of 87.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*London, March 25th, 1758.*

DEAR SIR,—A letter (from whence I know not) addressed to you, came yesterday into my hands,

which will, I hope, reach Radway to morrow or next day. I thought you had been returnable to London. What Ambiguity, what indetermination hath withheld the Miller of the Universal World?

Mr. Perrot's Bill, after Council on both sides having been heard, was committed without a Division; what future Treatment it may expect, I cannot determine. Our chief difficulty is to carve out such an Equivalent (for that strange Claim of Common without any of the Soil made by Seven Villages) as may strike the Committee at once with its Equity and Practicability, unless they will chuse to refer it to the Commissioners. Another Letter is directed to you. What is the meaning of this Circuitry? Both the letters directed to you came from the Country. I hope you will receive them safe. The Attorney General upon the *Habeas Corpus* was more than most excellent! like Mrs. Miller! I insist (& I have legal right to insist) that you her Gaoler return her together with the Writ.—*Corpus cum Causa*. You might (if you would) in Case of further opposition, animate some Lovers of Improvement to attend our Northleigh Bill. Miss Newsham is requested to accept my Compliments.—I am, dear Sir, Your most faithfull Servt.

EDWD. TURNER.

*From Sir Richard Lyttelton.*

*March, 1758.*

A thousand thanks to you, my dear Esquire, for your most excellent Partridges, and snipes;<sup>1</sup> that was indeed an unfortunate one that fell under your hand, I should rather expect you to bring down a French man that stand their ground than one poor snipe that flys over your head. Were you in Westphalia you might find food enough for your powder, and Game that flys fast enough into the bargain, more especially if you were drest in your Masquerade Habit; that of a Black Hussard in particular. You will see by the Gazette that they seem to be evacuating the Electoral Dominions, without staying to reckon with their Hosts; which is rather uncivil for such polite Guests,

<sup>1</sup> The Act making it illegal to shoot partridge between February 1 and September 1 was not passed until William IV.'s reign.

who have been so long and so kindly entertained by them; if they repossess the Rhine who knows but they may again think of paying us a visit, in which case if you are not employed in your Militia Capacity, you may be called upon by your Knight if his legs allow him to seek adventures, and I think he has some right to your Service.

*From Charles Lyttelton.*

*Deanery in Exeter, March, 1758.*

I have the satisfaction of finding the price of provisions very reasonable here compared with other parts of England. Good Beef at 3d. per lb. the best wheat at five shillings strike winches measure, but barley, oats and hay very dear.

Though the weather is now as cold as Xmas, yet the winter has been very mild here, and my Turkey, *not masculine*, Apricock is already in blossom.

The barbed arrow found on Edgehill is either British or Normannick, for you know the Saxons used no bows or arrows. The most ancient Britons made their arrow heads of flint. Apropos of Edgehill I lately met with a letter of King James II. to Lord Dartmouth's great Grandfather, wherein is the following—"Just before the engagement on Kineton Field, the King ordered the old Earl of Dorset to escorte the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York up the Hill that they might be out of danger; the Earl absolutely refused, saying that *he would not appear like a coward for any King's son in Christendom.*"

*From George Grenville.*

*Upper Brook Street, March 11th, 1758.*

DEAR SIR,—Notwithstanding all your engagements & occupations which I own seem fully sufficient to employ your time I never thought you would forget anything that related to your friends & therefore, tho' your letter gave me the greatest pleasure it gave me no surprize. I am now set down to answer it in a hurry at least *answerable* to yours & yet I can by no means give so clear & satisfactory an account of mine as you do of yours. We *do* nothing in Town, as you

may have seen whilst you was here, & our disposition & manners are not changed since you left us. Our future prospects too of fine walks & perpetual verdure are not so promising as those you paint & yet most people think that we are as much in the mud as you can be. To leave allegory which I have not sufficient time for at present I will in plain English give you a thousand thanks & those very sincerely for your obliging attention in drawing out the plan of the bridge & for your more obliging letter to me & yet there is a circumstance in your letter still kinder than either of the former which is your promise to come & see me at Wotton in the Easter Holydays, which I depend upon the performance of. I shall go thither about the 22nd. or 23rd. of this month but I fear I shall not be able to stay above ten days & therefore the sooner you can give us the pleasure of seeing you the better. My time is expired the bell rings & I can only add that Mrs. Grenville & I & the youths are extremely obliged to you & Mrs. Miller for your kind enquiry after us, we are all perfectly well, & very much Mrs. Miller's & your humble servants, & yet I must add one line more which is to assure you that I am not only your humble servant but most faithfully & affectely. yours

GEORGE GRENVILLE.

I will see & talk with Rt. Hichman at Ailesbury in my way down.

*From James Grenville.*

*April 2nd, 1758.*

DEAR SIR,—My Lord Temple has been so good as to commission me to write to you in his name upon an affair which I shall afterwards disclose to you, as soon as I have returned you my most hearty thanks for the kind invitation you was so good as to give us to see your castle, & pleasant inclosures at Radway; which inclination I hope I shall be able to gratify, when I come down again into Buckinghamshire. But now to the point, on which account I trouble you with this. My Lord Temple has placed his pot with the aloe upon the pedestal, which is painted with the same colour: & it pleases so much that he is come to a resolution to let it remain so without any further

additional alteration: therefore he will not give you the trouble of bespeaking a stone pot for him. I suppose you have by this time put all the inhabitants of Wotton into Tears, by reading your favourite & melancholy story of Elisa, which is made your fellow traveller.

Lord Temple desires his kindest Compts to you, & Mrs. Miller

*From the Earl of Guilford.*

*Waldershare, April 12th, 1758.*

DEAR SIR,—I hope you have had success in planting your trees, & that they will agree with your soil & in time make a handsome figure. I am much obliged to you for having been so good as to think of the affair of having my building set upright. I wish to have it done, but am very apprehensive of its suffering in the operation. Whenever anything calls you to Banbury, I hope you will give Banister leave to wait on you and ask your advice about the safest way of proceeding. The other things you wish to set right I hear are in the hands of Mr. Talbot of Keinton, which gives me great pleasure, as I wish well to all parties, & am sure he will desire to make peace, & do exact justice. I think every kind of Hostility ought to cease during the Treaty. Business, & planting calls us hither for a few days.

*From Henry Grenville.*

*Shrubhill, April 14th, 1758.*

DEAR SIR,—. . . Your fair Correspondent is much obliged to you for your Enquiries after her; & we Both feel extremely flattered with the Partialities you express for Shrubhill, if it contributed at all to your Pleasure, We shall have an additional reason for liking it the better; but whatever little degree of Merit it might have in your Eye in January last, the cruel Frost We have lately had, & at this hour feel, retard extremely its progress, & nip all its fair infant Blossoms in the Bud; the Cold has even penetrated within doors, & made a very rude Attack upon Mrs. Grenville herself, seizing her by the throat, taking

from her, her Voice, & throwing her into a good deal of disorder, but the fair Infant Blossom remains safe; & is, I hope, in no danger of being nipped in the Bud.

It was a real Satisfaction to us Both to see your nephew at Epsom; We stumbled upon him by Accident, in our way to London; We gave him a very sincere Invitation to Shrubhill, which we hope The King's Service, & his own Inclinations will ere long suffer him to carry into Execution: so military & so Officer-like a Mien I have not seen a great while, & I hope he will not run me thro' my Body for telling you that He is so much improved that at first Sight I did not know him.

Our Grotto remains in a very imperfect, unfinished State, the Water distils from it, by very plentiful droppings, in 6 or 8 different places, but how to collect these into one main channel is a matter that puzzles all the Wit & Abilities that Shrubhill or Dorking can boast of, & is an Operation reserved for you, & for the happy hour when We shall see you here again: may that soon arrive; & may you & Mrs. Miller always do Mrs. Grenville & me the Justice to believe that We shall have great pleasure in seeing you, & that we are at all times very faithful & very humble Servants of Yrs.

H. GRENVILLE.

P.S. If you see Mudge soon, tell him that creep time never so slow, yet his Spirit shall come, & that, not by Tom Long the Carrier, but by the active, diligent Carrier of the Birmingham Waggon; hitherto to be sure the Devil has been in me, & I have from time to time forgot it.

*From Lord Dacre.*

*Bruton Street, May, 1758.*

. . . You judged right when you imagine that the Loss of Mr. Hardinge<sup>1</sup> would greatly affect me, it really does so—But no more of that—only to tell you that she poor woman begins now to be tolerably composed. . . . She and her children thanks to the

<sup>1</sup> His brother-in-law.

Marriage Settlement are reasonably and comfortably provided for, tho' he by indolence and bad Oeconomy died in very indifferent circumstances. . . . Mrs. Hardinge is with us in Bruton Street and will stay here all the summer so that your Apartment is at present taken up by her and her daughters. . . . When she has laid in (for she was left with child, she will then look out for something against the latter end of the year. But at present she is able to do nothing nor will not for some time. The House in Saville Row and at Kingston was immediately let, the latter to Lord Shaftesbury.

Everybody's thoughts and eyes are fixed on the Expedition:<sup>1</sup> the wind is now fair and 'tis therefore hoped that we shall soon hear that they are out of the Channel; and the Land forces well footed on French Ground. To say more or reason what it is to do or where, is talking when one has no premises to go upon. By the by when I say that People hope to hear that they are out of the Channel it is not certain according to others but that the west wind was what they wanted and that they are already at Ostend. Yesterday upon a debating in the House of Lords the *Habeas Corpus* Bill<sup>2</sup> there were so very high words or rather speeches; since they say (for I was not well enough to bear the heat) that it lasted above an hour: that the House was forced to interpose over and over: and everybody thought they would cut each others throats in the House or out of it. At last however they were brought to give their Honours that the thing should go no further. It arose as I hear from this: That Lord Temple desired to put another question to the Judges (many you know have already been put; some by one Party and some by the other) and that hereupon Lord Lyttelton got up and said that had he heard of such a Question out of doors (or anywhere

<sup>1</sup> One of many made at this time to harass the French.

<sup>2</sup> The question having arisen as to whether the Habeas Corpus Act could be applied to persons who were impressed for His Majesty's service, as well as to those committed to prison on criminal charges, a Bill was brought in to define its provisions more exactly, and to make it clear that the Act related to any kind of deprivation of liberty whatever. This passed the Commons, but not the Lords.

else or something to that purpose) that he should have called it seditious and Libellous (or to that effect). Upon which Lord Temple fired, etc, etc. I long to hear more particulars. . . . Dr. Louth, the ingenious and elegant Dr. Louth has condescended to commence Antiquarian and has just published the *Life of your Palladio of Gothick Architecture; William of Wickham*.<sup>1</sup> I am sure from your affection for the old Bishop's memory especially as he was an Ancestor collaterally of your wife's; you will be mightily pleased with the book, which is very well written indeed; and shows William in a most honorable and amiable light. I could wish however that I had seen my Fellow Traveller (for I knew Dr. Louth extremely intimately in Italy) first; (I mean before he published the Work) because if the Book wants anything it is in that part which relates to Wickham as an Architect upon which very little is said. Now I have an idea that you cou'd (if applied to) have furnished him with some useful Materials as well from your own observation as elsewhere; upon this point. Even now it is not too late in case of another Edition and therefore pray tell me if my idea is right and whether you can give him the Lights I imagine you can: For if you can; I will let him know it and must engage you to be so kind as to set your observations and collections down on paper. . . .

All the time the late severe East Winds lasted I was half dead. . . . Within this hour the Rheumatism or the Devil that plagues me came so into my middle finger that as you see I can hardly write, an hour hence perhaps it will be gone again. . . . Altogether I think I never had so bad a winter, thank God summer & warm weather are come from which I hope I shall get on my legs again, I may use this phrase in the literal sense for my legs have been more and more spasmed than ordinary; three times told. . . .

A new friend now appears in the correspondence; this was William Wildman, second Viscount Barrington, who took an active part in politics and held several important posts in the Government. He was more

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Louth was a Wykehamist.

than once Secretary of War during the reigns of George II. and George III.; in 1745 we hear of his bringing forward a plan for a National Militia, and the letter written by Miller from Becket in October, 1779 (see p. 445), shows that he took a real interest in the question of national defence. Though the following is the first of his letters preserved in the correspondence, he writes as an intimate friend. We have no record of how the acquaintance began, but the Lytteltons and Lord Dacre were common friends, while Mr. Goddard of Swindon, to whom, as we have seen, Miller was well known, was a near neighbour of Lord Barrington's in Berkshire.

We have it on good authority that his lordship was "a gay dog"; however this may have been, he was certainly a most kindly and hospitable host, delighting to fill his house at Becket with large parties of his relations and the friends for whom he was always ready to use his influence in obtaining comfortable and lucrative appointments.

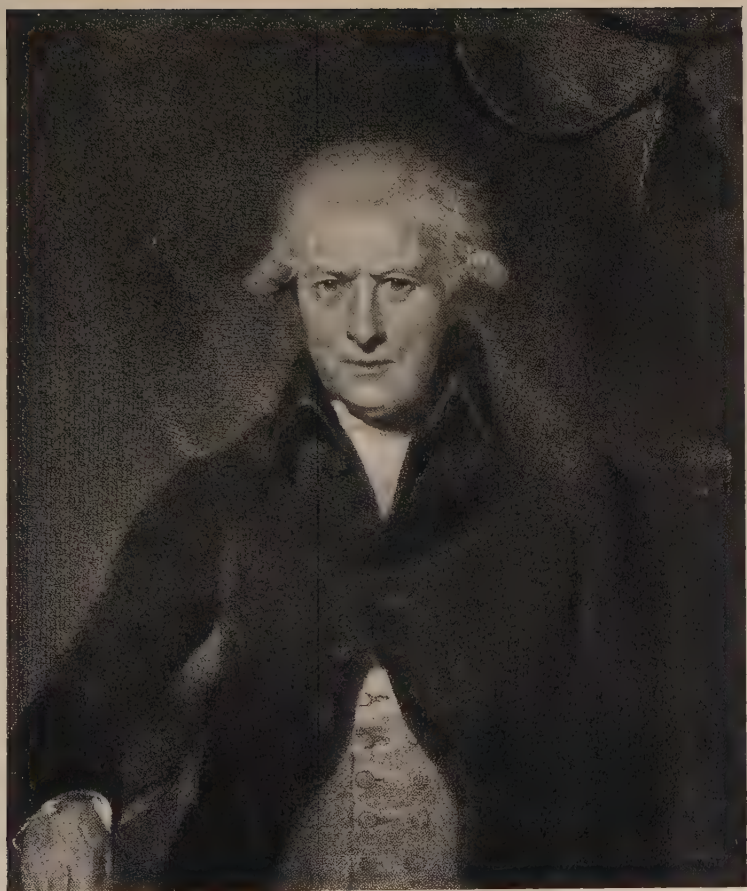
*From Lord Barrington.*

*Cavendish Square, May, 1758.*

DEAR SIR,—I am extremely glad to find by your letter that the firs arrived safe: I sincerely trust that they may grow and flourish, for it will be no small satisfaction to me if I contribute to the embellishing of Radway, especially joined in such good company as those you have mentioned.<sup>1</sup> However, we must all modestly remember that we only furnish the materials. In return for the Firs I beg you will give a little of your taste, for which purpose I shall appoint you a meeting at Beckett the first time I go there . . . I am, with my best compliments to Mrs. Miller and my dear little friends who I fear have forgot me Dear Sir, Your most faithful and obedient Servant,

BARRINGTON.

<sup>1</sup> Probably the trees planted by Pitt.



WILLIAM WILDMAN, SECOND VISCOUNT BARRINGTON.

After the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

To face page 388.



*From Lady Lyttelton.**London, May 23rd, 1758.*

DEAR SIR,—My time has been much taken up lately by many different things, particularly a sick friend who is at Kensington, and to whom I go every day, sometimes twice a day, this is the reason I have not sooner answered your letter, but I took care to write immediately to Hagley about the fowls for my little friends. If the foxes are tolerably civil I hope I shall have something to offer them next season better worth their acceptance at present I have ordered them to deliver to Hitchcox one Bantam cock and three hens; one white cock and 2 white hens of the common sort, and one pair of the Polish sort (if there are enough) with the feathered crowns. I told my Lord I should write to you to-day, he has a good deal of busyness, and therefore desired I would let you know that he went to Mr. Talbot's, but he was out of town; and that you have mistaken in the sum he paid to Governor Grenville, which was £882, and what you mention is £850: my Lord has made it up to £1000, and transferred it to your account; he is very impatient to know whether you intend coming to town and when; he desired Mr. Bower would ask you this when he wrote some time ago, but has received no answer.

I am extremely glad to hear Mrs. Miller is so well. Her life and health are so important that the rest should be bore with resignation, tho' it is not exactly what might be wished, and you will be rewarded for bearing it so; My Lord desires to join his compts. to her with mine, pray give my love to all the babes, and I hope my little gentle Hetty wont forget me.

*From the Earl of Guilford.**London, May, 1758.*

DEAR SIR,—We are extreamly concerned for your loss,<sup>1</sup> but very glad to hear Mrs. Miller is in a good way. She has the best wishes of this family for her speedy and perfect recovery. I trust you need not despair of Heirs to your fine plantations, & they will not tread too close upon your heels. I am much

<sup>1</sup> A son born to the Millers which did not survive his birth.

obliged for the trouble you was giving yourself about setting my building upright. I hope by delaying it, it will be done at a time when I may have your assistance without putting you to much inconvenience. Warwickshire is a better climate at present than Middlesex, for bad colds here are almost universal. Lady Guilford has the additional complaint of Rheumatick pains. All under my roof join in sincere good wishes to you and yours.

I am sensible of the obliging manner in which you speak about your cousin.

*From George Grenville.*

*Wotton near Tame, Oxfordshire, June, 1758.*

DEAR SIR,—I have waited, not without some degree of impatience, in the hopes of seeing you here or at least of hearing from you according to your promise, and tho' I make great allowances for the *many* engagements of many sorts which I know employ your time, yet I cannot help breaking in upon you and putting in my claim, least you should have forgot tho' I have not that you promised that you and Mrs. Miller would both of you come into this part of the world and give us the pleasure of your company here and see how our works go on. I must put you in mind too of our Octagon seat upon the Mount which calls for despatch and which if you have time to send me the exact plan I shall be much obliged to you as soon as it is convenient to you. Pray, do your friends make excuses to you for the trouble they give you upon all occasions, or do they satisfy themselves with thinking that as virtue is its own reward friendship is so too? In this sense I believe you are the richest man in England and every post adds to your wealth and happiness. I most heartily wish it may do so in every other sense and in every other circumstance.

*From Lord Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, June, 1758.*

. . . Our Troops are landed happily at St. Malo's, which it is hoped that they will easily take, and the

Prince of Brunswick had past the Rhine. What further successes will follow these good beginnings one cannot yet say; but a Victory over Count Clermont, and the taking of Brest, with other ravages of the French Coast are hoped for by some. I think the first more probable than the last. Mr. Pitt has need of success in his enterprises abroad, for he has failed sadly in some at home, and goes on defying all mankind except Alderman Beckford, to whom he makes an astonishing Court. Lord Temple and I have had some squabbles in the House of Lords, wherein, if I may believe men of all Parties and Factions, except his own small Cabal, I have had much the advantage. Indeed I never have been so praised in my Life as upon these occasions. His Pride and Brutality disgust all the World. I kept my Temper but took care to show it was not for want of Spirit. For the future, if he says anything insolent to me, I will treat him with no more regard to the Relation or old Friendship between us, than I would any Lord whose Name I scarce knew; for I must not always remember what he always forgets; but for the sake of our common Friends, I expressed more Civility than he deserved, though still I said all that my Honour regarded.

Norborne Berkeley's Knight Errantry<sup>1</sup> in going with the young Fellows upon this Expedition is much blamed by the World, and by all his best Friends. Twenty Years ago it might have done him some honour; but at his age and in his situation, with the whole Beaufort Family left to his care, it is so very improper that one can only account for it by supposing that the Military Enthusiasm like the Religious is catching in Men of warm blood when they come within the sphere of its Activity. I pray God he may return without loss of Limb and then he may laugh with his Friends at himself; but should he fall or be crippled it will be a most sad and deplorable Folly. . . .

<sup>1</sup> "Norborne Berkeley has converted a party of pleasure into a campaign, and is gone with the expedition [against St. Malo] without a shirt but what he had on, and what is lent him" (Horace Walpole to H. S. Conway).

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Ambrosden, July 9th, 1758.*

DEAR SIR,—I am now fixed in a Resolution to build a Farm House in Piddington Field. I wish the Plan you were so good as to furnish could have been executed. But Jackson says (& indeed I am of his opinion) that the Situation will not admit of a dairy underground. I have therefore sent your Plan, with a desire that (if you are quite at Leisure) you will make some Alteration. Jackson hath scrawled one and Williams hath formed an expensive Estimate. Carriage however from Blackthorn Hill is included, and the old Materials are excluded. There will be, belonging to the Farm above 250 Acres of Meadow and Pasture and some Land to be ploughed. I should think £100 might be saved and yet a sufficient House erected. I wish you could return the Papers by Telford next Thursday (or the ensuing Thursday at farthest) under cover. I entreat however that, if the Perusal will in the least incommode you in the present low Situation of your Spirits, you will not give yourself the trouble to inspect them, but send them back unnoticed. I am too much obliged to you already for your Advice in affairs of Elevation and have besides too great regard for an health which I shall always esteem valuable, to wish to engage you in any unseasonable Attention. Lady Turner, our daughter & self join in sincere regards to Mrs. Miller and the four Millerets.

P.S. Lord and Lady Temple and Mr. and Mrs. Grenville have intimated to us an intended honour which we shall embrace tomorrow.

*From Charles Lyttelton.*

*July, 1758.*

During my stay at Ealing I made an excursion to Lord Lincoln's at Oaklands and was agreeably pleased with the view from the Terrace and Menagerie, the only things that could engage my attention at this place, but I could not help wondering what could attract Queen Elizabeth and King James thither, who

both spent much time here when the Park was the most barren spot imaginable, and from the Terrace the eye beheld a most filthy morass just below it, instead of the fine serpentine river which the present noble owner has formed there; not to mention the elegant new church at Sunbury and Mr. Decker's Picturesque Bridge at Walton, which are two such charming objects as are hardly to be paralleled, and with all his Lordship's judicious improvements within the Garden are really the capital monuments of the place.

In my way to Oaklands I stayed at Isleworth in order to view the scite of an antient Palace of our Kings, and was directed to a place called the Moted House, which is now a thatched cottage by the road side, surrounded by a dirty mote. I must doubt whether this was the real scite, but 'tis certain from a record in the Tower that King Henry IV. had a Royal Mansion at Isleworth.

I visited Lord Northumberland's at Sion, and Col. Elliot's at Chiswick. The Gardens at Sion are a dead flat, but commanding a great reach of the Thames and being adorned with Buildings and Plantations have more dignity than one generally meets with in a villa so near London, and the infinite variety of exotick shrubs, plants and trees renders it more worth seeing than other Gardens that have more amenity.

Col. Elliott's at Chiswick is a very fine Villa, but the garden Buildings, except one, are ill designed and worse executed. Here is a Paddock which being entirely walled round in any other place one would reckon a deformity rather than a beauty, but as it contains abundance of large old timber trees and consequently affords a deep shade, is a very pleasing contrast to the glaring scenes of all the neighbourhood, and such a retired solitude is hardly to be met with elsewhere within five or six miles of the Metropolis. It is remarkable that this place was the seat of the Barkey (if tradition says true) for three centuries, the like not to be found so near London, and the last of the family who sat in parliament for the County of Middlesex, sold it to Lord Grantham a very few years since, from whom Mr. Elliott inherits it.

On Tuesday I left Ealing and proceeded by the *New*

*Road* on the North side of London to Lord Dacre's at Bellhouse in Essex. You are too well acquainted with it for me to point out anything new to you there, so I shall hasten to tell you that I left on the Monday for Chelmsford where I dined and got to Witham in the evening. The Publick conduit which supplies the Town at Chelmsford runs a hogshead and a half from three spouts every minute, and consequently between eight or nine hundred thousand hogsheads in a year. I lay at Witham where a chalybeate water was in great vogue a few years since. I arrived at Colchester before noon and had leisure to take a view of the noble Castle and some considerable Religious Ruins. The large Ruins of the Priory Church of St. Botolph's consist almost wholly of Roman bricks ; such immense quantities we find worked up here and in all the other church walls throughout the town as evidently shows that the Roman Town was entirely built of brick, all kind of stone, except Flint, being very scarce here. The Country round Colchester is exceedingly beautiful and not less so all the way from Chelmsford hither, and the roads the best I ever travelled. After dinner I proceeded to a little Village on the Suffolk side the River Stour, called Stratford, where the Accomodations were very bad, but as the present King had twice lain in the same chamber where his unworthy chaplain took his repose, it would be indecent for me to find fault. Leaving my Royal Apartment early on Wednesday, I rode to Ipswich by eleven and that afternoon pushed on to Saxmundham. In this day's journey I passed through Wickham Market and did not forget calling on the woman who a few years since was sent for by the Royal Society to Town, who both spake fluently and sung one or more songs in the presence of the Royal Society, and yet had lost the greatest part of her tongue by a cancerous disorder when she was four years old. I saw and heard her at that time and had now the satisfaction of conversing with her again.

Thursday I rode as far as Blighborough, and here I turned out of the great Norwich Road and went to Leostoffe (Lowestoft), this town is built on a high hill whose base was formerly washed by the sea, but the waters have receded to a pretty considerable distance

and left a spacious strand on which many Buildings have been of late erected for the curing of Herrings, and the Inhabitants are so expert in this Manufacture that their red herrings excell those of Yarmouth and bring a better price in the Market. The brother of the late Bishop Tanner has been Vicar here for above 50 years. He wears his own grey or rather white hair, is near fourscore years of age and has the most venerable apostolick aspect of any clergyman I ever saw. His Flock quite adore him and he well deserves their respect and esteem for he has been their great Benefactor on all occasions as well as their faithful Pastor. Adjacent to this town is a large Mere or Broad as they term Lakes or large pools in Suffolk and Norfolk, which from the old Celtick name Loo or Logh, I apprehend gives name to the Town and likewise to that angle in which it stands being called Loothingland.

On Friday I proceeded to Yarmouth by eleven and to Norwich that evening just before it was dark. Yarmouth has the noblest Quay for shipping in England if not in Europe and contains several good houses. I was too much wearied on my arrival at Norwich to accept the Bishop's kind invitation that night, but early next morning I went to thank his Lordship for his great civility and stayed with him till Monday morning. He has expended much money on his house and gardens, so that it may justly be considered the best Episcopal mansion within any City in the Kingdom. The Cathedral, except the upper part of the eastern end of the Choir, the great West Window and outward west front of the Nave, is entirely of one style of Architecture (viz.) what is generally termed the Saxon; thick pillars, round arches and hatched mouldings, but was not built till the reign of William II. and Henry I. The upper part of the Choir was erected in Henry III. time and that of King Edward I., as was the upper part of the great Tower, but the beautiful spire that adorns the tower was of later erection (viz.) of King Edward III. time. The Castle here is a vast square Building situated on a huge artificial Mount which commands all the City. 'Tis of the same style of Building as the oldest part of the Cathedral and therefore I cannot

agree with Camden in supposing it the work of Earl Bigod, temp. Henry II. From a Tower situated on the Town Walls and lately well repaired, you command a most charming view of this vast city, the River Yare which is navigable for large Vessells quite through it, and fine verdant meadows with distant villages, etc. The flint walls of the old Bridewell here and some churches in the City are remarkable for being composed of flints elegantly squared and laid in regular lines, so well cemented together that one can hardly distinguish the junction of one flint with another. A particular account of this manner of squaring flints has lately been printed by the Royal Society of Antiquaries.

*Hagley, August, 1758.*

In my remarks on the Fabrick of Norwich Cathedral, I forgot to mention that the Choir terminates in an Alcove or Semi-circle like that of Peterborough Minster, which has a fine effect and was originally introduced in the Churches here after the pattern of the famous Basilica of Constantine at Rome and is generally a mark of very great Antiquity, but this at Norwich is a proof of its being retained later than Saxon age.

In describing the Bishop's Palace, I should have mentioned that the Kitchens and Cellars have groined arches and seem to be the remains of Bishop Herbert's Palace, built in William II. and Henry I. time. One round arched window or doorway with hatched mouldings still remains, tho' stopped up in the middle.

I left Norwich and rode by the town of Aylsham to Blickling the old seat of the Butlers, but now the mansion of the Earl of Buckingham. It is a bad old House but contains a large and fine Gallery where the late Sir John Ellis's noble Collection of books is deposited. I was shewed a room here where tradition says Queen Anne Bulleyn was born, but I think verily this part of the House is of a later style of Building.

From Blickling I proceeded by Felbridge to Cromer, a poor decayed town situated on the sea shore with a noble Church but so ruinous that Divine Service can hardly be performed there. From Cromer I proceeded the next day to Wells by dinner and in the afternoon went about three miles further to Holkham. Holkham

House is executed on a greater plan than any modern House in the Kingdom, and though in all respects very grand yet convenience in all respects seems to have been as much attended to as grandeur and magnificence. The Furniture of that part of the House which is compleated is incomparably fine, especially a number of excellent antique statues, and many capital Pictures of the greatest Masters—one room in particular entirely furnished with Claude's Landscips.

From Holkham I went to Houghton and had near three hours before dinner to view the magnificent Collection of Pictures at Lord Orford's from whence I reached Lynn early in the evening. I observed a singular piece of furniture in one of the dressing rooms at Houghton (*viz.*) the Portraits of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. and his Queen executed in Tapestry which being taken from original pictures preserve the likeness of each very perfect. Lynn is a very fine Town and the Churches are noble Fabricks. The Cup and Sword given by King John to the Magistrates are still preserved among the Regalia. The former is a very great Curiosity being silver gilt enameled with a great deal of work in the compartments and likewise on the rim of the foot. By the carving it appears full as old as the time and probably is older, if the tradition be true that the King brought it from the neighbouring Priory of Walsingham. . . .

Before I take my leave of the Counties of Suffolk and Norfolk, I must trouble you with two or three general reflections on that part of the Kingdom; and first, it surprized me a good deal to find that in so large a County as Suffolk and so near the Metropolis, not a single Gentleman's Seat that I saw or heard of, except the Duke of Grafton's at Euston, had been improved in the modern taste. It is well for the County of Norfolk that three or four Noblemen, etc., have done so much to their Places, else very few strangers would visit a Country that has so few natural Beautys to attract them. This vast County is for the most part one immense Flat, very barren and in many parts few or no trees to relieve the eye. Several small Lakes, which the Inhabitants call Broad, occur in different parts of the Country, but as they are not accompanied with wood on the Banks they are not very beautiful

objects. The Sea bounds a great part of Norfolk, but the shore in general is flatt and in many places overflowed by Spring tides a great space within the land which creates unwholesome marshes and at all times is an unsightly object. The roads are everywhere good except in very dry weather, when the sands reflect the heat of the sun to a very great degree and the dust rises in such Quantity as to render travelling excessively fatiguing. The Accommodations at the Inns in general are bad, which would be the less felt, if the gentlemen were more hospitable, but you will allow me to say that Hospitality does not remarkably flourish in Norfolk, when I assure you that except at the Palace at Norwich, where the Bishop does great honour to himself and to his station by his noble and generous Hospitality, I was not offered the least refreshment, but a glass of wine at Lord Leicester's, at any House I visited in the whole County.

*From Mrs. Henry Grenville.*

*Wotton, September ye 14th.*

Mrs. Grenville presents her Compt. to Mr. Miller & begs he will cast his eye over the very imperfect sketch here inclos'd & let her know whether there is anything very absurd & contrary to rule in it. The meaning of it is for a grotto upon the new Island with four Ionick Pillars before it with the entire entablature upon it. The Grotto is to be decorated with Shells & the pillars with flints & Shells (preserving the appearance of the real architectural ornaments) like some that are at Stowe. Mr. Grenville having no Draughtsman at hand has employed Mrs. Grenville to scratch it out who professes herself totally unable & unskillfull & implores Mr. Miller's assistance to correct her errors & to return it when done. Mr. Grenville desires his Compts. to Mr. Miller with many excuses for the trouble he gives him. The sooner it can conveniently be done the better because no time should be lost in getting up the Building.

*From the Earl of Guilford.**Waldershare, October 14th, 1758.*

DEAR SIR,—I have thought myself very unlucky that our different motions allow'd me so little of the pleasure of your company during my short stay in Oxfordshire: and was extreamly sorry not to have left you in better health. The sincere desire I have to hear of your amendment, will I hope be accepted as a sufficient excuse for my troubling you with this enquiry.

I met with a neighbour here who had been very long teased with a little lurking fever, & found benefit by nothing till he tried your old remedy, Sunning Hill water, which recovered him in a very little time, & he is now perfectly well. I could not help mentioning this as an encouragement to you to try it again, tho' I fear it may be too late this season. I have been troubled with a little return of gout since I came here, but am got (thank God) pretty well again, yet am forced to mix a great deal of riding with my walks, which is not quite what I chuse.

We had a violent storm of wind here in the night of the 8th, which did a good deal of damage to ships in the Downs, & has demolished us several large trees. I hope you have not suffered much at Radway. Lady Guilford & the girls join with me in Compliments to Mrs. Miller and Miss Newsham.

I congratulate you on your nephew's not being of the expedition to St. Malo's. There seems to be no probability of an action in Westphalia.

*From Sir Edward Turner.**Bath, October 15th, 1758.*

DEAR SIR,—While I was planning my favourite visit to Radway, steps in a terrible bilious colic, and after the illness of a Fortnight I am ordered to take my Route to Bath! Here I am and although I found a favourable alteration upon the Road, I must own myself indebted to the friendly Waters of this Place. Miss Hester Lyttelton, a fellow sufferer by the same

disorder, owns her Obligations on the Experience of a Fortnight. Your Friend, Mr. Nugent is drinking our liquor, but if you look upon his legs as the Countenance of his Constitution, you must pronounce him in perfect Health.

And now, dear Miller as to yourself—should not you oppose Resolution to the listless force of Inactivity, and apply your own very judicious Lectures upon Health, to your own Constitution? At all Events, You and Mrs. Miller will not abandon us at Christmas. We look upon you as our right by Custom as much as the Quit Rent of a Couple of Fowls from some of our Tenants. Will you, or will Mrs. Miller, inform me of your State of Health? One of you will, I hope render that agreeable Service to, Dear Sir,—Your most obedient faithfull Servant

EDWD TURNER.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Ambrosden, December 13th, 1758.*

DEAR SIR,—As it is near the time when we are favoured usually with your Company, give me leave to ask on what day Ambrosden may hope to see Radway? I am the more induced to ask the Question because I wish to see you well accommodated when you come, for as we have already part of the family from Adlestrop added to our own, and expect the Remainder, you will just make us a Bumper. Mrs. Miller, you say, requires Verse. I have it not, alas! and three Boys are jabbering Latin round me with no friendly intention to the Muses.

My Wife and Daughter present their Compliments o all at Radway and will rejoice to see the Ladies. Will they not also rejoice to see the Man of Radway? Certainly. Give me leave also to say that I adopt these Ideas and am with great warmth, Dear Miller,—Your faithfull Servant

EDWD TURNER.

## CHAPTER XXIV

LETTERS: 1759 TO JUNE, 1766

*From Lord Dacre.*

*Bruton Street, January 26th, 1759.*

DEAR SIR,—I do not write to you at present to enquire after your health: but to congratulate you upon its being so much amended, which agreeable piece of news I was the other day informed of by the Dean of Exeter. Be assured that none of your friends rejoice more than myself on this occasion; and I shall not only have a higher opinion of Dr. James for what he has done in your case but shall love him as long as I live. As to myself I know not what to say, or whether I am better or not: Sometimes I think I am and at others am enclined to Despair: Tho' upon the whole I think that tepid Baths which I have used this Summer have been of use to me, together with certain preparations of the Bark in small quantities. In the state I am in you will perhaps think me a Bold man to begin such a great work as I am going to mention to you: and yet should I not Live to enjoy it perfected: it will so far as I go on with it be an amusement to my mind and a Temptation to me to use Exercise. In a word then, I have had Brown down with me at Belhouse and am going to make a Pool where now the run of water is, in the lower part of my Park: its size will be about ten acres: its Form very irregular and 'twill be a quarter of a mile long. Brown and indeed my own little Judgment tells me that it will be a very great ornament to that side of the Park and quite change the Face of it: By what I have said you will immediately conceive that all the rushy part of Bumstead Mead will be converted into water: and that the Black moory soil will be

taken away till we come to the parts of the meadow that rise and where the soil is gravel.

Now I am talking of these things I desire that you will see the man who painted the arms and pay him, not what he asks, for that I think is unreasonable and to convince you of it I enclose you a Bill for the same sort of Work I paid to a man this morning a London Coach Painter.

We have for some days past had Mrs. Hardinge again with us: she came to Town on a very disagreeable Errand viz. to undergoe an operation for the Fistula Lachrymalis: this is one of the most painfull in Chirurgery: she has suffered accordingly very much but the worst is now over and she is on the fair way to recovery. . . .

[Note in Sanderson Miller's writing]:

Sent Mr. Hands' Bill for the Shields which I paid—  
£4. 5. 6.

*From Henry Grenville.*

*Clifford Street, February 22nd, 1759.*

DEAR MILLER,—I intended to have made a letter from Bishop's Castle the first Messenger to you of my Successes there; but as the Election did not come on before Thursday last, I found that I should be in London as soon as the Post; I accordingly determined to deferr writing to you till my arrival here, which I accomplished on Sunday night, & fully proposed writing to you by last Post; but a multitude of Business made that quite impossible; I make no doubt but the newspaper will before this time have informed you of my being *safe & well returned* from Bishop's Castle; Every Thing was conducted there with great Unanimity, Decency, & good Order, in spite of all the carousing & festivity which prevailed there; Mr. Waring's Interest & Mr. Pitt's Popularity, united, seem to me quite invincible there, & in consequence thereof, I have had the honour of taking my seat at St. Stephens. I am now to thank you for your letter which I had the pleasure of receiving yesterday, & still more particularly to thank you for the first fruits of Moreton [Morrell], which I hope to receive

some time to-day; if the quantity should exceed the Voracity of Mrs. Grenville's rapacious Stomach & mine, you may be sure Lord Temple will not be forgotten by Us, nor Sir Richard Lyttelton; but I should be glad you would let me know in your next, what are the Charges of killing, carriage to London &c. . . .

Mrs. Grenville is much obliged to you for your kind Enquiries after her; & your little neighbour upstairs will not fail to thank you the first moment she can speak for your remembrance of her. Mrs. Grenville is a good deal better than We left her, but not yet reestablished; I hope a little time more will do a great deal. We both joyn in our best Compliments to yourself, Mrs. Miller, & Mrs. Newsome, & in sweet remembrances to all your little fireside.

P.S. As yet I can tell you but little of the Secrets of my Prison house, with respect to ways & means: great variety are talked of; none settled; but next week they will find themselves in some shape or other.

*From Henry Grenville.*

*Clifford Street, March, 1759.*

. . . We have great reason to be satisfied with our new House but very little reason to be satisfied with the time we have spent in it, for Mrs. Grenville has had a constant continuance of her complaints. . . .

There is no publick news of any kind at present; the worst piece of private news, (but in which the Publick is in no small degree interested) is that Mr. Pitt is just laid up with a very severe attack of the Gout in both his hands and feet. . . .

*From Henry Grenville.*

*Clifford Street, May 22nd, 1759.*

How many Weeks, or rather how many months is it since I had the satisfaction of receiving a line from you, my right Trusty & well beloved friend, Counsellour, & Steward? My hopes & Expectations of hearing from you in some shape, or other, by one Post or another, have subsisted up to this day, but still expecting & still disappointed, I find I have

nothing left for it but recurring again to Pen, Ink, & paper, to renew my Inquiries after you, & to remind you that there is somewhere in Warwickshire such a place as Moreton Morrell, which once you interested yourself extremely for, & which you promised to make me better acquainted with by transmitting up to me the Commissions Award, the Survey, a map of the Estate, & your own Observations upon the Whole . . . upon all matters relating to Moreton Morrell I always wish to receive your Advice, your advice is with me in the nature of a Law, I only wish to know it & to obey it.

Having said this much upon the subject of Moreton Morrell, & expressed the Impatience I labour under to hear from you upon that Subject, I would devote the remainder of my letter to the giving you some Information with respect to Matters passing in the Great World, but that is at present so very empty a subject that it leaves me nothing to descant upon: I have only to tell you that a Vote of Credit is proposed to be asked tomorrow, & what is asked I suppose will be granted; but how it is to be raised in the present low state of the Funds, & with a Subscription labouring at  $79\frac{1}{2}$  per ct., is much more than I will pretend to tell you: All I will pretend to assure you of, & (that I have very good Authority for) is Mrs. Grenville's best Compliments & mine to Mrs. Miller & yourself, remembering always your niece, & the rest of my acquaintance assembled round you.

*From Henry Grenville.*

*The Shrubbery, Dorking, May 31st, 1759.*

. . . Mrs. Grenville & myself are very glad to find that you make no Complaints upon the Subject of your health; or that if you had any to make Tar Water has remov'd them all: Tar Water happily proves a friend to you, but to her it prov'd very unfavourable, & gave her reason to repent of dabbling with it: her Health has been but very indifferent during the whole course of the Winter, but she has been gaining ground for some time past & I hope by the time we meet in Warwickshire I shall present her to you, fat & sleek, & fair.

*From Lord Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, June, 1759.*

... We talk of nothing here but the French Invasion; they are certainly making such Preparations as have never been made to invade this Island since the Spanish Armada; but I trust in God and Lord Anson that they will have the Fate of the Spanish Armada, and that most of their flat bottomed boats will be sunk in the Channel. I wish you joy of the Conquest of Guadeloupe<sup>1</sup> with so much Glory to the commanders and to the Troops. But if we should want them here to defend us at home, that Victory would be too dearly bought. It would be a sad affair to take Guadaloupe and lose Great Britain.

Don't be too free with your Tar Water if the Summer continues so hott. To many people it is very heating. . . .

*From Lord Dacre.*

*Belhouse, June, 1759.*

DEAR SIR,—It is an Age since I heard of you much less from you: This comes then to enquire after your health and Mrs. Miller's; and to show you that tho' you forget me I do not forget you; By the same Token that having received from a Friend a very curious delineation of an old Room<sup>2</sup> whose Furniture and fitting up is just now the same as the day it was done, I immediately thought that possibly you might be glad to see the drawing and accordingly resolved to send them you: you will I believe find hardly in this Kingdom any room of that date as to fitting up and furniture *in Statu quo* in these days as this really is: The room as my Friend writes me word is painted of a light stone colour, the Carvings are (as he expresses it) all *open* gilt: the furniture green Damask: There are four doors in the room, over which are (as my

<sup>1</sup> By the expedition under the command of Commodore More and General Hopson. On the death of the latter, the chief command devolved upon General Barrington.

<sup>2</sup> This plan and Mr. Barrington's letters here mentioned are now in the possession of Lord Dacre's descendant, Mr. T. Barrett Lennard. No traces of this room are now existing.

letter informs me) *the Four Earls of Derby* (their pictures, not Statues, I suppose) whose arms are on the Bed : For this Room was fitted up and furnished for Edward, Earl of Derby : by William ffarrington Esq. and still belongs to his descendants and my Friend. The last time when the above Room was fitted up does not appear ; but 'tis certainly a long time agoe : My Friend in his Letter says it was in the same year as is inscribed on the Bed ; if so it must have been 237 years agoe : But of this, (which I myself think not so certain) you, by the stile of the work may perhaps be able to give a more certain judgement than I can. The Arms on the Bed Head by the initial Letters of the three last which are ND : FD : and ID : at first staggered me a good deal and made me think that the whole must have been of much later date : But on recollection I think I remember that my Friend told me that it had ever since the erection of the Bed been the custom in the Family to add the Arms of those Earls of Derby who had lain in it : And this seems confirmed by this particular circumstance that tho' the three first Arms are in a regular succession from Edward to Ferdinand that then there is a gap and the Arms of William Earl of Derby (which if it was intended by way of Pedigree) is omitted. The other Pannels which are vacant were I suppose intended to be filled up as the Family were honoured with Visits from other Earls of Derby who in that part of the world have ever been revered as a sort of petty Kings. One thing I must beg of you that is that you will not keep these Plans long but send them me back when you have looked them over and extracted from them any ornament you think worth while. I have been here about three weeks and shall stay here about a month longer, and then take a ramble somewhere, perhaps into Warwickshire ; if so I won't fail calling on you in my way to Sir Roger Newdigate's where I have half promised to go. My Health is much after the old fashion ; yours, I hope however is quite recovered since you are now quite vacant and at Ease (or ought to be so) having so well and advantageously got rid of that Load of Morton Morrel. Lady Dacre joyns with me in kind compliments to yourself and Mrs. Miller and your girls who are now some of them almost women. If you would know what I am doing

I shall answer that I am now fitting up and somewhat enlarging the Breakfast Room. Adieu, the Bell rings for Dinner so I must conclude myself your affectionate Friend

DACRE.

*From Lord Lyttelton.*

*London, June, 1759.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—This is only to tell you that I propose to go to Hagley about the end of this month, and, as I believe I shall come alone, I will carry you with me in my post-chaise. There will be a room for you at Admiral Smith's.

My best compliments to your good little woman and her good girls. I hope to find them all well and happy, and you in good spirits and health.

*From Henry Grenville.*

*The Shrubby, July 31st, 1759.*

Many thanks to you, Dear Miller for your letter, & for the trouble you have taken about Corbet; your letter found me just returned from Wotton, where I have been attending my Brother Grenville [George]; who has lately sustained a very severe blow, in the Death of his Eldest Son; the more severe at this Juncture, as Mrs. Grenville's present situation makes her very unfit to bear up against so heavy a Distress. . . .

Mrs. [Henry] Grenville is returned from Tunbridge, but I cannot say that she has profited so much by the Use of the Waters as indeed I expected, & had much flattered myself with the Hopes of: her Health still seems to be in a very unconfirm'd State; which is a circumstance rather unfavourable to the good Looks of a fair Lady, especially of that fair Lady whose good Looks I never took to be of so permanent a Nature as her other good Qualities are: However I mean to submit Both to the Decision of your discerning Eye, when she presents herself at the Castle of Radway, or the Castle of Stowe, for there we hope to have the pleasure of meeting first; Our general plan is to set out for Wotton about the 20th August & after a week's stay there to shift our Quarters to Stowe; where we shall reckon much upon the Pleasure of being joyned by Mrs. Miller & you; And after giving what time We

can there to return with you to Radway; There We shall be able to talk at large upon the subject of Inclosures, Tythes, Maps, Quicksets, Works done & to be done, Augmentation of Living &c. & I hope you will use your Endeavours to pre-engaging Corbet to meet us at that time; & I will write to him to the same effect myself. . . .

Mrs. Grenville joyns with me in our best Compliments to Mrs. Miller & yourself; & Little Louisa (as soon as she can speak, & she begins to do something very like it) proposes taking the first Opportunity of thanking you with her own Voice for your kind remembrance of her: We beg to be remembered to All your family, All of Whom We hope are Well.

*From the Earl of Guilford.*

*Waldershare, August 20th, 1759.*

DEAR SIR,—We are now turning our thoughts towards Oxfordshire, & hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you and your family in perfect health. I believe we shall not be able to get to Wroxton till very near the Election of a Mayor of Banbury which will be on Monday the 3rd of September; I must therefore from hence, desire the favor of your company that day at the Tunns at half an hour past one o'clock, if you are so good as to come to the Election. I shall send also by the Post a card for Mr. Hughes, as in our absence Messengers at Wroxton are scarce.

I heartily congratulate you on the glorious victory of Prince Ferdinand.<sup>1</sup>

*From Henry Grenville.*

*Drayton, September 5th, 1759.*

I write to you, Dear Miller, in great mortification of spirit, not finding it in my power to execute my Intentions of visiting Radway, at the time appointed. We came here last fryday, & intended leaving it on Monday morning, and being with you on Tuesday. But Mrs. Grenville was so much indisposed on Sunday night, & has continued so much out of order ever

<sup>1</sup> The Battle of Minden had been fought on August 1st.

since, that she has not been able to pursue her Journey, nor has it been possible for me to leave her in this situation. What adds extremely to my mortification is the disappointment of meeting Chas. Talbot at your house, as it would have been a very agreeable Opportunity of talking over & settling many Morton Morrell Concerns: I take it for granted He has left you by this time; I wrote too to Corbet to desire him to give me a meeting at your house; & I fear He too has been disappointed: But as I am extremely desirous to see you, & at the same time to visit Morton Morrell, I still adhere to my Purpose of coming to you, & hope to reach you next Saturday: But I only express my hopes & Wishes, for my Measures & Motions depend so much on Mrs. Grenville's Health & Welfare, that it is impossible for me to speak with any tolerable Certainty of myself, & therefore beg you will not reckon too much upon me; If it should be in my power to come I fear I must leave Mrs. Grenville behind; which I know will be a real mortification to Her, as I know it would give her great pleasure to be able to wait upon Mrs. Miller & you.

*From Henry Grenville.*

*Clifford Street, September 8th, 1759.*

The Date of this Letter will show you, my Dr. Miller, how strangely Fate disposes of me: instead of the Satisfaction of being with you this day at Radway as I propos'd, I am compelled to write to you from my Habitation in Clifford Street; where We arrived this day: Mrs. Grenville's Disorder continues, & rather encreasing upon her, made us think this a prudent, if not a necessary Step; in order that she might have the Advantage & Assistance of Physicians here, which is not to be obtained, nor hoped for, in the Country: We have, this afternoon, seen Dr. Addington; who gives us very comfortable Assurances that He perceives nothing in Mrs. Grenville's Complaints which leads him to apprehend anything serious; He hopes in a few days to put her into such a System, as will enable her to make her visits to her friends; & as We flatter ourselves that 5 or 6 days will go a great way

towards that, so I hope in a few days after to have it in my power to accomplish my so long wished for, & so long delayed Journey to Radway: & I hope I shall arrive with you time enough to settle all my most material Concerns of Morton Morrell.

This Post will be the bearer of great news to you; Admiral Boscawen's Defeat of the French Fleet:<sup>1</sup> I know no other Particulars than those contained in the publick Papers except that the French Prisoners taken by Mr. Boscawen have declared that their Fleet's Destination was for Port L'Orient, where they expected to receive 18,000 Troops, for an Expedition designed, as 'tis imagined, against Ireland: & whilst they have been amusing Us with flat-bottom'd Boats at Havre de Grace, it seems they have been collecting their real Force at Port L'Orient, which We never heard a syllable of till now. Lord G. S.<sup>2</sup> is said to have arrived in Town last night.

*From Henry Grenville.*

*The Shrubby, September, 1759.*

I was extremely glad to find by your letter, my dear Miller that Chas. Talbot has not yet made his visit to Radway for unless the Devil is in the Dice I think it impossible but that we must meet in Warwickshire. Mrs. Grenville has found so much benefit already by Dr. Addington that I can speak with much greater certainty upon the progress of our Motions than I have hitherto been able to do. Our Journey to Stowe stands for Monday . . . and after laying by one day, we propose paying our respects to Mrs. Miller and you at dinner on Wednesday; at least I will assure you that no fit of Jealousy on my part, and I flatter myself no fit of Illness on hers shall deprive us of that pleasure; and as you know Mrs. Miller has long been accustomed to Uneasiness of this kind from this

<sup>1</sup> He had defeated the Toulon squadron at Lagos.

<sup>2</sup> Lord George Sackville, who was accused of having shown cowardice at the Battle of Minden. He resigned his command, returned to England, and demanded a court-martial, with the result that he was declared unworthy to serve His Majesty in any military capacity whatever.

Quarter, I therefore persuade myself that she will the more easily pardon my bringing Mrs. Grenville with me.

Among the many Mortifications I felt in my late disappointment of my Journey to Radway it was not the least to lose the honour of dining with Lord Guilford. But it is more than we deserve; I still hope that we shall have the honour of waiting on him. . . .

I should be very glad to assist you with the sum you mention, but, to tell you the truth, it is more than I am at present worth: but the Barbadoes Fleet is expected every day, and if you can possibly wait till about the middle of next month, I don't doubt of being able to do it.

*From Henry Grenville.*

*The Shrubbery, October, 1759.*

I received your letter, my dear Miller, yesterday morning and partake very sincerely with you in all your congratulations on the subject of our great and national successes in North America; and deplore with you the loss of poor Wolfe whose death, honourable as it was to him, will be for ever felt and regretted as a great publick misfortune to this Country. Mr. Pitt's administration wanted but this to make the lustre of it compleat; and the publick situation is so improved by this happy stroke as to promise us a glorious and honourable Issue out of the war, if the War is to have a Period this year, if not, it affords us as promising a Prospect for future success in carrying it on. . . .

Mrs. Grenville is very much obliged to Mrs. Miller for the Lozenges she has been so good to send her, but if she had been so good to pack up with them a word of advice or instructions how to take them, in what quantity and how often, the Prescription would have been rather more compleat and practicable. . . .

*From Henry Grenville.*

*The Shrubbery, November, 1759.*

. . . What sort of seasons are peculiar to Warwickshire at this time of year I am not Astronomer enough to say, but Surrey has felt many genial warm days of rain, very much to the advantage of those who plant

Quick and therefore I cannot help regretting that poor Moreton Morrell still remains without any work of that kind begun upon.

Tho' you live among the Great, let not the Concerns of a private Gentleman quite escape your notice. I rejoyce to hear of your great health and spirits as well as of your great company and congratulate you upon your invaluable Nostrum how to make a little woman a *Great* one whenever you please. Whether lozenges have any share in this merit I cannot tell, nor will Mrs. Grenville be able to tell, unless Mrs. Miller will be a little more liberal in her Instructions and let her know in what quantity she used to take them herself and whether at night or morning.

We set out for Col. Elliot's at the Grove on Tuesday when I shall stay till the Birthday on Saturday. I am then to have the honour of attending Mr. Pitt at his Dinner, and as Parliament opens the Tuesday following London will possess the greatest part of me for the rest of the year.

*From James Grenville.*

*November 30th, 1759.*

DEAR MILLER,—Sir John Cust has not been in Town since the meeting of Parliament. As soon as I can see him I will solicit his interest in favour of your nephew. I shall do it not only upon your account (whose character for true piety and spotless probity is very unimpeachable notwithstanding Talbot's scruples and the Warwick subscription), but for Mrs. Miller's and your black Couzin's sakes whose persons I admire and whose principles I respect. The first I own have tempted me, but the last have never failed to keep me in awe. I have also obligations to them; for they have defended my character more than once, when you like a cold friend have given it up, and when others like bitter enemies have warmly attacked it. But in spite of Calumny I can sincerely join with you in every submission and heartfelt resignation of my most sanguine hopes and wishes to the over ruling will of Providence in every thing whether Great or Small, Publick or Private, and that to even a degree of what you will call impiety, that is to the degree of differing

with the Common Prayer book, so that if I knew how long the hand of heaven would contrive to be on our side in the manner it hath hitherto been, I would be for carrying on the war against our enemies and I would oppose Peace and every step towards it, tho' none other should fight for us but only thou O God. For it is strongly my opinion that we should have in that case such an end of the quarrel between us and our enemies, as we have not yet seen in any other controversy. But whether we are good enough to deserve such assistance is my doubt, and therefore I like to see a certain number of good battalions and squadrons and rejoice in the Militia etc. etc.

Give my best compliments to those who are my defenders.

*From Charles Lyttelton.*

*Cavendish Square, November, 1759.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—I received your very entertaining epistle a week or two before I left Hagley. I stayed there the longer that I might bilke so much of the winter, which is at least healthy to me if not so pleasant as at London. . . . Lord Lyttleton is perfectly well and not a little happy at home having got rid of so disagreeable an object as a sulky wife.<sup>1</sup> Bower and I dined with him on Friday, much to our content. He has grown ten years younger since last winter and is writing another volume which he hopes to publish next winter.

No material news stirring but the Capitulation of the Garrison of Munster, whereby Prince Ferdinand ends his campaign as successfully as he began it.<sup>2</sup> Lord Brooke is created Earl of Warwick, rather to prevent any other Person from having that title than by way of aggrandisement to himself. Tho' Brooke be an older title, he will be called Lord Warwick.

*From Lord Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, December 11th, 1759.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—Some business here has made me put off my visit at Ebrington till the middle of

<sup>1</sup> See p. 290.

<sup>2</sup> Munster was taken by General Imboff, by instructions from Prince Ferdinand, November, 1759.

next week, and I don't propose to be at Hagley till the 28th of this month. I think it will be easier for you to meet me there than at Mrs. Fortescue's as I shall have no room to carry you in my chaise, my son being with me. But yet, if you choose to make a visit at Ebrington, I dare say the whole party will be very glad to see you, and so shall I and Tom. We stay here till the 26th and then go to Worcester where I intend to pass a day and then go on to Hagley.

I have no news to tell you but what you will see in the papers. The King of Prussia I am afraid has undone himself by the orders he gave to Tiak against the opinion of that general and of his brother Prince Henry. This is a great misfortune to us as well as to him, and might have been fatal if we had not been so fortunate in other parts.

My best compliments to Mrs. Miller and all your fireside. Tom desires his. I am perfectly well, and so, thank God, is he.

*From Lord Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, February 14th, 1761.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—I most heartily rejoice at your girls having got so well through the small-pox, and that it has left no marks behind it which might lessen their beauty. I am very sorry that Mrs. Hitchcox presses you for three hundred pounds at Lady day next; if it be inconvenient to you to pay it. As to myself it is not in my power to do it at present: but what occasioned my letter to you was Hollier's telling me that she had drawn upon him for the interest of the five hundred pounds which you had promised to discharge regularly as it became due, instead of paying it to me. In my present circumstances I can't afford to acquitt you of that promise, tho' (to use your own words) I am gratifying my own ruling passion when I am easing my friends of any burthen. I hope a little time and good œconomy will make you easy in your affairs and mend mine.

Mr. Hood's prize is a great honour to him and joy to his friends. I hope it will turn considerably to his profit as well as glory. I will make your compliments

upon it to him and to his wife. Mrs. Stanley's health is better than it was last year. Her girls are very well. I and my family are so too.

"Feb. 7th.—Advice was received at the Admiralty that Capt. Alexander Hood, in His Majesty's ship the *Minerva*, of 32 guns and 220 men, was arrived at Spit-head, after taking the *Warwick*, formerly belonging to His Majesty, pierced for 60 guns, but now carrying but 34, and 295 men, 74 of them soldiers, bound with ammunition, stores, and provisions, to the French settlements in the East Indies. Both ships had about 14 men killed and 30 wounded."—*Annual Register*.

*From Lord Dacre.*

*Bruton Street, February, 1761.*

MY DEAR SIR,—There is a story I have somewhere met with : That in the Rebellion in 1715 a Party of the Rebels and a party of the Militia met each other : the Rebels imagining that what they saw was the advanced party of a more considerable Force ; were just on the point of Facing about and running away (as one of them afterwards owned) when behold the party of Militia was beforehand with them and veering about scampered off as hard as they could. Now my dear Sir the Case is a good deal parallel between you and me ; you have writ me a letter full of apologies for your long silence, when had you staid one post longer you would have received just such another from me ; With the same blame taken to myself for Procrastination etc. And in truth there is nothing that can be said upon this point against you, that may not full as strongly be urged against me : This being the case we have nothing to do ; but to say with Messrs. Peachum and Lockit<sup>1</sup>—"Brother, Brother, we are both in the wrong." Yet I think there is some excuse for us as we have both been Invalides and when a man is in that state nothing is so irksome as writing. By what I find however by your Letter (and it rejoyces me to find it) you may now disclaim the name of

<sup>1</sup> Characters in "The Beggar's Opera."

Invalide; who have had spirits good enough (which could not have been without health) to support three winter months in a Country Solitude: For my part tho' I am better than I was last Winter 'tis a thing I could not have undertaken: You have indeed one Resource which we have not; I mean in your Fireside, especially your two eldest ones who I know by experience are very amiable and agreeable companions. . . . I am much pleased that you think of paying us a visit at Belhouse this spring. . . . You will find the Place, if not much altered since you was there; yet a good deal improved, by the Turff being got older and consequently smoother and greener, and by the Shrubberys being now in good measure come to perfection. My Breakfast Room too has been entirely new fitted up and somewhat enlarged in a manner I flatter myself you will not disapprove of. I have a number of Expences on me this year and yet I doubt whether I shall have prudence enough to abstain from meddling with my water in the lower part of the Park; the truth is that I never ride that way without longing to do something there; as I know that that coarse meadow and moory sided canal might be converted into a very pleasing scene: And Brown is of the same opinion: we have now another Scheme for it of much less (tho' still a good deal) of Expence; it is to make it in the River Stile instead of the Lake.

As to Publick News I live so much out of the great World and the intriguing part of it, that I know nothing more of Political Matters than what I meet with in the Newspapers. That we have by God's Blessing got a King in Temper and Disposition most excellent and unlike other Kings; every body seems to agree in and his Actions confirm it; And cou'd we safely and honorably get out of this Warr; we might be a happy Nation. One Piece of Private News I can tell you that will please you and that is Lord Barrington has generously given our Friend Mr. Stillingfleet a sinecure place of a good hundred pounds per annum. Now I mention Lord Barrington it is taken for certain here in London, that he is no longer to be Secretary at Warr; but that Charles Townshend is to come into that Department: and that Lord Barrington is to have some other place by way of dedommagement; some say Chancellor

of the Exchequer (and that Legge is to be made a Peer) others that he is to have the place Mr. Townshend has now which they say is very profitable.<sup>1</sup> I joyn with you in rejoicing in the good fortune which has come to Sir Edward Turner<sup>2</sup> and agree with you that he deserves it. Lord Guilford came to Town about ten days agoe; he is very well and his Countess remarkably so, being leaner than she was with a most clear healthy complexion. . . . With sincere regard—Your affectionate and obedient servant

DACRE.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Harley Street, March 3rd, 1761.*

DEAR SIR,—You have kindly addressed me twice by Letter. Both Letters made the Tour of Bath; when the first arrived there, I was returned to Ambrosden; the latter was by means of Mr. Perrot transmitted to me in London. What sudden motions, you will cry! and yet—I have known your transitions as sudden. For what reason you and Mrs. Miller penn up yourselves, as if you were a Cock and Hen Turkey, preparing for the Spit, I cannot imagine. You complain of unsociable Neighbours; torment them as Aggressors, they may then probably resent the hostility and attack you at the Gates of Radway. It this moment occurs to me that when I was yesterday at Lord Aylesford's<sup>3</sup> I received information of a tenth accession to the Number of his Family. Now back again to Ambrosden. The solidity of Collet met me at that place, and the work there ferments. In about a Fortnight I hope to steal a few days of Inspection. What says the Inigo of the Age? will he contribute to form a Triumvirate of which the Vicar of Bister will make one? By a neighbouring Gentleman, you mean, I suppose the Master of Farnborough. All this is well, 'tis very well. I shall seize the first opportunity to wait upon Lord Dacre. Mr. Hoare at Bath saw the Design for

<sup>1</sup> Lord Barrington was made Chancellor of the Exchequer.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Edward had inherited £100,000 from his uncle, John Turner, of Sunbury. Each of his five children had also £10,000.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Guernsey had succeeded his father, the third Earl of Aylesford, in 1757.

a Monument, approves, extolls, admires. I perhaps may commission him to execute. When we meet you shall see what a pretty Alliance is formed between the Drawing and the Frame which wishes to receive it. As I entered London only on Sunday you must not expect much news from me. You may suppose however that Sir Nathaniel Carson and Sir Richard Grosvenor will be created Peers, and that our Friend, Mr. George Grenville will be elected Speaker on the next Parliament. Accept of our best Services and allow Mrs. Miller to partake with you.

*From Lord Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, May 18th, 1761.*

. . . I doubt our affairs go ill at Belleisle,<sup>1</sup> and I wish this foolish enterprize may not only fail but hurt us in the peace, which is our great object. My health has been interrupted but is now pretty good. The Governour<sup>2</sup> who has been ill, is getting well, and hopes to be married about the end of this month.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Ambrosden, July 18th, 1761.*

DEAR SIR,—If it suit your Convenience and Mrs. Miller's Lady Turner, self and Miss Turner intend ourselves the pleasure of waiting upon you at Dinner on Saturday, and of staying a few days at Radway. Be so kind as, by the return of our servant to inform us how far this Proposal may coincide with your other Engagements. . . .

We are informed that Mrs. Miller is making you another boy. I crave leave to congratulate Mrs. Miller upon her flourishing Situation while all other Manufacturers are at a loss for want of hands.

<sup>1</sup> Pitt was in negotiation with the Duc de Choiseul with a view to coming to an arrangement with France, and, to strengthen his hands, sent an expedition under Keppel and General Hodgson to Belleisle, which was taken on June 7th.

<sup>2</sup> Billy, now Governor of South Carolina. He married Mary, daughter of James Macartney, of Longford, Ireland.

*From Lord Lyttelton.*

*Curzon Street, September 26th, 1761.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—My son and I propose to do ourselves the pleasure of dining with you at Radway on Tuesday next the 29th of this month. We hope it will not be inconvenient to you and Mrs. Miller to stay dinner for us till four o'clock. I have some business to settle with you relative to Bromfield's account. The poor man is struck with a dead palsy.

At last the longed-for son and heir arrived at Radway.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*London, November 30th, 1761.*

DEAR SIR,—I am very much at your and Mrs. Miller's Service upon the occasion you have mentioned, & desire that five Guineas may be distributed on my Account, in such a manner as you & she shall judge proper. As to my Epithet as a Godfather—whether I am to be conclusive, exclusive, or inclusive it is in the breast of your very fair spouse to determine, she having the casting Vote. I have declared my Opinion, I can guess at yours—it is different from mine. She must sum up the Evidence and determine. We insist upon Mrs. Miller's Company at Christmas. As to the Muse's wing which she invites as a Voiture instead of the Broomstick which the Witches mount upon Expeditions, it is worn to the Stumps, and hath scarce a feather upon it, & is in short fit for nothing else but to brush away the Cobweb that adheres to the stained (and with washing-tub unacquainted) remnant of a Garreteer's half Nightcap! Now, Mrs. Miller, go and boast of your most humble Muse. Now you Miller, ask for Amusement, complain of long evenings and darkness! Observe what hath passed, read what hath been printed, & judge for yourself. Within and without doors? how do they think? what do they say? I will at present be no sponsor for anyone but Mrs. Miller's son & so good night.

*From Charles Lyttelton.*

*Deanery in Exeter, 1761.*

Having in a former letter promised to give you some account of this City where I have resided with great comfort and satisfaction for a number of years, I will now fulfil my promise in as concise a manner as possible. 'Tis situated on rising ground so that from which ever way you approach it except on the east you have a steep ascent, which is an inconvenience both in going out as well as coming into the City, but this is amply made up for by the advantage of a free current of air the consequence of its high situation, which renders the City healthy, which from its close buildings and numerous Inhabitants confined in a narrow space would probably suffer greatly by infectious distempers, not to mention that every hard shower of rain performs the office of a scavenger incomparably well by the streets being very sloping, and 'tis lucky it does so, else such is the want of cleanliness among these people, that we should all be near poisoned by the filth and nastiness that every street abounds with. The Magistrates are very blameable in this respect for I have been assured that £10 per annum only is allowed for Scavengers throughout the whole City. I believe the number of Inhabitants both in City and Suburbs do not exceed 15000. The High, or as is vulgarly called, the Fore Street is very long and spacious, but all the Houses are old and bad within as indeed they generally are over the whole City. The most remarkable Buildings, are the Cathedral, of which more hereafter, the Doorway at the top of the steps leading to the two Courts for the Assizes, within the Castle, which is round arched and decorated in the Saxon Style, and a large Building in Water Bear St. now used as a Warehouse, but which Tradition says was formerly the Guild Hall or Town House. This Warehouse was certainly erected in the Saxon age or soon after the Norman Conquest, as appears by the fashion of the windows and doorway, and is the more remarkable as this style of Architecture now seldom appears but in Churches and Castles only. Provision of all kinds is exceedingly good (except

cheese and bacon) in this City and in greater plenty than is hardly to be met with in any other Town of the bigness in the Kingdom, but tho' so very plentiful is far from cheap.

The Corporation or Chamber of Exon have a very good estate and keep up a very laudable Hospitality, the Mayor having a dinner of ten dishes at least almost every Monday throughout the year, to which all the principal Gentry, Clergy, Merchants and strangers that come to Exeter are invited in their turns, besides great and sumptuous feasts on the election of the new Mayor and Sheriffs, which is indeed usual in other large Towns.

The Houses of the Bishop, Dean and Canons are old and inconvenient Mansions, the Deanery is the best, thanks to my generous predecessor, Dr. Alare Clarke who spent near £1,000 in altering and improving it which was more than this Preferment yielded him during the two years he enjoyed it. You would feel a particular Pleasure, as a good Englishman and friend to Liberty, in dining in my Great Parlour, where the Prince of Orange at the Revolution met the Western Gentlemen with Sir Edward Seymour at their head, who there signed the Association which was afterwards entered into by both Houses of Parliament. The Prince stayed at the Deanery a fortnight before he proceeded eastward. The unfortunate Catherine of Spain, the 1st wife of Henry VIII. honoured this House by lodging some months here on her way from Plymouth to London on her first arrival in England; and it appears by a Petition of Dean Peterson (who outlived the Civil Wars) to the Commissioners appointed by Parliament to restore Church Houses for the superior Dignitaries, that King Charles II. when Prince of Wales had resided here six months at the Beginning of the Troubles. This Petition is recorded in one of the Registers of our Church for the year 1661. The Cathedral (or St. Peter's as generally called) is a very fine structure, but from the lowness of the Towers in proportion to the rest of the Fabrick, makes but an indifferent appearance from the outside. All our writers, from Godwin down to "The Tour thro' Great Britain" hardly speak a word of truth with regard to the original of the present Fabrick; they

tell us that Leofrick who removed the See from Crediton to Exon, anno 1050, erected what is now the Library or St. Mary's Chapel for his Cathedral, and that succeeding Bishops built the Choir and Nave. Now, 'tis very certain that St. Mary's Chapel was built in the time of Edward I., the Choir begun by Bishop Marshal temp. Henry I. or II. and principally erected by Bishop Stapledon temp. Edward II., and the Nave or Body by succeeding Bishops down to Bishop Grandison who completed the fine West End. The two Square Towers appear to be evidently much older than any other part of the present Fabrick, and consequently the Church was built to the Towers and not the Towers to the Church. These Towers are entirely in the Saxon Style or early Norman, whereas all the rest of the Church is pure Gothick. A silly notion prevails here and is adopted by the silly Historian of Exeter City, Isaack, that the north Tower was built by Peter Courtney, Bishop here temp. Edward IV. and Richard III. and that the great Bell (the biggest in England except two) called Peter Bell, which hangs in this Tower was the gift of the said Bishop. All which is false Tradition, for the upper Battlement only was erected by Bishop Courtney, if he erected any part (which by the way there is no proof of) and the Bell was brought from Llandaff in S. Wales in exchange for four or five lesser Bells which formerly hung in this Tower. The Episcopal Seat or Throne is a noble piece of Gothick woodwork, reaching from the pavement of the Choir to the roof or ceiling, and was built by Bishop Boothe, temp. Henry VI., as was the Chapter House (if I mistake not) which has little beauty to boast of but the fine Cieling. It is an oblong square room, different from other antient Chapter Houses which were octagon or circular, with an elegant central column. The Cathedral Library contains over 6000 volumes of usefull and valuable books, with some good MSS., most of which latter I have had repaired in the binding, and entered in the first leaf of each the subject of every tract contained in each volume. I also procured a new and accurate Catalogue to be made of all the printed books and released the antient Folios from their chains, which often prejudiced them and at all times rendered them

very inconvenient for use. The antient Evidences and Muniments of the Church I found covered with dirt and dust, these to the amount of some Bushells, I cleaned, sorted and endorsed, and having tied them up in little bundles, they are now deposited in the old Exchequer, being a very convenient muniment room situated over the Canon's Vestry on the N. side of the Cathedral; here I have also placed some of the most valuable MSS. new bound and repaired particularly the Exeter Domesday Book, which contains the original Survey of most of the Lands in the four Western Countys, from the Rotals [?] which were made up in the respective Countys before the Exchequer Domesday Book was compiled.

The windows throughout the Church, with the exception of the great West Window, I have got well repaired and adorned, more or less, with painted glass since I have been Dean of Exeter. The organ, which has the largest pipes and is of the best construction of any in England, I have the satisfaction of seeing now under the hands of Mr. Craik of London, who is fitting it up with new bellows and gilding and painting the outside which exceedingly wanted ornament. This will cost us close on £300 and there being so many other necessary repairs to do on the roof etc, I almost despaired of ever seeing the Organ attended to as it deserved. There is but one thing more wanting within the Church which I am anxious to see improved before I am removed from it, and that is the Pavement of the Choir. I fully intend offering the Chapter £50 towards this work, and flatter myself that the Bishop and other rich Dignitaries will contribute towards it.—Your affec. Friend

C. LYTTTELTON.

*From the Earl of Guilford.*

*London, March ye 18th, 1762.*

DEAR SIR,—I have at Warden a good many young oaks in the nursery, from which I formerly gave you some sets. I imagine they may be now 7 or 8 ft. high. If you think them worth sending for, & will give Watson notice of the quantity you would have taken

up, & the time you will send, that he may give your orders, a thousand, or fifteen hundred, if your Waggon will hold them, will be entirely at your service. . . .

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*London, March 30th, 1762.*

DEAR SIR,—Are you then quite fallen asleep? Is there a total stagnation in the Millerian veins after so rapid a current? I have forgotten whether you are convinced that Michel Servetus,<sup>1</sup> long before our Harvey, discovered the Circulation of the Blood. This, I believe, is to be proved.

Easter Monday? yes, a good day for arriving at Ambrosden, if the Lord of Radway will add to the inducement of such a Journey. Methinks with additional Vicar we might spend that Evening and Tuesday and Wednesday very well. You may tell Mrs. Miller (if you please) but you would do better in being silent, and yet—in short, tell her that little Jeffery Hudson<sup>2</sup> was most certainly served up in a Pye at the Table of Charles the First, that he fought a Battle with a Turkey Cock in the Year 1638, was rescued from that Animal by a Midwife, & afterwards killed Mr. Crofts (who had provoked him) in a Duel on horseback. The Antagonist came armed with a Squirt, but our Hero shot him with a Pistol. At his full growth this animated Manicle was 3 ft. 9 in. He ended his Life in the Gatehouse in his grand climacteric, having been confined there in 1682 upon suspicion of being concerned in the Popish Plot. My best Compliments attend Mrs. Miller & the Young Ladies.—I am dear Sir, Your most faithful  
Servant,

E. T.

*From the Earl of Guilford.*

*London, April ye 26th, 1762.*

DEAR SIR,—It gives me great pleasure to hear you think the Oaks worth your acceptance, & I can venture to assure you the holes you shall prepare, shall be filled

<sup>1</sup> Michael Servetus, 1509-1553; burnt by the investigation of Calvin.

<sup>2</sup> The dwarf introduced in "Peveril of the Peak." The "Dictionary of National Biography" says that he was released before his death.

with as good trees as my nursery can produce. I sincerely wish they may prosper and prove in time an advantageous ornament to your estate. . . .

*From Lord Lyttelton.*

*Curzon Street, March 5th, 1763.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—I am much obliged to you for your punctual payment of the money to Mr. Wilson, as far as your debt to me went. . . .

My health, God be thank't is perfectly recovered. Mrs. FitzMaurice<sup>1</sup> seems very happy in her marriage. I am glad you have heard such a good report of my son. Indeed I believe he is a very deserving young man. My Daughter is also much improved, and as good a Girl as ever lived.

*From Sir E. Turner.*

*Ambrosden, June 28th, 1766.*

What can I do better, Dear Sir, than enquire after the Family at Radway? aye—but two of them lately passed by Ambrosden without a call! The Sins of the Children, however, are not to be visited upon the Parents. Let me tell you that the Plantations and Lawns of Ambrosden never made so good a figure as at the Present. What do you think of tripping over after service tomorrow? What do you think of hearing the Oratorio of Joshua at Oxford, with me on Wednesday? What doth Mrs. Miller think of Menteith, or of, Sir—Your most faithfull humble Servant,

E. T.

All here are salutary and salute.

*From Lord Barrington.*

*Cavendish Square, June, 1763.*

DEAR SIR,—My friend Lord Hillsborough has determined to make a considerable building in Ireland, but he wants some English advice concerning it. I have told him that you can give him the very best, and

<sup>1</sup> His sister Hester. Since her father's death, she had made her home with Sir Richard.

he is earnestly desirous to receive it. He comes to Beckett with me next Thursday, and he stays Friday, Saturday, and Sunday there. Will it be disagreeable or inconvenient to you to take a ride from your House to mine while Lord Hillsborough is in it? I am very impatient to see you and I want you about my Stable.

*From Sir E. Turner.*

*Bath, October 10th, 1763.*

DEAR SIR,—Upon the supposed condition that you will answer me by the Return of the Post, I snatch my Pen to write to you—nothing. The Rev. Mr. Harte, the Rev. Mr. Pitcairn, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Leigh and Lady—I say nothing of them. You will say this is nothing to the purpose. But you are in the wrong, it is much to the Purpose, for my Purpose was to say Nothing. If it were not for this invariable Resolution, I should enjoy real satisfaction on assuring you that—I am, dear Sir, Your faithfull affectionate Servant

EDWD. TURNER.

P.S. Mrs. Miller will be pleased to—No, she is very little to the Purpose.

*From Sir E. Turner.*

*Ambrosden, June 12th, 1764.*

That Man is happy, dear Miller, whose children are the Trumpeters of his Renown. I congratulate you upon the good Account you send of Mrs. Miller. If she can spare you, won't you peep upon the child whose *ædification* proceeded from you? there is a *nodus* in the Saloon *dignus vindice*. Adieu.

*From Charles Lyttelton.<sup>1</sup>*

*London, November, 1765.*

. . . Between Ferrybridge and Tadcaster I went a little out of the direct road to see the spot at Brotherton

<sup>1</sup> Now Bishop of Carlisle.

where Thomas de Brotherton one of the younger sons of Edward I. was born. This is a large meadow where tradition says the King was encamped and the Queen brought to bed in a tent. So singular an event is this that one would expect to find it recorded in the Historys of the time, but all the contemporary writers being silent on that head much credit is not due to the Tradition, yet it is remarkable that there is not the least remains of a large Mansion House here such as we must suppose the King to have resided at if he had a Palace here, and it does not appear from History that the Queen was surprised in labour in passing this way or in attending her Royal Consort to or from Scotland or from London to York, but yet there is no doubt but that she lay in at Brotherton and from thence her son is so denominated.

From Scarborough to Rose I avoided the nearest Road, having formerly travelled that way, and proceeded by the sea side almost the whole way to Whitby, through a very wild country little inhabited. I remarked a vast number of Barrows or Tumuli, some large and all composed of pebbles and other stones, some of which were encircled with stones pitched on end, similar to those described and engraved in Borlases Antiquities of Cornwall. Undoubtedly these are British and not Roman. The Vulgar hereabouts call them all Robin Hood's Baths.

A distance of two or three miles before you reach Whitby the noble abbey Church strikes the eye of the Stranger with veneration. It is situated on a very considerable eminence above the Town and accompanied by no other building except Mr. Cholmley's House which in "The Tour through Great Britain" I think is compared to the Louvre in Paris, but I apprehend this is a very ill grounded conceit, Mr. Cholmly's being an ill designed Fabrick, and affords neither beauty nor grandeur. The Abbey Church affords both in a high degree. The style of the upper windows in the Choir with the accompanying ornaments are such as I do not remember to have met with elsewhere. You descend a steep hill in order to get to the Town which is very large and populous, but the streets narrower than any other Town in the Kingdom. Here is a fine Pier and abundance of Shipping and

several wet and dry Docks. . . . It puts me in mind of Whitehaven in Cumberland, being situated in a very barren country and from slender beginnings grown up to great wealth. Whitby indeed is antient but untill the alum mines were discovered just by the town had mean Buildings and few inhabitants. N.B. the publick Houses here as in most sea port Towns are very dirty and uncomfortable, but you pay less for your provision here, which is very good, than in perhaps any other part of the Kingdom.

From Whitby I proceeded the next day to Yarum [Yarm?] and dined at Gisburn (alias Gisburgh) on my way. A few miles short of Gisburn I passed by one of the largest Barrows or Tumuli (called Freebury), extant in the Kingdom, being little inferior to Silberry Hill on Marlbro' Downs, which the late Dr. Stukely supposed to be the largest in Europe. It stands in Kilton Parish, is composed principally of stones, and is in a fair way to be soon considerably lessened, as great quantity of the stones are daily taken from it to mend the road adjacent. It is covered with fine turf and no doubt contains the bones or ashes of some very antient British Prince or Chief. It has hithertoe been overlooked by all our Antiquaries.

The remains of the priory Church at Gisburn which consist wholly of the vast Arch with a small window over it, is the height of 34 yards, (as I was positively assured by one who has measured it), the mouldings and sides of the arch being decorated with several shields armorial, well carved, and other ornaments are highly worth a traveller's observation.

. . . The Towns I passed through on my way from this to Rose Castle, I have described in former letters, however, having omitted to mention some remarkable things I saw in Appleby Castle I will here supply that deficit, and first I must take notice of a very remarkable Picture of the famous Countess of Pembroke, who almost rebuilt this, and five other Castles in Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Yorkshire, in the midst of the Civil War and resided at them alternately, spending three or four months at a time in each, till her death which happened about the year 1675. This Picture is a very large size with two leaves to open and shut; when open the middle part exhibits the

Portrait of the Countess as big as Life about her middle age; with numberless arms on the margin being the quarterings of the House of Clifford, also some antient charters and Evidences inscribed in the void places of the Canvas, so that it is really a Pedigree as well as a Picture. On one of the leaves she is painted as a girl, some 12 or 14 years old, with Books and other things proper for the education of a young Lady of Quality. On the other leaf, if I mistake not she appears old and in the decline of Life. The Painter's name of this curious Picture I could not learn.

In another room of the Castle I was shew'd a compleat Suit of Armour which was worn by the last Earl of Cumberland, Father of the said Countess of Pembroke: it is exceeding beautifull, (viz.) of steel studded with gold and decorated throughout with stars etc.; I have seen a Print of this Noble Earl dressed in this very Armour in the hands of his Descendant, the present Dowager Countess Dower, Aunt to the Earl of Thanet who now owns Appleby castle, being the heir general of the said Countess of Pembroke, and in her right, also hereditary Sheriff of Westmoreland.

C. CARLISLE.

*From Mrs. Hood [Miss West].*

*Bulleigh, October, 1765.*

SIR,—As I may not have the pleasure of seeing you for some time, give me leave to ask you to inform me if you can recollect it, the pattern given by Mr. Price of Foxly for the remedy he found for his smokey chimneys. To the best of my remembrance it was a square piece of tin, fitted to the top of the chimney, two sides being raised to resist the wind which generally occasioned it to smoke. I mean to make a trial of this in Harley Street, but first should be glad to know if you think I am right in my Idea of it, and please to let me have your opinion under cover to the Bishop of Carlisle. . . .

We have passed a very agreeable Summer since you saw us, dividing our time between Hagley and Stowe, and passing one night at Wotton. For this last month we have been in Somersetshire at Mr. Hood's Father's,

and as it is within 12 miles of Burton Pynsent, we have frequently paid our regards there and no small joy it was to us, to see the GREATEST OF ALL MEN, Lady Chatham, and their sweet little Family most truly happy in their new Possession and dispensing Blessings around, which their hearts dispose them to do in a very extensive way. Goodness and Greatness go there together I assure you, and they will be as much beloved as admired. The kind reception every body meets with, and the attentions to make their House agreeable to their Neighbours by dining always for them at two o'clock, gives great satisfaction to all. He is going on very rapidly in making additions to his House, the new Parlour has been made use of ever since their arrival, and an excellent room it is. You would be delighted with his Farm, which you look down upon from the House. There is every accommodation for Cattle, Sheep, Poultry, etc., all arranged in the greatest order and supported by Tuscan Pillars. Many Enclosures surround it which appear very beautiful from the House which stands on an Eminence and commands besides the Moor covered with Creatures, and beyond a very extended Prospect of Towns and a cultivated country, and between these and Hills which bound the whole, the Sea, as the Bristol Channel may at times be seen. On the side too you have two little Hills very near, the one is clothed with a hanging wood, the other he is adorning with Plantations, and will erect in the Center of it a Pillar of 120 feet to the Honour of the Donor. In short, there is a great scope for his masterly Hand, and it will by next year appear in the Beauties. . . .

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*Ambrosden, December 17th, 1765.*

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Doth your wrist tremble, is your Ink froze, or hath your Vivacity abandoned you? If you will not write, give some signal, however, of your speedy arrival. I imagine the Parliament will be reassembled early in January. The Compliments of us all (to the amount of fourteen) attend you all.

*From Sir Edward Turner.*

*London, January 18th, 1766.*

DEAR SIR,— . . . Mr. Pit's opinion, even Mr. Pit's opinion, that Great Britain hath no right to tax the Colonies, cannot convince me or many others of inferior, common, and unrefined understandings. If that Right be given up (but I think it impossible) good by America!

The above is the last letter we have of Sir Edward Turner's; he died in the following October. By a codicil to his will he left "to my friend Sanderson Miller, Esq., £500."

## CHAPTER XXV

LETTERS : JUNE, 1766, TO OCTOBER, 1779

MUCH of Miller's youth must have gone out of the world with Sir Edward Turner, and as we read the few letters which he preserved during the latter years of his life, it is with a sense of gathering shades. He was not really old, but the greater part of his architectural work was finished, his principal friends were no longer in the midstream of politics, and though his life was still a full and happy one, its hey-day was over.

If, however, old age settled early upon Sanderson Miller, there was no lack of that which should accompany it—

“As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.”

His domestic happiness was increased, as he had almost ceased to hope that it might be, by the sight of two sons growing up in the old home; and he had the pleasure of renewed intercourse with Deane Swift, and of witnessing the continual satisfaction which Hagley Hall gave to Lord Lyttelton. And although that old friend was never to find much happiness in his own “fireside,” it must have been very pleasing to Miller to see him no longer an outcast from the “Cousinhood,” but restored to something of his old intimacy not only with Chatham, but with Lord Temple.

*From Lord Barrington.*

*Cavendish Square, June, 1766.*

DEAR SIR,—I shall be at Beckett all next week and I most cordially wish it may be convenient and agree-

able for you to meet me there. Besides the pleasure I always have in seeing you, I am really in great want of your assistance. My Stables will be finished by the Autumn but they cannot be well finished without you, and I have a new plan to communicate with relation to my House. . . .

I dined last night with Sir R. Lyttelton and the Duchess at Chelsea, both pretty well but quite cripples.

The stables to which Lord Barrington alludes are still standing at Beckett. They are particularly fine, of red brick, and built in Classical, not the "Gothick" taste.

With regard to the house, no particulars can be ascertained. Tradition has it that the original Jacobean house (of which there are no known pictures) was burnt during the Civil Wars, and that the stables were then turned into a dwelling-house. It is possible that, should these stables have been such a magnificent quadrangle as that, for instance, at Lacock, this may have been the case, and that it is to these Lord Barrington refers as his "house." In the opinion of the Hon. W. R. Shute Barrington, it is more likely that some considerable portion of the old house—enough to be habitable—survived the flames. Had his house been poor and inconvenient, it would seem unlikely that William Wildman should have put up his magnificent stables before rebuilding or altering it; but this can only be a matter of conjecture, as, good, bad, or indifferent, the house he lived in was entirely demolished on the completion of the present mansion in 1834.

*From Lord Barrington.*

*Benson in the way to Beckett, September, 1766.*

. . . I am very thankful for your kind intentions of coming to Beckett, where you will be always received with the utmost cordiality and pleasure. My brother

Daines<sup>1</sup> I expect to find there to-morrow; but poor Stillingfleet instead of coming to me as he intended, is obliged by a complaint in his bowells to go to Bath.

My Works go on according to the admirable Plan settled by you, but not so fast as I could wish, however my new rooms and passages are fitting up and I expect to have full use of them next summer.

*From Lord Barrington.*

*Cavendish Square, December, 1766.*

. . . I most sincerely condole with you upon the loss of Sir Edward Turner; your surviving friends must use their utmost endeavours to make up that loss to you. . . . Many thanks, my dear friend, for your Packett which contains everything I want relative to the door. . . . I shall never see any man enter this door with more real pleasure than the ingenious worthy architect who has so kindly furnished me with a plan of it.

*From Sanderson Miller to Lord Dacre.*

*Radway, February 22nd, 1768.*

MY DEAR LORD,—Our good Friend the Bishop of Carlisle tells me your Lordship wants to know where I found the Curious Chimney Piece which Mrs. Nugent put up in the Library at Gosfield. I believe it was about the year 1736 that I went with Mrs. Nugent to Halsted, and whilst she paid some Visits there, as I took a walk not far from the Town, I saw an old House which I thought looked like the Remains of an old Seat and asked to see the inside of it; to my great Surprize in a Room where the Farmer laid his Corn I saw this Chimney Piece, and upon Enquiry found the House was Lord Tylney's.<sup>2</sup> I gave

<sup>1</sup> Daines Barrington, the friend and correspondent of Gilbert White, of Selborne.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Richard Child, of Wanstead, was created in 1718 Baron of Newtown, Donegal, and Viscount Castlemaine, and in 1731 Earl Tylney, of Castlemaine, in the peerage of Ireland. The name Tylney was assumed on account of the large estates which devolved on his

such a Description of it to Mrs. Nugent, that she wrote to Lord Tylney immediately and desired if his Lordship had no particular value for it that He would give her leave to take it, and put up a Marble one which would please the Farmer's wife much better. His Lordship very politely answered, it was entirely at her Service, and she sent for an Herald Painter who restored the Arms and Gilding, but added nothing which was not justified by the remains of the old Painting. It is alabaster, the Relievo very deep, and as I remember tollerably well done for the time. There are several Arms on the Shields of both Parties, *Vere* E. of Oxford among the Rest. He owned the Manor of Sible Heningham which is the next Town to Halsted, and for aught I know this old House might be in that Parish. As Vere was one of the D. of Richmond's Generals at the Battel of Bosworth, the Chimney probably was made by some of that Family. I can hardly think so fine a thing was originally intended for the Room in which I found it, if there never was a finer Room in that House, it is possible it might have been brought from Heningham Castle when so much of that was destroyed. It was intended as a compliment to H. 7. because there are the figures of Him and his Queen at full length on each side of the Chimney. It is well worth while to have a Plate of it engraved. I have an account of all the Arms somewhere, but have not time to look for it now. I remember *Vere*, *Blount*, *Howards*, *Stanleys*, *Brakenbridge* particularly.

And now I have done with the Chimney, give me leave, my Dear Lord, to assure you, if I was to write to you as often as I think of you and that best of Women Lady Dacre, you would hear from me every Post, but as I know your Lordship does not love writing and as our Friend the Bishop tells you everything I have to say, I have not troubled you with any letters, which from a Place like this could afford you no amusement. Your Lordship was very kind to send me the Papers last Spring, and I rejoiced to see your

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wife as heiress of Anne, Lady Craven, daughter of Frederick Tylney, of Rotherwick. His daughter Catherine married the Earl of Mornington, brother of the Duke of Wellington.

well known hand, as well as to read the friendly sentiments in the Cover. The Remembrance of the many agreeable days I have passed with your Lordship and Lady Dacre at this gloomy time of the year makes me often wish myself not so much confined to the Country. But it is much best for my large Family that I should stay at home as much as possible. However We don't despair of sometime seeing the sweet Retirement and the Friendly Inhabitants of Belle House again.

The Moat at Broughton<sup>1</sup> is now quite cleared of the Mud, which has been collecting there many Centuries; it was a great work indeed, and nothing was found but some old Armour, a very Ancient Sword and a great many Bullets—but there is Mud enough to enrich many Acres of Land—. It is a great pleasure to me to see the Colonel for whom I have a sincere Friendship, and my Dear Friend's Daughter so happy. All her Friends are quite pleased and I am sure He will be a great Favourite with Lady Turner. I hope to hear that Lady Dacre's Complaint is quite removed which will be the greatest Satisfaction to—Your Lordship's most Affectionate Friend and obliged Servant—

SANDERSON MILLER.

Mrs. Miller desires me to present her best Compliments with mine to your Lordship and Lady Dacre.

This is the last glimpse we have of Lord Dacre. Throughout his correspondence he constantly avows his distaste for letter-writing: "I had for y<sup>e</sup> most part," he declares, "rather ride Fifty miles to serve a Friend than write him a letter; all people have their

<sup>1</sup> Broughton Castle, near Banbury, was the property of Thomas Twisleton (Colonel of the 9th Regiment) as heir-general of James, ninth Baron and second Viscount Saye and Sele, who married in 1767 Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Turner. The viscounty of Saye and Sele expired with his kinsman and predecessor in title, Richard Fiennes, but in 1781 Thomas Twisleton claimed and was allowed the Barony, which had been in abeyance since 1674. He thereupon became tenth Baron Saye and Sele.

failings and this is one of mine." And again: "I am no newswriter, being of all mortals y<sup>e</sup> most averse to setting pen to paper;" while among his many excuses for not writing sooner, he owns that it is too often from "indolence and procrastination." With advancing years and increasing ill-health, this aversion to setting pen to paper seems to have increased, the last letter from him preserved in this correspondence being that dated February, 1761, on p. 415. Yet, though a martyr to confirmed ill-health and dreadfully crippled by the rheumatic pains from which he had always suffered, Lord Dacre survived his old friend nearly six years, his death taking place at his house in Bruton Street on January 6th, 1786. His wife, writing to George Tyler<sup>1</sup> December, 1780, says:

"My Lord's state of health is no worse than when you left us last . . . he is very lame but the vital parts are all good to appearance . . . his disorder in his limbs is often painful which lowers his spirits at times, but when he is in company and forgets his pains, nobody is more cheerful nor can enjoy the society of his friends in a higher degree than he can himself."

And again, in 1783, she writes:

"He is, thank God, no worse in health than when I wrote last to you; he suffers a good deal from the disorder in his limbs and of course his nerves are affected; but for one so many years afflicted with such a disorder he bears up amazingly well; and at times enjoys himself & has very cheerful spirits. He is blessed with a great love of books and all sorts of polite learning; so that he feels less this heavy disorder than many others would do. His eyes too hold out surprisingly which is most fortunate."

In October, 1784, she mentions that in the previous spring he had had a severe fit of illness which lasted a couple of months, and in the following spring she says

<sup>1</sup> Son of the Hon. Mrs. Anne Tyler, Lord Dacre's half-sister.

that he was then always confined to his chimney corner. Evidently this was the beginning of the end.

Referring to his death Horace Walpole writes :

“I have lost a very old friend, one of my oldest ; and a most worthy man Lord Dacre ; but after forty years of miserable sufferings his death was charming, and not two hours in duration from his seizure. We who are dead in equity though not in law, should hope for such conclusions and have former preludes discounted.”

How deeply his widow mourned the “heavy and ever to be lamented” loss of her “dear Lord” may be judged from the following extract from a letter written by her to George Tyler three months after his death :

“. . . My tears alas ! flow faster than my pen ; suffice it to say that I have lost him that was by far the most dear to me in the world, my friend, my constant and beloved companion from my early youth, whose valuable qualities endeared him to all that knew him intimately.”

*From Lord Barrington.*

*February, 1769.*

. . . Our friends, Sir Richard Lyttelton and the Duchess of Bridgewater are much as usual : we frequently talk of you, and they are not behind me in expressions of regard and good wishes towards you.

I hope next summer you will have time to come to Beckett. I have a good deal to show you and hope you will not have a great deal to correct, but I shall certainly submit to your friendly judgement.

*From Lord Barrington.*

*Cavendish Square, May 10th, 1770.*

DEAR SIR,—There are six deputy Commissaries of Musters who muster the troops twice a year, for which purpose each goes a circuit like that of the Judges. The office is not below a Gentleman's acceptance, the business not much, and the Journeys both pleasant

and wholesome, for there is an allowance of £50 a year over and above the salary which is ten shillings a day. One of these Commissaries is just dead, and his employment is at your service, my dear Friend, if it will be agreeable to you. I wish it were much better for your sake. Make no difficulty about telling me your real inclinations relative to this matter, and believe me as ever—Most affectionately your's

BARRINGTON.

My new rooms are finished and furnished. I hope you will see them early this summer and I think they will please you.

*From Lord Barrington.*

*Cavendish Square, May 1st, 1770.*

DEAR SIR,—As I find you have no objection to the Employment but a modest doubt of your capacity to execute it, I who have not the least doubt of that kind, have signed the notification of your Commission and I wish you joy of it. No man who ever held the office had half so good an understanding as you, or was so well qualified to discharge the very easy duties of it. However you will do right at your leisure to come to London and take a short lesson at the Commissary General's office, to which I will procure you an advantageous introduction. I am going to Beckett for a few days but my stay is so uncertain that I will not venture to ask you to come thither. . . .

Sir Richard Lyttelton died on October 1st, 1770. His brother, Lord Lyttelton, wrote a week later to George Grenville :

. . . "as to my own health I was feverish during my journey and passed two nights without sleep, but am now got pretty well. I find the Duchess in good health, and supporting her misfortune with that patience and calmness which is natural to her temper and goes beyond all the lessons of philosophers and divines. Sir Richard has left her the house at Chelsea in her own disposal, besides the £10,000 that were settled upon her, and the house in town for her life."

Notwithstanding her seniority, the Duchess survived her husband for seven years.

The first gap in the fireside at Radway was made by the marriage of Miller's daughter, Mary, to Mr. Chambers.

*From Lord Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, November, 1770.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—As you share with me in my sorrow for the loss of my brother Sir Richard and our Friend Mr. Grenville, so I do with you in your joy for the marriage of your Daughter, on which I must heartily congratulate you, Mrs Miller, the Bride and all your happy Fireside. I wish I could have added as I hoped to have done that Lord Anglesey's Cause had been determined by the House of Lords in his favour. But it has been again adjourned till after the Holy days, on a Petition from Lord Mulgrove setting forth that he has material Witnesses to produce, whom he could not gett before. Yet, after nine years inquiry into the facts relating to this cause, I have no notion that any important particulars can now be brought to light. These delays are very grievous to Lord and Lady Anglesey<sup>1</sup> and to me; but they must end at last, and I trust they will end well.

*From Lord Lyttelton.*

*Hill Street, December, 1770.*

MY DEAR MILLER,—Count Czernichen, whom I entertained at Hagley last Summer was twelvemonth, when he was the Russian Ambassador at our Court, is going to build a Country House, and has writt me to beg a Plan of mine, which, he says, is the best he has anywhere seen in all his extensive Travels. As this does you great Honour. I hope you will not grudge the Trouble of sending it to him. He should have the Elevation of the four Fronts, with Plans of the three Stories distinctly marking the Dimensions of the several rooms. Those you gave to me are lost having

<sup>1</sup> His daughter Lucy (see p. 147).

been sent to the King and never returned. Pitt [his nephew Ed.] desires me to submit to your consideration, whether it will not be better to raise the floors of every story, so as to give a better view of the Country through the windows from the opposite side of the rooms. He says the Drawings should be large so that the workmen may see them easily and that you should send them inclosed in a tin box.

I heartily wish you and yours all the joys of the season, and better weather to enjoy them in than we have had lately.

The last Storm blew down 9 trees at Hagley, but I hear they were all Ashes which is some comfort.

A heavy loss came upon Miller in 1773; for in August of that year Lord Lyttelton was seized with an illness which proved fatal. His physician has left an account of his last days :

. . . " He suffered by restlessness rather than pain ; and though his nerves were apparently much fluttered, his mental faculties never seemed stronger, when he was thoroughly awake. . . . Though his lordship wished his approaching dissolution not to be lingering, he waited for it with resignation. He said, 'It is a folly, a keeping me in misery, now to attempt to prolong life'; yet he was easily persuaded for the satisfaction of others, to do or take anything thought proper for him. On Saturday he had been remarkably better and we were not without hopes of his recovery. On Sunday about eleven in the forenoon, his lordship sent for me, and said he felt a great hurry, and wished to have a little conversation with me in order to divert it. . . . 'Doctor,' said he, 'you shall be my confessor : When I first set out in the world I had friends who endeavoured to shake my faith in the Christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me ; but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and persuaded believer in the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and sinned, but have

repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics and public life I have made the public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsels which I did not at the time think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong, but I did not err designedly. I have endeavoured, in private life, to do all the good in my power, and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust designs upon any person whatsoever.' At another time he said, 'I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before this illness; I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about anything.' On the evening, when the symptoms of death came on him, he said, 'I shall die; but it will not be your fault.' When lord and lady Valentia came to see his lordship, he gave them this solemn benediction, and said, 'Be good, be virtuous, my lord. You must come to this.' Thus he continued, giving his dying benediction to all around him. On Monday morning a lucid interval gave some small hopes, but these vanished in the evening; and he continued dying, but with very little uneasiness, till Tuesday morning, August 22nd, when between seven and eight o'clock he expired almost without a groan."

Thus characteristically ended a life the story of which leaves a strangely pathetic impression. Earnest, affectionate, and conscientious as he was, Lord Lyttelton seems in his lifetime to have met with very little real appreciation. Genius which he did not possess was often attributed to him, while his real sterling qualities were underrated. He had many gifts, but the spark which would have made them effective was lacking. The mistakes he made were many, and sometimes disastrous, but his judgments, however erroneous, were always sincere, and his motives true. One who knew him well in his later years attributes the "want of discrimination" which sometimes cost him dear to "native indolence, and a certain incurable absence of mind," and declares that "whenever he was imposed on it was through want of attention, not of parts." He was not lacking in shrewdness and know-

ledge of mankind, but he seldom roused himself to apply them until too late, preferring to accept other people at their own valuation, and taking it for granted that their standards of conduct would be the same as his own. This, of course, led to his being cheated right and left, to the formation of undesirable intimacies such as that with Archibald Bower, and to much apparent indecision and inconsistency; but if he sometimes chose his friends ill he stuck to them loyally. The more we must regret his habitual want of judgment, the more pleasant it is to feel that one man at least was worthy of his affection and trust, and to read as we do in these pages of his long, unbroken, and wholly satisfactory friendship with Sanderson Miller.

*From Mrs. Hood.*

*October, 1774.*

DEAR SIR,—I had the pleasure of your very obliging letter which gave me a very peculiar satisfaction in the kind detail you made of your whole Family. . . . Accept my congratulations tho' late on the happy marriage of one of your daughters, may the others in time be as well established. I look back, as you do, dear Sir, on the happy times we have spent at old Hagley with pleasing melancholy reflections. The fatal marriages of the late Lord and the present have been so big with evil that I have lost all desire of revisiting a spot that once I had the greatest love and partiality for, tho' indeed Mr. Hood and I have been kindly pressed by Lord Lyttelton and Lady Valentia to be with them whenever they are at their sweet place. In truth I am too far advanced in Life to think I can be an acceptable guest and therefore I would chuse to receive my friends and not be troublesome to them. Nothing would give me more pleasure were it in my power to do the former, in the way I wish, but, alas! it must be a long time before I can say "come and be welcome under our roof," our fortune not allowing of a House larger than for our own accommodation in Town, however there I will please myself with the

hopes of our dining together if your affairs should bring you and Mrs. Miller to the great Metropolis. Lord Chatham has been so good as to indulge us with his House at Lyme Regis, where we have been about four months and which we shall leave for Harley Street about the middle of next month. . . .

*From the Earl of Guilford.*

*Bath, April 21st, 1779.*

DEAR SIR,—You will hardly believe this to be the first opportunity I have had of congratulating you and Mrs. Miller, & your family, upon the marriage of Miss Hester.<sup>1</sup> But I am so bad a reader of newspapers, that it did not come to my knowledge, till Dr. Lamb just now told me of it here. I beg you therefore to accept my late compliment; & be assured I most sincerely rejoice in the prospect of Mr. & Mrs. Trotman's happiness, as I shall always do in everything that contributes to that of your family.

As lately as October, 1908, a record was discovered at Radway of a pleasant little ceremony which took place there during the last year of Sanderson Miller's life. An urn which stands in the park near the Grange was being repaired, and in it was discovered a sealed bottle. This was found to contain the following note, which was replaced in the urn after a copy had been taken:

"In the year 1754 the Right Honourable William Pitt Esq. planted three trees, two Scotch Firrs, and one Mountain Ash, being then on a visit to Radway with Sanderson Miller Esqre.

"In the month of July 1778 Thomas Pitt Esqre. of Boconnok in Cornwall being at Radway thought it would be proper to place this Urn under these trees and sent it from Bath and it was set up April 21, 1779 by Sanderson Miller Esqre.

"Sanderson Miller, Mrs. Miller, Miss Miller, Miss Anna Miller, Fiennes S. Miller, Charles Sanderson Miller, Miss Maria Ruding, Mr. Edward Welchman,

<sup>1</sup> Hester Miller married her cousin, — Trotman.

Mrs. Trotman, Master Hirons Mason, and George Ransford were present when this Urn was put up.

"April ye 21, 1779. George Regnante, C. Miller 17 years old."

*Three Letters from Sanderson Miller to his Wife,  
from Beckett, 1778-1779.*

*Beckett, October, 1778.*

DEAR SUE,—As I know that it will be a pleasure to you to hear that I got well here, it is a pleasure to me to write to tell you that after a very agreeable ride I came here just at three o'clock. The dining hour is now four so that I had sufficient time to make myself clean and comfortable. I found this Hospitable House pretty well filled with my old Friends and acquaintances. Your old acquaintance Mrs. Ellis seems to possess all her former good nature and chearfulness of Temper, added to an encrease of Person; she looks very well and gracefull and speaks of the agreeable days she passed at Radway in the most obliging manner.

I was much pleased with the kind and Friendly manner of our good Friends at Addlestrop.<sup>1</sup> They seemed quite pleased to see Fiennes. The good old Doctor behaved like a Father to him, and told me with great pleasure that Mr. Prosser gives him the best character, and does not doubt but we shall have great comfort in his behaviour. I hope he will have resolution enough to confine himself a few hours in a day to his Books, that they may not be disappointed in the Figure he will make and that he will be a Credit to their Society. . . .

I am, my dear Sue, with my Blessing and Love to all your Circle, ever yours most Tenderly

S. M.

*Beckett, October, 1779.*

MY DEAR SUE,—I write this to go by Oxford and I hope you will receive it by Monday Morning. I had a very good Journey, dined at Burford on a mutton chop with a good appetite, and set out from

<sup>1</sup> The Leighs.

thence at three and when I came to Faringdon there was an appearance of very black clouds, so that I got on as fast as I could and came here before Six, just as it began to rain pretty fast. I was received by my good old Friend with the greatest cordiality; the Bishop was gone and the Judge not come, so that I found nobody but the Admiral,<sup>1</sup> Mr., Mrs. and Miss Southwell, and Mr. Barrington my Lord's nephew who is of Christ Church. I did not find myself so much fatigued as I expected and slept well. I got a basin of excellent Queen's Soup as soon as I came in which was great refreshment.

Yesterday I walked with the Admiral to Longcot to see fourscore men exercised. My Lord, Mr. Cotton and several more Clergymen and Gentlemen exercise as common soldiers and perform tollerably well. I found the walk rather too much for me, but am pretty well this morning and slept well.

The Admiral was wounded in the arm and the thigh, but is quite well and I never saw him look better.

I hope Fiennes got home well, I was obliged to him for his Company. I hope he will look after the masons a little and translate Pliny.

The Post waits and I can say no more than that I am, with my Blessing and Love to all, my dear little woman, Most affectionately and tenderly Yours,

S. M.

*Beckett, October, 1779.*

MY DEAR SUE,—I am much obliged to you for your Letter and I hope you received mine. I fully intended to have been with you on Saturday, for I am never truly happy when I am absent from you, but things have so happened that I cannot with any propriety set out before the beginning of the week. Lord B. was obliged to go on Sunday to attend the Sessions at Reading, and told me he hoped that I should prolong my visit so that he might not have the loss of my Company. He returned yesterday to dinner and brought Mr. Cadogan who insists upon my staying some days with him. He is grown fatter and looks

<sup>1</sup> Admiral Barrington, the distinguished naval officer.

handsomer than ever I saw him, sends many compliments to you, enquires in the tenderest manner after Fiennes, Charles, Hetty, etc., and says he hopes to spend some happy days at Radway. He is indeed a very fine young Gentleman. . . .

I am a good deal better than I was last week, I believe the fatigue of the journey was rather too much for me. I have taken, by Lord B.'s and Mrs. Southwell's advice the white of an egg every morning. I ride out and believe the change of air and this fine dry weather does me good.

. . . I am glad Fiennes looks after the men, they have had such good weather that the work ought to go on well and fast, I hope he does not neglect his Pliny, etc.

I don't know whether I shall return by Turk Dean<sup>1</sup> or not, it is rather too soon to do much business there.

I am told that the post is going and can say no more than what I always say with great Truth and Sincerity, that I am ever yours most affectionately

S. M.

<sup>1</sup> Turk Dean on the Cotswold Hills, near Northleach. Miller had property there.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### CONCLUSION

THE letter written by Sanderson Miller to his wife from Beckett in October, 1779, is the last record that we have of his life in the correspondence. Although there is a hint in it of failing strength, it shows no diminution of enjoyment of his friends' society nor of interest in their pursuits. The end came only six months later on April 23rd, 1780; we know not how, but we may fairly hope that it was not preceded by any lengthy decay of mental or bodily power; indeed, it was probably sudden and unexpected, for he did not die at Radway. The obituary in the *Gentleman's Magazine* contains this record:

"At Dr. Duffield's in Chelsea, Sanderson Miller Esq. of Radway, near Edgehill in Warwickshire. He was possessed of an Estate of £2,000 per annum and was very intimate with the lords Temple, Lyttelton and Mr. Shenstone, for whom he planned Several buildings which they Erected, having had an exquisite taste in Architecture."

It is no uncommon thing to find at a man's death, and that in cases where it might be least expected, that no will is forthcoming; but to Miller the thought of death and of the future of those near and dear to him seems to have been constantly present. The drafts of no less than five wills made by him are still in existence, and we have reason to believe that he made at least one other. We hope and think that he stands out a real and not an absolutely shadowy

character from the letters of his contemporaries who valued and loved him. If he does so it speaks much for the vividness of his personality, for of actual personal records we only possess his letters to Dacre, one about inoculation for smallpox, dated 1744, and one of 1768, that to Mr. Prowse, dated January, 1754, about the Warwick Town Hall, and the three letters to the "Little Woman" at the close of the last chapter. The wills, therefore, are a valuable piece of testimony to his character, and we think it must be conceded that they bear out in a remarkable way the impression of Miller which we have only been able to gain from the indirect evidence of his friends. They (the wills) show that Sanderson fully returned the confidence and love which their letters evince for him, while they also reveal a sense of personal dignity—a tendency to take himself somewhat seriously—which, although it at no time approached pomposity, was evidently a feature of his character.

In the earliest will we see him anxious that some of his books should go to such of his nephews as are likely to prove a credit to their family, and the bequest of his gold watch to his tutor, with the instructions that he should compose his epitaph, shows that he not only strove to be worthy of his name and position, but that he wished the fact recorded. His instructions in his last will that his estate, with all his books, manuscripts, and papers should be entailed on his son, show the same feeling for the dignity and credit of his family—a feeling which in its worst phase may degenerate into snobbery, but is by no means an unworthy one when directed in the proper channels. The wills made after his marriage give us a further glimpse of the lifelong happiness and rare perfection of his union with the "Little Woman." We cannot help wishing we knew more of her whom all his friends united in appreciating. Their letters show

how necessary her presence was to his happiness, how she shared his pleasures and was everywhere with himself a welcome guest; and here in his wills we have the evidence of the

“ . . . perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command ”—

the “ dear wife ” of whose “ great prudence and ability as well as of her inclination to do everything in the manner he could wish,” he was “ by long experience so well satisfied.”

To come to the wills themselves. In the first, bearing the early date of October 25, 1741, five years before his marriage, after providing annuities for his mother and sister (Mrs. Newsham, the mother of the *Orange Peach* of the letters) he goes on :

“ I do also hereby give and bequeath unto my dear friend and Cousin John Miller Esq. of the Inner Temple London the Summ of five hundred pounds to be paid out of my personal Estate and if the personal Estate which shall be left at my death shall not be sufficient to pay the said Summ and other legacies hereinafter mentioned, then it is my will that the said Summ shall be raised out of such Estates as I have purchased or may purchase before the Time of my Death.”

He left the said John Miller his law books and a set of Elzevir Classics. His nephews were to have his “ Classics, History and other books,” according to the discretion of the said John Miller and of “ my dear friend Henry Quartley.” To the latter he forgave a debt of five and twenty pounds and bequeathed “ Five Pounds more for a ring,” concluding with the bequest of his gold watch to Mr. Harte, which has been already mentioned.

If—as is most probable—he made a will on his marriage, the draft is no longer in existence. The next that we have is dated October, 1758; in it he

leaves his wife sole trustee and executrix, desiring her to see that his daughters, "should they be deserving," should have as nearly as possible equal portions; his absolute confidence in her judgment is shown by his adding: "But if my wife shall see any reason from their future behaviour to make any difference in their Fortune I leave that to her discretion." He also left her "all goods Furniture, Stock on Farm, Books, Papers and other moveables to her sole use, being fully convinced that she will make a prudent use of them."

The next will is dated the following year—1759. By it he again leaves the Radway Estate to his wife, and after her to his daughters, but, not wishing it to be divided at his death, he leaves it on trust to "my worthy and honourable friend George, Lord Lyttelton, To my good friend Samuel Trotman, of Bucknell. To my valuable friend the Rev. Mr. Henry Quartley of Wicken in the County of Northampton & to my dear wife Susannah Miller and to their heirs." All his personal estate and his right of interest in the leasehold estate of Turkdean in Gloucestershire he gives to his "dear wife and her heirs, being fully convinced that she will dispose of the same in the most prudent manner for the encouragement of my daughters and such children as I shall leave." He then goes on to say:

"And whereas it may be thought that I do not remember many of my good friends because I give them no legacies in this my last will, I would have it observed that I remember them all, but am sensible that any little legacy I can leave them would be too trifling to deserve their acceptance, But it is my desire that my Books Prints and drawings should be given to the Right Honourable the Lord Lyttelton to be put in his Library at Hagley, for which his Lordship was so good as to promise to give £500 to Mrs. Miller, the same summ I now owe him, being the remainder of

a Summ of money he paid to the Honourable Henry Grenville Esq. on my account. . . . And I do hereby direct my Executrix to make Mr. Samuel Trotman and Mr. Quartley some present to the value of £10 so soon as they shall be pleased to act in the trust above mentioned. And I recommend it to my daughters to make them some further grateful acknowledgment for their trouble and the same to my Lord Lyttelton, if they, or any of them shall live to execute the said trust, which I trust in God and heartily wish they may. And I do hereby constitute and appoint my dear wife Susannah Miller sole Executrix of this my last Will and Testament, being well satisfied by long experience of her great prudence and ability as well as of her inclination to do everything in the manner I could wish for the Benefit of my Family, my Tenants, my servants and my neighbours."

In March, 1768, he adds the following codicil :

"As the State of my Family and Estate is much altered and as it has pleased God to bless me with two sons, I have long thought it necessary to cancell this will and do cancell it accordingly by the advice of and with the concurrence of my dear wife.

"(Signed) SANDERSON MILLER.

"(Witness) SUSANNAH MILLER."

Apart from his evident taste for testamentary compositions, it is unlikely that a man possessed of as much property as Sanderson Miller had by this time acquired should not have made another will at once. He probably did so, and destroyed it when he made what proved to be really his "last Will and Testament," in November, 1779, about four months before his death. In this the Radway estates are entailed on his eldest son Fiennes Sanderson Miller, adequate provision being made for the other children. He also gives him "all my books, papers and MSS., desiring him to preserve the same so that they may at all times go and remain with the owner for the time being of my capital Messuage wherein I now reside."

In pursuance of verbal directions given by Sander-son Miller to his wife, she gave £20 (which had been left him by his mother) for the purpose of apprenticing poor children at Banbury, and also £10 to the poor of Radway.

The following memorandum in his writing gives us a glimpse of Miller as landlord, and shows his interest in the care and management of his property :

"I would recommend it to my Wife and Trustees to advise with Mr. Salmon, the Surveyor, and Mr. Thomas Basely, one of the Commissioners of the Inclosures at Radway, concerning the Repairing, Letting, and dividing my Estate. I have sufficient reason to be convinced of their Integrity and Judgement, and I would advise my Executrix to let my old Tenants have such good bargains as may be a sufficient Encouragement to manage the Land in a husbandlike manner, being well convinced that the racking of Land Tenants too hard is as great a prejudice to the Landlord as it is to the Tenant, and that an industrious Tenant has as good a right to a reasonable Profit in his Farm as the Landlord has to the Farm itself. I am also sensible that much money may be raised by a Judicious method of breaking up some of the old Swerd and laying it down after a few years.—Lord Temple can give the best advice in this case. The surplus of rent may be applied to the payment of my debts, or if not wanted for this purpose, I would recommend it to my executrix to purchase any Lands or Tenements in Radway, as they must be worth more to my children than to any other person. Some money may also be raised by properly cutting those trees that stand too close together, & the Estate will not be the worse in Beauty or Value when my children are grown up."

He then goes on to say :

"I give my proportional Compasses, which were given me by Sir Roger Newdigate, and my best drawing instruments to Mr. Salmon as a small token of my regard, and my Books of husbandry to Mr. Baseley, provided Lord Lyttelton is willing to part

with them. And the beautiful picture of my two eldest Daughters to Lord Lyttelton."

The memorandum, having no date, is a little puzzling, for, as we have seen in his last will, Miller entailed his books and papers with his property, and left a large and valuable library, which comprised *inter alia* several books on agriculture. Possibly he wrote it at the time of the earlier will of 1759, in which his library was left to the first Lord Lyttelton. The latter's descendant—the present Lord Cobham—is unable to identify any picture in his possession at Hagley with that mentioned above, so it may be that these instructions were never carried out.

A marble slab in Radway Church records the many virtues and accomplishments of Sanderson Miller. The old church in which it was originally placed was pulled down in 1865, and the monuments were removed to the present building. What was the position of Miller's monument in the old church we have been unable to ascertain, but at present it is hung in the belfry tower, and is so "skyed" that it is impossible to decipher the inscription without scaling a ladder. We have, however, a copy of the original, which, together with its English translation, was enclosed in the following letter to Mrs. Miller:

*Baliol College, November 4th, 1782.*

MADAM,—I have at length sent you the Inscription which I had promised long ago. I am afraid you have thought me tedious in this Business & the only Argument I have to urge in Apology is that I judged it prudent to show it to some Friends who might possibly suggest to me some Trait in Mr. Miller's Character which might have been omitted by me. If this shall be approved of by you it should be cut on the Stone under the Inspection [of one] who understands the Language in which it is written, least the Stone Cutter should mistake my Letters. I observe

the Letters e & a are often blurred which if not attended to might be mistaken: In one Word viz Mathese~~os~~ the last letter but one is Greek; care should be taken to have them properly cut. The Translation which accompanies the Inscription is literal in order that *you* might the better judge of the Propriety of the Inscription.

I have had no opportunity of congratulating my late Pupil on his Nuptials.<sup>1</sup> I have long intended him a Visit which I will discharge ere long.—I am, Madam, with Com<sup>ts</sup> to the Family Your most obliged and humble Serv<sup>t</sup>

THS. PROSSER.

It strikes us as a little strange that the writer of the above letter should have been appealed to by Mrs. Miller to compose her husband's epitaph. It would have seemed more natural and fitting had one of his old friends undertaken the task. This Mr. Prosser seems to have been tutor to Miller's son Fiennes, and it may have been the young man's wish that he should pay this last tribute to his father's memory. The epitaph shows him to have been not unworthy of the trust confided to him. The lines may strike a modern ear as somewhat pompous and stilted in expression, but they do record with real, not merely elegiac, truth the salient traits of Sanderson's many-sided character:

M. I.

SANDERSONI MILLER Arm<sup>ti</sup> de Radway :

Propter Ingenium limatius et Morum Simpliciter

Illustribus bonisque Viris amatissimi.

Eas Dotes, quibus ingenitis Animus ejus scatebat

Quasque ab ineunte Aetate summo opere excoluerat,

In communem Amicorum Usum proferri

Usque in Votis habuit :

Quamquam Literis humanioribus praecipue deditus

Animi tamen erat Eruditionis adeo appetentis

Ut nullum Scientiarum Tramitem, quo ad Veritatem fertur

Inexploratum reliquerit :

---

<sup>1</sup> Fiennes Miller married Henrietta, second daughter of Joseph Meade, Captain R.N., June, 1782.

Matheseos quâ uteretur Peritiâ,  
 Quamplurima fatentur Architectonices Monumenta  
 Illo Auctore edita :  
 Sacris Theologiae Disciplinis  
 Et Christianismi Studio  
 Quam feliciter et sincere invigilaverit  
 Ii quos familiares habuit,  
 Et Vita ad SS Scripturae Normam solícite exacta  
 abunde testantur.

In Matrimonium duxit Susannam Filiam unicam  
 Edwardi Trotman Arm<sup>ri</sup> de Shellswell

In Comitât : Oxôn :

Ex quâ Filios 7 suscepit  
 Filias 4

Obiit IX Kalend Maij

Salutis 1780

Anno Aetatis suae 64

Below we give Mr. Prosser's own translation :

Sacred to the Memory

Of SANDERSON MILLER Esq<sup>re</sup> of Radway ;  
 Who by an elegant taste & unaffected Manners  
 acquired the sincerest Regard of great & good men.  
 To have those Talents, which Nature had bestowed upon him  
 & which he had brought to maturity by an early  
 Cultivation, employed in the Service of his Friends  
 was his constant Wish.

Although chiefly devoted to *polite Literature*  
 yet so great was his Thirst after Knowledge  
 that no Road which led to Truth through the *Sciences*  
 was left unexplored by him :

How skillfully he applied Mathematical Learning  
 may be understood from many Specimens of Architecture  
 which owe their Origin to him.

How sincerely and successfully his attention was  
 directed to Theological Pursuits, and the  
 Doctrines of Xtianity is abundantly evinced  
 upon the Authority of those who lived  
 in Intimacy with him, & by the tenor of  
 a Life carefully adapted to the Rule  
 of Sacred Writ.

He married Susannah only Daughter of  
Edward Trotman Esq<sup>r</sup> of Shelswell in  
the County of Oxford :  
by whom he had 7 Sons & 4 Daughters.

He died on the 23<sup>d</sup> of April  
in the year 1780,  
& the 64th of his Age.

Few who have cared to read these memorials of a day that is dead can fail to have been interested in Mrs. Miller—the "Little Woman"—so evidently *persona grata* with all her husband's friends. She is included in almost every invitation to him, while the way in which they one and all took a welcome at Radway for granted presents her in a very charming light as a hostess. We may picture her presiding over the haunches of venison that Lord Aylesford delighted to send to his dear Miller, and those Apple Pyes which her care for her husband's tastes doubtless provided. We feel sure that, when staying at Radway, Sir Edward Turner had no cause to end his letters with the cry, "But when will dinner be ready?" though we may hope for her sake that he did not often expect "prawns and minced veal" at 10.30 p.m., a dish to provide which might even now tax the ingenuity of a Warwickshire housewife. We have one piece of evidence—small and we fear not very conclusive—that she shared her husband's literary tastes. In her presentation copy of Ballard's "Learned Ladies," which is dedicated in a very flowery manner to Mr. and Mrs. Talbot of Kineton, the author has added in his own writing, "and to Mrs. Miller of Radway." And in "The Study of Sacred Literature," also a presentation copy, we find the following note by the writer :

"Mr. Phillips' compliments to Mrs. Miller, and desires her acceptance of a performance which he hopes she will find neither foreign to the purpose of a sensible woman or below her attention."

A token of her diligence in reading is shown by a pencil note in her husband's writing in a French translation of Eusebius' "History of the Church": "Mrs. M. read these six vols. 1750." To those who are acquainted with the work in question this will appear a distinct achievement.

It is sad that, with the exception of a few business letters, none of her correspondence has been preserved in our collection. How interesting it would be, for instance, to know how she replied to the many jesting messages from Sir Edward Turner to "the philosophical Womanette"—"the infinitesimal Instance of Perfection." But if, as he once begged her, she ever did take up her crowquill to record to him her minutesimal thoughts, that record has long since perished. She survived her husband nearly five-and-twenty years, and died in December, 1804, at the advanced age of eighty-six. Roughly jotted down on a half-sheet of paper we found her directions for her funeral; these were written in November, 1799, and show that she retained her faculties to extreme old age, for they evince the same good sense and good feeling which must always have distinguished her. We give them here as a fitting close to the correspondence in which she is so frequently and so affectionately mentioned.

DIRECTIONS FOR MY FUNERAL &c. NOV. 14. 1799.

I desire to be buried in the most private and plain manner, not to have a leaden coffin unless absolutely necessary. To be carried to my grave by six poor men, five shillings to be given to each of them and five shillings to the clerk. My coffin to be placed near to that of my late valuable husband. I hope there will be room at the bottom of his monument to put my name, age, and date of my death, but if there is not room I would have a very small bit of marble put to contain those few words, but on no account to

have anything more said of me, nor any character of me in the Public Papers.

I have by my will disposed of the little property I am possessed of. My wearing apparel I dispose of as follows—My best black silk cloak I beg Mrs. Fiennes Miller to accept of. The silk given me by my dear friend Mrs. Gardiner I give to my daughter, Mary Chambers, and also all the rest of my wearing apparel whatsoever—after she has with the approbation of Mrs. Fiennes Miller given what is proper to the maid servants and something as an additional gratuity to any one who may assist in waiting upon me in my last illness. The Books from the Society belong to my son Fiennes and any books amongst mine which belong to any that are now in his study ought to go to him, the few that remain I would have go to my son Charles as they are chiefly upon religious subjects.

“I desire my daughter Chambers may assist in looking over my papers; those in the long drawer in my bureau are of much consequence. The Spires family have had all their demands satisfied for some years back and I do not recollect any intricate business that can again be brought forward. My steel watch and chain should be returned to Miss Welch. Some trifles in my little cabinet I have directed to particular people. Everything else belongs to my son Fiennes as by my Will directed.

I wish to have something given among the Poor.

SUSANNAH MILLER. November 14th. 1799.

Her wishes were observed. At the foot of her husband's monument is the brief inscription:

M. S.

SUSANNÆ relictæ  
SANDERSONI MILLER  
arm<sup>a</sup>

Obiit 7th Id : Maii  
Anno Salutis 1807.  
Ætatis suæ 86.

## INDEX

- ADDINGTON, Dr., 409, 410  
 Akenside, Dr., 366  
 All Fours, the game of, 243-246  
 Ambrosden, 84; plans for the new house at, 127, 128, 130, 132, 142; work carried out, 275, 276  
 Anson, Lord, 324, 355  
 Appleby, 428  
 Architecture, eighteenth-century ideals of, 82; Gothic revival, 260-266  
 Argyle, Duke of, 365  
 Austrian Succession, War of the, 91, 112  
 Axminster, 369  
 Aylesford, second Earl of, 219  
 Aylesford, third Earl of. See Guernsey  
 Ayscough, Dr., 147, 224  
  
 Banbury, entertainment to voters at, 198, 204-210, 214-218  
 Banks, Miss Peggy, 120, 155, 172, 187, 194, 219, 256, 257, 314, 315, 343, 344, 363; marriage, 376. See Grenville, Mrs. Henry  
 Barrett, Barbara, 120; death of, 140, 141  
 Barrett, Thomas Lennard. See Dacre  
 Barrington, Admiral, 446  
 Barrington, Lord, 119, 316, 319, 387, 416, 445-447.—Letters from, 388, 425, 433, 434, 438, 439  
 Barrows, 427, 428  
 Beckett, stables at, 433  
 Beckford, Alderman, 252, 354, 374, 391  
 Bedford, Duke of, 102, 107, 230, 318, 332, 334  
 Belleisle taken, 418  
 Belson, 130, 132  
 Berenelow, General, 110  
 Berkeley, Norborne, 391  
  
 Bevern, Prince of, 375  
 Bills, Treasonable Correspondence, 100-102; Navy, 142; Mutiny, 162, 164; Naturalization on the Jews, 200, 227; Enclosure Radway, 254, 255; Militia, 331-335; to define province of Habeas Corpus Act, 386  
 Blackhall, High Sheriff of Oxfordshire, 233, 252  
 Blackstone's "Commentaries," 196, 203  
 Blakeney, General, in Minorca, 330, 332  
 Blickling, 396  
 Blomfield, 223  
 Bolingbroke's Letters, 187  
 Boscawen, Admiral, 162, 410  
 Bower, Archibald, 163, 325, 360, 361, 389, 413  
 Boyle, Lord, 50, 129  
 Bristol society, Deane Swift's description of, 20  
 Broad Bottom administration, 52, 107  
 Bromfield, 293, 294, 419  
 Brooke's "Gustavus Vasa," 11, 26  
 Brotherton, 426  
 Broughton Castle, 436  
 Browne, "Capability," advises Lord Dacre, 226, 313, 334, 401, 416  
 Budgets, Lyttelton's, 323; Legge's, 362  
 Bumstead, 53, 57, 164, 174, 209  
 Burleigh, proposed alterations at, 334  
 Burton Pynsent, Mrs. Hood's visit to the Chatham's at, 430  
 Byng, Admiral, his conduct before Minorca, 330-334, 336-339; his condemnation and death, 354-359, 361, 362

Cambridge, 370  
 Campbell, Alexander Hume, his motion concerning new regiments, 119; 242; 319  
 Carteret, Lord, 47; mistrust of, 90, 91; 101; resignation, 106, 107  
 Cathcart, Lord, 374  
 Chelmsford, 394  
 Chesterfield, Lord, 4, 54, 101, 107  
 Chetwynd, Lord, 271, 274  
 Cheyne, Dr., 95  
 Chiswick, Colonel Elliot's house at, 393  
 Cholmondeley, Lord, 107  
 Chute, John, of the Vyne, 193; his plans for Hagley, 285, 286  
 Cipriani, 291  
 Closter Seven, Convention of, 373, 374  
 Cobham, first Lord, 144  
 Cobham, second Lord. See Temple  
 Colchester, 394  
 Conway, Colonel, 171, 241  
 Copyholders, question of their right to vote, 203, 249, 251  
 Cotton, John, Miller's College friend, 9.—Letters from, 9-14; death, 14, 32; letters from his father, 14, 15  
 Coventry, sixth Earl of, 3, 84, 85; succeeds brother as Lord Deerhurst, 103; 108; gloomy views, 113; 122, 138, 162, 173, 184; daughter born, 219; 233, 240, 278.—Letters from, 93, 100, 103, 106, 110, 113, 114, 118, 119, 121, 162, 214, 278, 322  
 Croome Court, 162, 173, 214, 288, 322  
 Cumberland, Duke of, 229, 324, 368, 373  
 Dacre, Anne, Baroness, 86, 97  
 Dacre (Thomas Lennard Barrett), Lord, introductory note on, 85-88; conscientious scruples, 96-99; 110, 114, 129, 130, 134, 138; death of only child, 140; 143, 212, 219, 283; succeeds to barony, 324; supports Militia Bill, 333; 348, 351, 361, 378; alterations at Belhus, 111, 135, 190, 310-313, 401, 416; death, 437, 438.—Letters to, from Sanderson Miller, 95, 434; letters from, 97-99, 104, 107, 111, 115, 116, 117, 120, 133, 135, 166, 184, 190, 283, 285, 324, 333, 340, 364, 366, 374, 380, 385, 401, 405, 415

Dacre, Lady, 310, 380, 437, 438  
 Dashwood, Sir James, Old Interest candidate for Oxfordshire, 196, 199; seconds motion for Repeal of Plantation Act, 200, 208, 215, 218  
 Deerhurst, George William, Lord. See Coventry  
 Deerhurst, Thomas Henry, Lord, 99; death, 103-106; verses on, 104  
 Delaney, Mrs., 227  
 Denton, Mr., active in New Interest cause, 185, 192, 212, 215; magnanimous behaviour of, 217, 218  
 Derby, Lord, 108, 110, 120  
 Devonshire, Duke of, 345  
 Duplin, Lord, 242  
 Dutch, conduct of the, 128  
 Earthquakes, 163, 320  
 Eddowes, Fiennes.—Letter from, 236  
 Edge, Mr., 185, 209, 215  
 Edge Hill, 2; anecdote of the battle of, 382; Jago's poem on, 175; Miller's thatched house on, 54, 267  
 Edge Hill Tower, 2; Deane Swift "governor" of, 57; opening ceremony, 173-175; 268-270  
 Egerton, Rev. John, 280  
 Ely, 371  
 Enclosures, at Buckley Mount, 343; at Moreton Morrell, 364; at Piddington, 361; at Radway, 254-256, 324  
 Enville, "castle" at, 275, 306  
 Exeter, 420-423  
 Ferdinand, Prince, 408, 413  
 Farrington, Mr. W., 405  
 Fielding, Henry, visit to, Radway, 149  
 Fontenoy, Battle of, 112  
 Fortescue, Mrs., 149, 414.—Letter from, 169  
 Forty-five, Rebellion of the, 116, 118  
 Fox, Henry, marriage, 93, 242, 251; coalition with Newcastle, 318, 319; 353  
 Frederick of Prussia, 112, 335, 374, 375, 377, 414  
 Frederick, Prince of Wales, 107; death of, 180  
 Galissonnière, 330, 336-338  
 George II., 91, 107; dissolves Parliament, 131; Coventry's opinion

- of, 214; 327; compliments West, 340; refuses to pardon Byng, 357; 365
- George III., 416
- Gisburne or Gisburgh, 428
- Goddard, Richard, 301, 388.—Letter from, 301
- Gore, Lord, 374
- Gower, Lord, 107
- Granville, Lord. See Carteret
- Grenville, George, 110, 111, 112, 144, 202; supports New Interest, 242, 244, 251; 327, 332, 344, 345, 350, 355, 363, 374; loses son, 407; 418, 440.—Letters from, to Miller, 382, 390; letters from, to Pitt, 337
- Grenville, Henry, 144; Governor of Barbadoes, 155; engaged to Miss Banks, 155; marriage, 376; 389, 398; member for Bishop's Castle, 402; 452.—Letters from, 256, 258, 327, 328, 341, 343, 363, 368, 376, 384, 402, 407, 409, 410, 412
- Grenville, Mrs. Henry, 384, 403, 404, 407, 408, 411, 412.—Letters from, 398, 398. See Banks
- Grenville, Hester, 144; marriage, 242; 244, 255, 327
- Grenville, James, 144.—Letters from, 383, 412
- Grenville, Richard, Viscount Cobham. See Temple
- Grenville, Thomas, death of, 130, 144
- Guadeloupe, conquest of, 405
- Guernsey, Lord, 88, 102, 109, 112, 129, 132, 136, 139, 142, 161, 219, 228, 233, 244, 340, 417.—Letters from, 117, 122, 132, 134, 173, 177, 182, 213, 219, 232, 234, 240, 248, 342, 349
- Guilford, Francis, seventh Lord North and Earl of, 2, 105, 110, 185, 191, 198, 206, 210, 211, 222, 275, 283, 417.—Letters from, 130, 160, 167, 170, 176, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 204, 206, 207, 209, 214, 217, 218, 226, 229, 250, 350, 373, 384, 389, 399, 408, 423, 424, 444
- Habeas Corpus Act, suspension of, 118, 124; Bill to define province of, 386
- Hagley, 159; "castle" at, 135, 273, 274, 297; Rotunda, 157, 159; Church, 186, 234, 291, 292; Hagley Hall, 2, 259; designs for, 283-291; building of, 292-296; loss of plans for, 440
- Halifax, Lord, 226
- Hamilton, Duke of, 95, 114
- Handel, 136, 165
- Harcourt, Lord, 212, 351
- Hardinge, Mr. N., 120, 184, 242, 340, 385
- Hardinge, Mrs., 385, 402
- Hardwicke, Earl of, speech on Treasonable Correspondence Bill, 101, 102; remonstrates with King against Carteret's administration, 106; introduced to Miller, 157; 177, 191, 236, 238; "castle" at Wimpole, 271; opposes Militia Bill, 331; resigns Great Seal, 345, 347; finds post for Miller, 353; hostile to Byng, 355, 357, 358.—Letters from, 173, 176, 182, 192, 195, 224, 272
- Harley, Lord, his motion against Plantation Act, 200
- Harris, Thomas, letter from, 193
- Harte, Mr. W., 4, 10, 26, 33, 426, 450.—Letter from, 4
- Hayes, 328, 329
- Hillsborough, Lord, motion in favour of New Interest, 241, 251; desires Miller's advice, 425
- Hitchcox, 131, 138, 139, 142, 159, 171, 187, 222, 249, 276, 293, 296
- Holderness, Lord, 326
- Holkham, 235, 397
- Hollier, 293, 295, 296
- Hood, Alexander, re-takes the *Warwick*, 414
- Hood, Mrs., 415.—Letters from, 429, 443. See West
- Hoskyns, Mr., 162, 219
- Houghton, 109, 259, 397
- Inoculation, 95
- Ireland, people of, 40
- Isleworth, 393
- Jacques, Rev. —, 342
- Jago, Richard, his poem on "Edge Hill," 175, 322
- James, Dr., 336, 346, 347; his powders and pills, 364, 401
- Jenkinson, Charles, Earl of Liverpool, takes part in Oxfordshire Election, 198; Wraxall description of, 320-322, 350.—Letters from, 322, 326, 329, 331, 332, 336, 351, 353, 362, 364, 365, 374, 380
- Jews, Act for Naturalization of, 200; repeal of, 200, 227

- Keck, Mr., of Great Tew, 210, 212  
 Keck, Lady Susan, 197, 212.—Letter from, 247  
 Keith, Marshall, 375  
 Kent, William, 121, 275  
 Kilkenny Cathedral, 280-282  
 King, Dr., Principal of St. Mary Hall, 6; character, 7; 10, 11, 13, 50, 67; 109; speech at the opening of the Radcliffe Library, 141; 186; takes part in election, 197.—Letters from, 94, 114, 129  
 Kingston Hall, 370  
 Lacock Abbey, 261, 298, 299; Miller's work at, 301-310  
 Langley, Batty, 264  
 Legge, Henry, 229; dismissed from office, 319; opposes Plate Tax, 326; Chancellor of Exchequer, 345, 346; budget, 362; 417  
 Leigh, "Jimmy," 138, 174, 188, 241, 249  
 Lennox, Lady Caroline, 93  
 Lethulier, Smart, 226  
 Ligonier, Sir John, 236, 237  
 Lottery, 165, 223, 362  
 Loudon, Lord, 362  
 Louis XV., attempt to assassinate, 351  
 Louth's "Life of William of Wykeham," 387  
 Lovat, Lord, 121, 127  
 Lovel, 210  
 Lowestoft, 394  
 Lyttelton, Charles, 3; life and writings, 150, 151; 158, 163, 165, 175, 191, 217, 224, 262, 292, 362, 369; 380, 434; Description of Appleby, 428; Axminster, 369; Brotherton, 426; Cambridge, 370; Chelmsford, 394; Chiswick, 393; Colchester, 394; Ely, 371; Exeter, 420-423; Gisburgh, 428; Holkham, 397; Houghton, 397; Isleworth, 393; Kingston Hall, 370; Lowestoft, 394; Norfolk, 397; Norwich, 395, 396; Oaklands, 392; Sion, 393; Whitby, 427; Woodbury Hill Fair, 369.—Letters from, 369, 382, 392-398, 413, 420, 426  
 Lyttelton, Elizabeth, Lady, 149, 150, 157, 158, 160, 171, 283, 284, 287; separated from her husband, 290, 413.—Letters from, 223, 286, 340, 389  
 Lyttelton, George first Baron Lyttelton, 26; note on early life and writings, 146-150; friend of Pope, 148; of Thomson, Shenstone, Fielding, 149; joins Broad-bottom Administration, 107; marriage, 160; 165, 182, 183, 194, 195, 219, 225, 227; cofferer, 230; quarrel with cousinhood, 318; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 319; budget, 319, 323, 337; absence of mind, 342; peerage, 345, 346; 357, 360, 386, 413, 432; death and character, 441-443; 451-454.—Letters from, to George Grenville, 439; to Lord Hardwicke, 352; to Sanderson Miller, 157, 158, 159, 160, 168, 171, 177, 182, 186, 189, 190, 193, 220, 222, 224, 230, 232, 236, 237, 253, 271, 284-287, 291, 293, 294, 295, 296, 338, 347, 352, 367, 390, 405, 407, 413, 414, 418, 425, 440  
 Lyttelton, Hester, 191, 224, 399, 425.—Letter from, 181  
 Lyttelton, Lucy, 150, 168, 169, 171, 425, 442, 443  
 Lyttelton, Sir Richard, early life of, 151; marriage, 152; speaks on Mutiny Bill, 137; 403; crippled, 433, 438; death, 439.—Letters from, 227, 229, 231, 381  
 Lyttelton, Sir Thomas, 144, 152 illness, 158, 159; 169; godfather to Miller's eldest son, 181; death, 183; plans for monument, 186, 188; epitaph, 220, 221.—Letter from, 113  
 Lyttelton, Thomas, Second Baron, 150, 294, 295, 414, 419, 425, 443  
 Lyttelton, William Henry (Billy), third Baron, 152, 191, 224; sub-cofferer, 231; Member for Bewdley, 232; Governor of South Carolina, 418.—Letters from, 123, 141, 158, 164, 180  
 Macclesfield, Earl of, 196, 205  
 Marlborough, Duchess of, her legacy to Pitt, 52  
 Marlborough, Duke of, 161; supports New Interest cause, 192, 212, 215, 219; 350, 351  
 Maria Theresa, 91, 111, 112  
 Matthews, Admiral, 94  
 Menteith, 92, 162, 242, 425  
 Miller, Charles, 77, 445, 447, 459  
 Miller, Consul at Barcelona.—Letter from, 338

- Miller, Fiennes, 72, 419, 444, 445-447, 455, 459  
 Miller, Hester, 389, 444, 447  
 Miller, John, 25, 450  
 Miller, Mary, 440, 459  
 Miller, Sanderson, senior, buys Radway Grange, 3  
 Miller, Sanderson, birth of, 3; entered at St. Mary's Hall, 4; literary tastes, 5; marriage, 55, 56, 123; Esquire to Sir Richard Lyttelton, 227; takes part in Oxfordshire Election, 198; mediates between Sir Edward Turner and Lord Guilford, 199, 204-211; interest in property, 254-256, 453; builds tower, 268; out of health, 333, 335, 399, 400; verses, 348; Deputy-Commissary of Musters, 438; records Pitt's visit, 444; architectural work at Radway, 268; at Ambrosden, 275, 276; at Warwick, 313-316; at Killenny, 280-282; at Lacock, 301-310; at Hagley, 283-296; at Wimpole, 271-273; at Wroxton, 277; at Durham, 279; at Hartlebury, 280; at Ross, 280; at Beckett, 433; death, 448; wills, 449-454; epitaph, 455-457.—Letters from, to Dacre, 95, 434; to Charles Lyttelton, 299; to Prowse, 314; to Mrs. Miller, 445-447  
 Miller, Susannah, marriage, 123; verses to, 243, 325, 377; 56, 123, 124, 125, 129, 131, 132, 133, 134, 137, 157, 161, 162, 163, 165, 169, 172, 181, 183, 188, 189, 190, 191, 194, 195, 213, 216, 222, 223, 225, 226, 228, 229, 233, 234, 239, 241, 242, 244, 246, 250, 253, 254, 256, 336, 342, 362, 364, 375, 376, 379, 381, 389, 400, 411, 418, 419, 426, 444, 445-447; husband's confidence in, 450-453; diligence in reading, 458; last wishes, 458-459.—Letter from Deane Swift to, 76  
 Minden, Battle of, 408  
 Minorca, loss of, 330-334, 336-339  
 Montagu, George, 207, 216  
 Mordaunt, Sir Charles, 51, 124, 186, 223; speaks on Oxfordshire Election, 251  
 Mordaunt, Sir John, court-martial on, 375, 379  
 Moreton, Morrell, 404  
 Mudge, Rev. —, 139, 213, 342, 385  
 Newcastle, Duke of, 90, 102, 200, 237, 319, 332, 345, 357, 358, 365, 367  
 Newdigate, Sir Roger, 178, 185, 341, 348, 406, 453  
 Newsham, Mrs., death of, 170, 172, 450  
 Newsham, Miss, 172, 176, 225, 238, 242, 344, 412  
 Newsham, Mr., 336, 350, 351, 362, 385, 399, 412  
 Norfolk, the gentry of, 397  
 North, Francis, seventh Lord. See Guilford  
 North, Frederick, eighth Lord, marriage, 335, 350, 380  
 Norwich, 395, 396  
 Nugent, Robert, 54; introductory note on, 88-90; approves Hagley, 159; Bill for Naturalization, 165, 200; Nightly Watch Bill, 230; 233, 242; supports New Interest, 251; at Bath, 400.—Letters from, 105, 115, 124, 137, 172, 225, 238  
 Nugent, Mrs., 89, 434  
 Oaklands, 392  
 Orrery, Lord, 43, 50, "Remarks on Swift," 63, 184  
 Osborne, Mrs., 116; epitaph on Byng, 358.—Letter to Pitt, 356  
 Ossory, Pococke, Bishop of, 262, 269, 275, 280-282, 287, 291  
 Oxford, Jacobite tendencies at, 94, 201  
 Oxfordshire Election, 192, 196-203, 232; debates on, 241, 244, 247-253; decided, 250  
 Parker, Lord, candidate for Oxfordshire, 196, 199, 203  
 Pedigrees, the Swifts, 17; Grenvilles, 145; Lytteltons, 147; Pitts, 153  
 Pelham, Henry, 90, 106, 200, 230  
 Pitt, Thomas, 444.—Letter from 369  
 Pitt, William, Earl of Chatham, 2, 52; in opposition, 90, 102; excluded from Broad Bottom Ministry, 107, 119, 144; pedigree, 153; early love affair, 154; character for aloofness, 154; 157, 193; opposes repeal of Plantation Act, 200; 223; at Tunbridge, 224; 229; congratulates Billy, 231; marriage, 242; quarrel with Lyttelton, 318; dismissed from

- office, 319; 328, 332; State Secretary, 345, 347; 348, 349, 351, 352; system of subsidies, 353; intercedes for Byng, 356; dismissed 365; re-appointed, 367; 374, 378, 391, 402, 403, 411, 412, 418; at Burton Pynsent, 430, 444.—Letters from, 194, 216, 239, 253, 255
- Plate tax, 320, 323, 325, 327
- Pococke, Dr. See Ossory
- Pope, 5, 26.—Letter from, to Dr. Swift, 148
- Prowse, Thomas, 286, 288; gives advice about Hagley and Warwick County Hall, 289, 314.—Letter from, 289
- Pulteney, Lord, 323
- Quartley, Rev. H., 5, 19, 24, 25, 50, 192, 288, 450, 451
- Quin, 125, 136
- Radway, 1; presentation to Vicarage of, 193; enclosure, 354; alteration to Grange, 268; record of Pitt's visit to, 444
- Ravensworth, Lord, 365
- Remedies for quincy, 164; for diphtheria, 176; for rheumatism, 223; for "Blew Devils," 111, 366, Tar Water, 404
- Rich, Major, 189, 191
- Rich, Elizabeth. See Lyttelton
- Roads, proposed alteration of, 185, 207
- Sackville, Lord George, 410
- Saxe, Marshall, 112
- Say, Lord, 192, 212, 228
- Shenstone, 149, 448
- Sion House, 393
- Smith, Admiral, his house at Hagley, 169, 275, 294, 296, 407
- Stamford, Lord, 275
- Stanley, Mrs., 415.—Letters from, 346, 360
- Strange, Lord, 102, 120, 138, 161, 252, 275
- Striegan, Battle of, 112
- Stukeley's "Itinerarium Curiosum," 262
- Swift, Deane, 3, 5, 16-18; marriage, 24; lawsuits, 36, 54; relations with Jonathan Swift, 37-40, 42, 43, 45, 64, 65; Walpole's offer of Church preferment, 42; "Essay on Jonathan Swift," 62-65; settles in Worcester, 66; publishes works of J. Swift, 70-75; loss of his children, 78; death and obituary notice, 79.—Letters from, to Lord Orrery; 43; to Sanderson Miller, 19-41, 45-63, 66-78
- Swift, "Glaucopis," 34, 48, 50, 61, 78
- Swift, Jonathan, introduces Deane to Pope, 18; provides for George Lyttelton's protégé, 26; prevents Deane's taking orders, 38, 42; legacies to the Deane Swifts, 39, 40; mental condition, 1744, 43; "Orrery's Remarks on Swift," 62, 63; Delaney's "Observations," 62, 63; Deane Swift's "Essay on Life and Writings," 62-65
- Swift, Mary, *née* Harrison, 17; marries Dean Swift, 24.—Letters from, 28, 32, 55
- Talbot, Henry, 179
- Talbot, John Ivory, of Lacock, 3; his family, 300; alterations at Lacock, 302-310; present of andirons from Lady Dacre, 364.—Letter from, 306
- Talbot, Rev. W., Vicar of Kington, 92, 109, 110, 112, 117, 122, 127, 136, 137, 139, 177, 179, 184, 187, 220, 249, 384, 457
- Temple, Earl, 144, 162, 186, 193, 194, 200, 207, 218, 222, 227, 228, 229, 239, 256, 258, 319, 328, 332, 345, 346, 347, 355, 357, 363, 365, 368, 391, 392, 403, 432, 448, 453
- Thomond, W. O'Brien created Earl of, 344
- Thomson, James, 136, 149, 150
- Townsend, Mr. Joseph, of Honington, 266
- Townshend, Charles, 346, 416
- Townshend, George, 374
- Turner, Lady.—Letters from, 132, 135
- Turner, Sir Edward, 76, 84, 108t 116; activity in stamping out cattle disease, 126; 132, 134, 135; candidate for Oxfordshire, 196-203, 208, 215, 218, 220; declared elected, 250; builds house at Ambrosden, 275, 276; 324, 331, 365, 417; death, 431, 434, 436; verses by, 104, 243, 325, 377.—Letters from, 92, 109, 111, 112, 121, 124, 126, 127, 128, 130, 131, 132, 136, 138, 139, 142,

- 161, 165, 174, 184, 187, 188, 192,  
205, 210, 211, 212, 219, 228, 233,  
237, 240, 241, 243, 246, 247, 248,  
249, 250, 256, 267, 335, 340, 344,  
350, 361, 363, 373, 380, 392, 399,  
400, 417, 418, 419, 424, 425, 426,  
430, 431  
Tweeddale, Lord, 107  
Twistleton, Thomas, Baron Saye  
and Sele, marries Miss Turner, 436  
Tylney, Lord, 434  
Tyrawley, Lord, 337, 378  
Vaselli, 352  
"Vitruvius Britannicus," 290  
Wade, General, 92, 118, 119  
Waldegrave, Lord, "Memoirs"  
quoted, 146, 154  
Walpole, Horace, 109, 197, 237,  
290; letters quoted, 11, 83, 85;  
on the Nugents, 89; on Richard  
Lyttelton's marriage, 152; on  
Peggy Banks' ball, 155; 196, 197;  
on Sanderson Miller, 259; on  
Batty Langley, 265; on Wroxton,  
277; on Hagley Park, 297; on  
Belhus, 312; on Sir George  
Lyttelton, 318, 319; on Byng,  
357; on Norborne Berkeley, 391;  
on the death of Lord Dacre, 438  
Walpole, Sir Robert, 38, 42  
Warwick, County Hall at, 2, 186,  
204, 219, 254, 313-316  
Watson, 207, 210, 217, 218  
Wenman, Lord, candidate for  
Oxfordshire, 196, 199, 218, 250;  
decision against, 251-253  
Wentworth, Mrs., 187, 188, 251  
West, Gilbert, 154  
West, Maria, 154, 191, 220, 224.  
See Hood, Mrs.  
West, William, 154, 158, 229; dis-  
tinguishes himself at Minorca, 339,  
340.—Letter from, 169  
Whitby, 427  
Wimpole, castle at, 272; verses on,  
273  
Wolfe, General, death of, 411  
Woman with no tongue, 394  
Woodbury Hill Fair, 369  
Worcester, Three Choirs Festival  
at, 69; society described by Deane  
Swift, 75  
Wroxton, 135, 277

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